Outdoor America

AUGUST
1929

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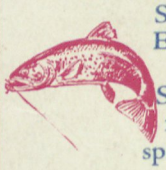

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1. Story must be limited to 3000 words and should be accompanied by photographs. It must be typewritten.

2. Collaboration is permitted—i.e., two or more members of an organization may cooperate in writing the article.

3. Manuscripts must be sent by registered mail to Contest Manager, Horrocks-Ibbotson Co., Utica, N. Y., and must bear a post mark not later than March 31, 1930.

4. Contest will be open to any member of the Izaak Walton League or of a fish and game club engaged in restocking streams, lakes or rivers.

5. Subject "Restocking the waters of your vicinity" but you may choose your own title.

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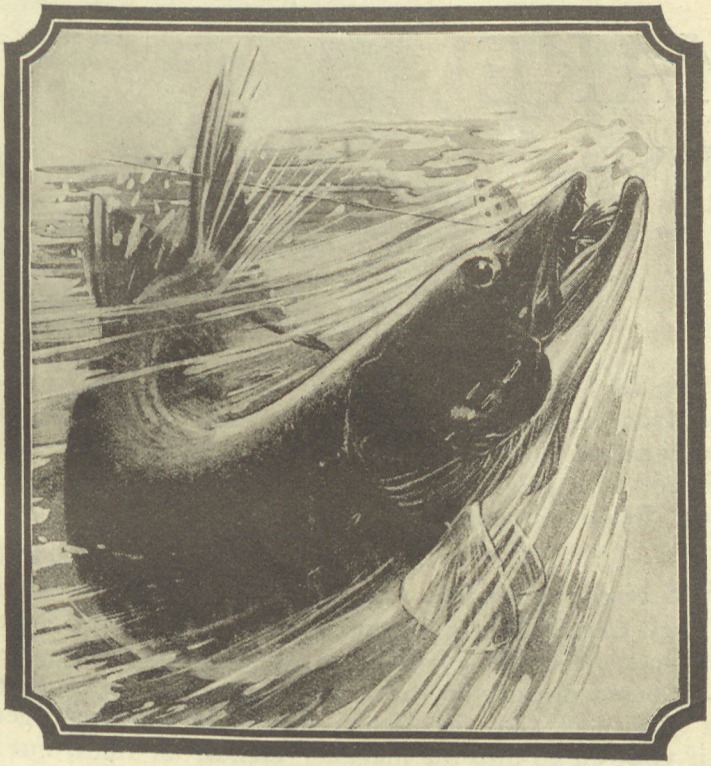

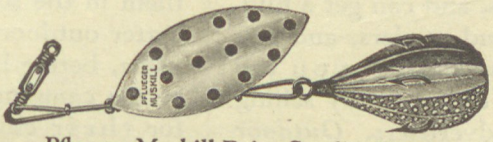

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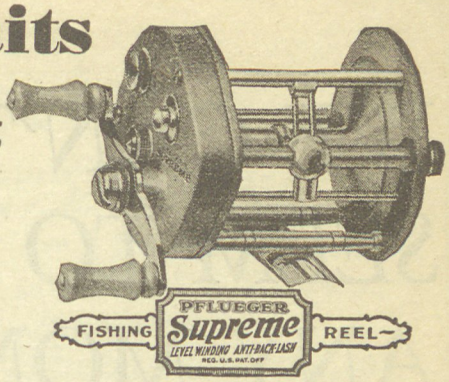

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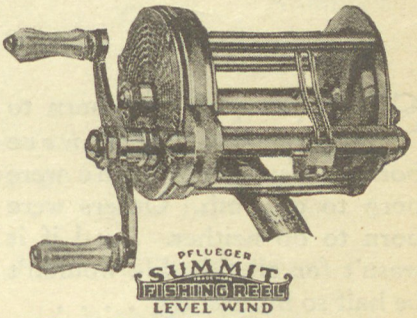

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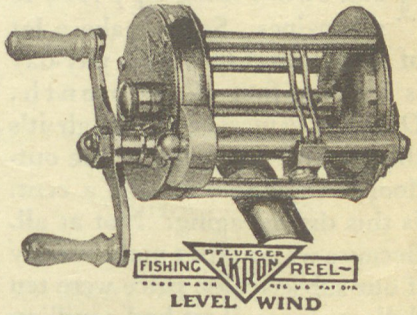

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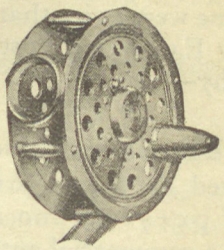

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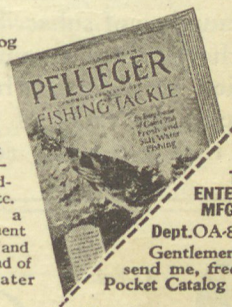

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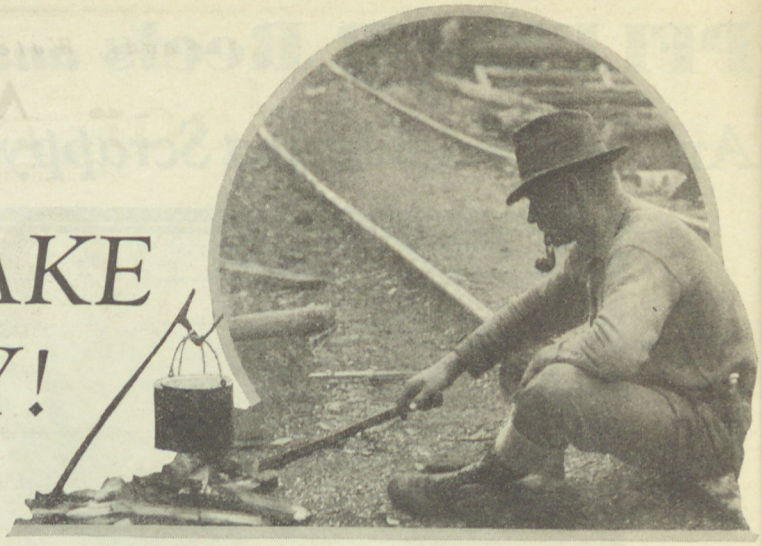

SOME people were born to make money. Others were born to have fun. Some were born to do both. Others were born to do neither. And if it wasn't for all this, life wouldn't be half so interesting. . . . .

* * *

THE same thing applies to magazines. Some make a lot of money and to others pay-day is just the first of the month. *Outdoor America,* although it's the leading magazine in the outdoor field, doesn't make a cent. Is this discouraging? Not at all. Because we couldn't make money if our subscription price were ten dollars a year, if we had a million subscribers, and if our advertising volume were twice that of the Saturday Evening Post. And here's why—

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* * *

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* * *

IT doesn't make money because there's no one to make it for. Nobody owns this magazine—that is, nobody to whom the money can be given, because it is owned by an organization which is prohibited by law from making any money. That organization is the Izaak Walton League. The Izaak Walton League is owned by its members—each one equally. They own *Outdoor America*—each one equally. But we can't give them any of the money the magazine makes. The law won't let us.

* * *

SO the money that is made by *Outdoor America* goes right smack into the work of the Izaak Walton League. You know what that work is: the greatest program of conservation ever undertaken in America or anyplace else. So the owners get their dividends, all right, but they get them in the shape of service—a better outdoors, more fish, more game, better laws, more forests, better camping places, a future for their children, and so on. That's where the money goes.

* * *

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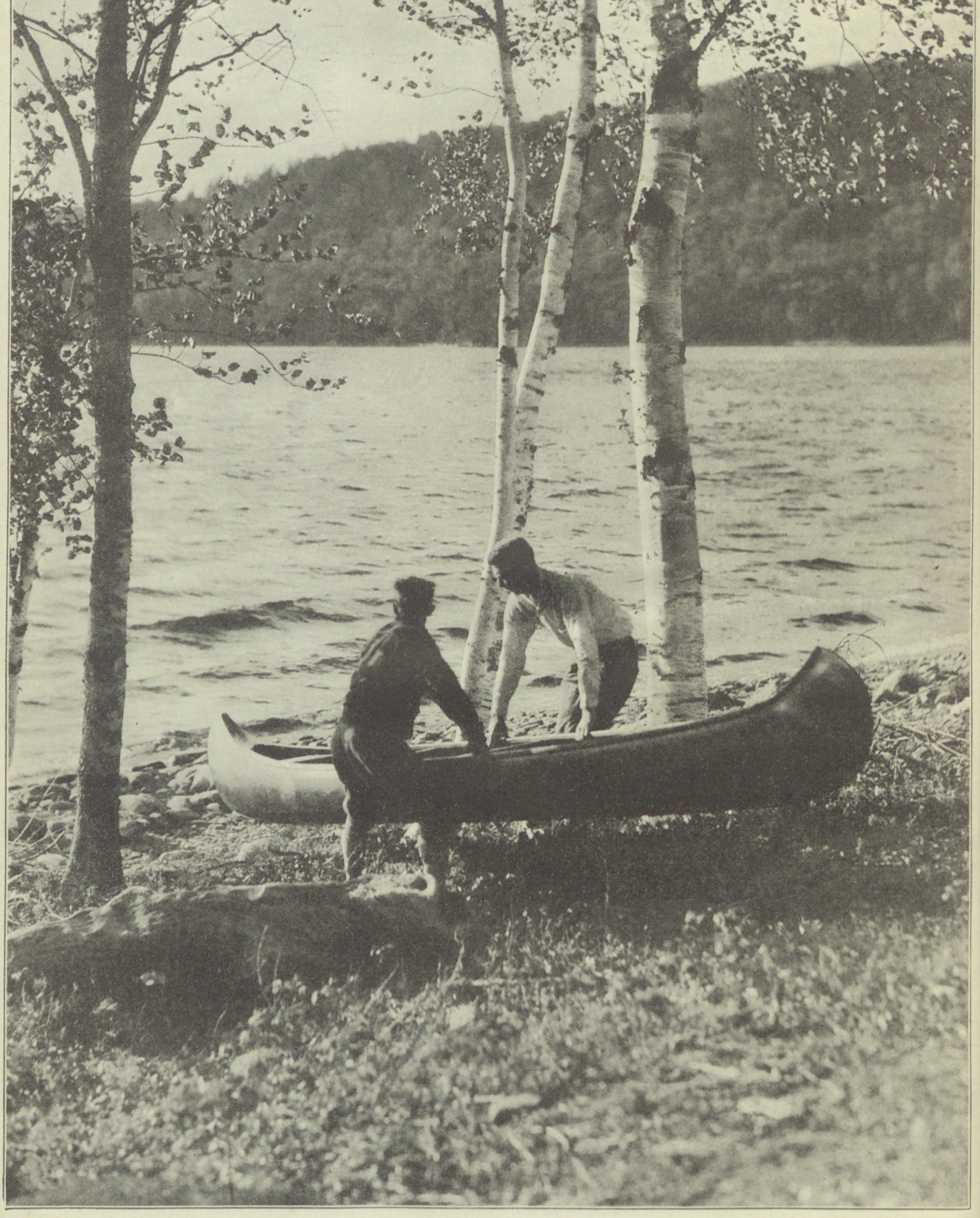


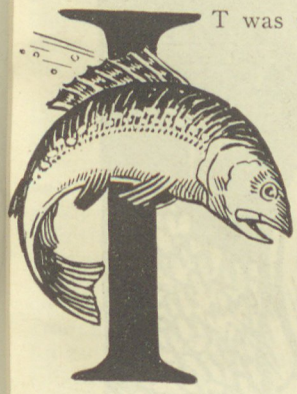
On Lake Musquash, Maine

Photograph by D. Warren Boyer

A Question of Veracity

By
J. E. LeROSSIGNOL
Author of "The Beauport Road"

Drawings by Uldene Trippe



IT was my first summer in Laval, now many years ago, and when they told me that there was a lake in the high valley beyond the river, I was very eager to go, hoping to find good fishing there and, in any case, to have the pleasure of exploring a new region.

True, none of the family had ever seen the place, but one day in January, Cousin Etienne Thibault, while hunting the caribou, had come upon an open space between the mountains which could be no other than a small lake. It was the source, no doubt, of the brook which flowed into the Montmorency below the island, and, as there were trout in the stream, why not also in the lake above?

So I declared my intention to visit the lake, regardless of the protests of my too cautious cousins, who thought that one should not go so far in the forest alone. One might be drowned while crossing the river, as there was no good ford. One might meet a she bear with cubs—always dangerous. Or one might fall over a rock or a rampike and break a leg—and what then?

Nevertheless, the very next morning I was up in good time, and as the sun was touching the mountain tops, I descended the long hill toward the river, crossed La Branche on the stones and took the winding path through the woods over the island. Before long I was fording the Montmorency where the river was broad and shallow, though in the deepest part I was almost carried away by the swift current.

On the other side was a bank of sand and stones, then a fringe of alders and a barrier of fallen trees, and after that a fine forest of birch, maple and poplar, with the usual underbrush, and rich, black soil, in which grew various ferns and mosses and, here and there, the twin-flower, the pyrola, the gold thread, the wood sorrel, and other flowers of early summer.

Not a beast nor a bird was to be seen and no sound could be heard except the crackling of twigs under my feet and the murmur of the Montmorency, growing fainter until it died away. Strange silence of the Laurentian woods, where, no doubt, many living creatures were aware of my coming, but had slipped away on tiptoe or on muffled wings; while others, invisible, were peering from the leafage as I went along.

Passing thus a stretch of flat terrain, I came to the first rise, a steep escarpment of rocks and fallen trees, through and over which I climbed until I reached a sort of tableland, sloping gently up toward the mountain. There I heard the sound of the brook and, veering to the right, I soon found it, flowing clear and cool, among moss-covered rocks, with here and there a waterfall and a limpid pool, where I was tempted to pause and cast a fly. But there was no time for that on this occasion. Some other day I would return to see what the brook might yield.

It was, of course, the outlet of the lake above, so I had only to follow it to reach my destination. Finding it slow going near the stream, I followed its course at some distance, keeping to the tall timber and making for the shoulder of the mountain, which, now and then, I could see between the trees. Presently I was climbing a rocky steep, in a forest of pines and spruces, which had replaced the birches and maples of the slopes below.

I ascended the mountain for a thousand feet, perhaps, until I stood on the summit of a great rock that rose like a tower above the trees. At my feet were dark masses of pines and spruces; below was the lighter green of birch and maple, through which I could see, here and there, the gleaming waters of the Montmorency. It was a wonderful panorama, well worth the climb, although I had not come for that.

From this point I made my way along the mountainside. It was a long tramp and I began to think that I had come on a fruitless quest, when suddenly I saw an open space ahead, the trees seemed to move to right and left, and, stepping through their thinning ranks, I stood upon a rocky ledge on the border of a lovely lake. It was perfectly calm. There was neither beast nor bird to be seen, and not a sound to break the silence of the summer morning. It was as though the world were asleep. For a long time I stood there motionless, fearing to break the spell.

But when I began to move along the shore, I found that it was not always thus, for in one place I discovered a runway by which deer came to drink, and in another I saw, with some trepidation, the track of a bear. When I reached the far end of the lake, two black ducks rose quacking from the reeds and flew away over the trees.

Setting up my rod and attaching a couple of flies, I made my way around the farther shore of the lake, which was steep and densely wooded, casting my lure upon the water wherever possible, and finding nothing. Twice did I circle that blessed lake, but in vain. If the truth must be told, I even tried worms, which I had brought as a last resort, but with no better luck. Also a grasshopper, which I caught upon the shore. And a helgamite, which I found under a stone. None of these things elicited the slightest response from that empty, futile, placid pond, which, to me at least, could give no reason for its existence. Whereupon I understood, as never before, the parable of the barren fig tree.

It was now almost noon, and, the chief end of life being unattainable, the pangs of hunger began to be felt. Then I remembered the luncheon which Cousin Marguerite had provided. So I sat me down under a shady spruce, where a cold spring came bubbling from the hillside, unpacked my pannier, and found, to my great satisfaction, far more than I had expected.

All the resources of the house, it seemed, had been commanded for my refreshment and consolation. There were three great sandwiches of pain du pays with generous slices of roast pork—better than any chicken or turkey that ever was. There was a marvelous salad, also, of lettuce, young onions, and other ingredients, such as no chef in Quebec could ever compose. Then, for dessert, there were some of Cousin Marguerite's famous croquignoles, with a cosseau of strawberry confiture, another of maple sugar, and a little bottle of wild cherry cordial to end it all. No, not the very end, for there was my pipe and good tobacco—Fleurs des Laurentides—to complete the most satisfactory repast of my life. I shall remember it till I die, with blessings on the dear little head and hands of Cousin Marguerite.

Is it any wonder that, after such a meal, I should lie down in the cool shade of the spruce tree and fall asleep? But what of the mosquitoes,

THE beauty, joy and peace of the outdoors as portrayed in this story must forcibly remind outdoor lovers of the mission of the Izaak Walton League to conserve these beauties and to implant in the hearts of America's youth a recognition of their priceless value. —*EDITOR*

"—For a long time I stood there motionless fearing to break the spell—"

you will say? There were none. Black flies, then? Yes, there were some of those, but my head and neck were well wrapped in a big red handkerchief and my hat was over my face. A few bites—what matter? At any rate, I slept well.

When I awoke it was late in the afternoon, the sun was setting behind the mountains, a cool shadow was creeping over the lake, and a light breeze ruffled the surface—ideal conditions for fishing, as every angler knows. Hope revived. I circled the lake once more, regardless of swamps, rocks and fallen trees, casting in all likely and possible places, but with no better luck than during the morning hours. I caught only yellow water lilies, snags, and the branches of overhanging trees, losing here a fly, there a leader, and one long section of good line, until I was almost despoiled of fishing tackle.

By the time I arrived at the rocky point where I had first viewed the lake I was completely discouraged. Not a dead fish had I found on the shore, not even a fragment of a fin. Not a living creature had I seen in the water but a long leech, a blood-sucker, that swam its slimy, snaky way over the muddy bottom. But why complain of the lake? It w a small sheet of water, a mere pond, which doubtless fro to the bottom during the long cold winter. As to the tro they were not to blame for avoiding a death trap like th So I began to put up my rod, preparing to leave the pla It was high time, for the evening twilight, though long that season, would soon be gone.

What was that? A faint sound as of a pebble droppi in the water, and a circle of wavelets widening until th were swept away by the breeze. No pebble, of course. bubble of marsh gas, rather. Or the nose of a muskr Or something else. There again! And again! No mus rat, that! No marsh gas! Nothing but the rising of tro that had begun to feed.

"Dieu merci!" I cried. "Grace a Marie! Courage, m ami! Now we shall see what we shall see."

Quickly replacing my casting line and two of my be flies—the Royal Coachman and the Silver Doctor—I a vanced to the very end of the rocky point and cast as fa as possible toward the center of the lake—twenty-five fee fifty, one hundred—but could not reach the place where th

trout were rising, and where, apparently, they preferred to remain. Then I waded into the lake, all the time casting ahead and on both sides. Lucky for me that it was a rocky bottom just there, else I might have sunk in the mire and have gone to feed the leeches.

At last I arrived, I was there. And as my flies gently touched the surface of the water there was a rise, a strike, and I had him, a fine trout—ten inches; no, eleven at the very least—that pulled out the line, bent the rod, leaped from the water, and almost got away. But no, not quite. I played him for a while and then brought him to land. A beauty he was, with his long, lithe body, his dark back, his red belly, his yellow fins, and his lovely spots—red, yellow, blue—like the colors of the rainbow. Nine inches only, by the marks on my rod, but what matter? Hope fulfilled and the promise of still better things.

And so it was. For an hour I stood there, waist deep in the water, catching now an eight inch fish, now one of nine, ten or eleven inches, occasionally two at a time, until my pannier was full of the finest trout I had ever seen. There was a fine breakfast for the whole family and some to take to my friends in Quebec. Enough! Plenty! Moreover, it was time to go, for the twilight was fading and it was not pleasant to be in the woods after dark.

But the trout did not give the signal to depart. On the contrary, they were rising all over the lake, and not far from me a big one was racing up with black back and dorsal fin cutting the water and actually leaving a wake behind. Chasing small fry, no doubt, and quite ready to take an attractive fly, en passant.

I gave him the chance, you may be sure, and he took it. Yes, and sailed along, as though nothing had happened, while I gave him line. But presently, feeling a check, he leaped from the water, shook himself in the air, and then raced back, almost to my feet, so fast that I could hardly take in the slack. Then out to the middle of the lake. Then another leap—and another. Then he went in circles, tugging this way and that, I keeping a taut line, as well as I could, while backing out toward the shelving rock, where I hoped to land my prize.

There at last I stood and my brave enemy came slowly up, exhausted, scarcely able to flop himself upon the rock at my feet. A magnificent fish of twenty-two inches in length and weighing at least five pounds. For a moment I gazed at him, rejoicing, exulting. But as I stooped to take him by the gills he gave a last struggle, broke the gut and was gone.

As for me, I stood there looking into the water, speechless. Not an exclamation, not an oath, I do assure you. It was tragedy beyond words. After all my trouble, all my hope, to lose the prize like that. The best trout I had ever caught. If only I had seized him in the moment of victory. But, like a fool, I had paused to gloat, though for a second only, and I was suitably punished.

The trout were still rising and racing as before, so I returned to my place, and was rewarded, if not altogether consoled, by the capture of seven splendid fish, ranging from thirteen to seventeen inches in length. But the big fellow did not come back, nor any like him, else I should have spent the night in the woods.

As it was, it was dusk when I left the lake and quite dark when I reached the foot of the last escarpment, beyond which was a good mile of bush, the river to ford, and a long hill to climb, with a heavy pannier full of trout and my seven big ones on a forked willow branch. Fortunately, it was a cloudless night and the moon came up over the hill, so I was sure of my way and pushed on without fear. True, there were noises in the woods—the hoot of an owl, the call of a whippoorwill, and various cracklings of twigs, and once I saw a dark shadow and a pair of shining eyes—but I gave little heed. My chief concern was to thread my way through the maze of trees and underbrush, while keeping the moon over my left shoulder.

After a while, the pleasant murmur of the Montmorency rose on my ears and presently, pushing through the last barrier, I stood on the shingly beach, at the very place, it seemed, where I had crossed in the early morning. Full of confidence, I waded into the stream, feeling with my feet for safe footing among the stones until, waist deep in the water and swaying in the strong current, I realized that I had missed the ford. I could not safely turn, while before me was a broad stream shining in the moonlight and running like a millrace toward the rapids below.

Strange to say, I never once thought of saving the ship by throwing the cargo away. On the contrary, shifting my pannier to a more secure position, holding my rod and the willow branch in one hand and leaving the other free, I took the next step, and the next, until my footing was gone and I was swimming in the moonlit water, making, as well as I could, for the other side. It was a perilous but happy venture, for, at the very head of the rapids, I found footing, and, a moment later, I was standing safely in the shallows, looking down at the white water which I and my fish had so narrowly escaped.

Half an hour later I arrived at the house, and, after a change of clothing, I sat down to dinner, while the family gathered round to admire the trout and to receive a full account of the day's adventures. Strange to say, they were more interested in the fish that got away than in all that I had caught and saved.

Which piqued me a little, especially when Cousin Alphonse questioned my estimate of length and weight. As though I could not tell within an inch or an ounce the size of a trout lying at my feet.

"Are you quite sure, Cousin Gilles," he said, "that you do not magnify that fish? They look large, you know, when they come out of the water."

"Not at all, Cousin Alphonse," I replied. "Twenty-two inches and five pounds, at the very least. Yes, and possibly

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"—At the very head of the rapids I found footing—"

Tickled to Death

A True Fish Story

By
ANGUS AND LUCILE HIBBARD

Drawings by Charles Copeland

THIS story of muskallonge fishing in the Manitowish waters of Wisconsin cannot but remind Waltonians of the excellent conservation work being carried on in that state by the Izaak Walton League.

—EDITOR

Part One

IT has come to pass, whenever I tell this story, some one laughs incredulously, raises eyebrows or says: "Well, that *is* a fish story!"

Of course it is a fish story, an honest-to-goodness true one, and I propose to tell it again and prove it.

Some years ago I found myself, with Lucile (otherwise Mrs. Hibbard, my best fishing pal) at Abe Le Feve's on Island Lake in the upper Manitowish waters, Wisconsin. A day with Abe on nearby muskallonge casting grounds, bringing four good fish to gaff, served to assure him that I was not entirely a tenderfoot and gave me the entree to the best compartment of the minnow box. Then followed two weeks of the most active fishing I have ever experienced.

A good boat, Lucile as companion, with umbrella and book, a lunch basket, ten or a dozen big sucker minnows, a wicked gaff hook and three or four miles of casting water made up a combination of fishing possibilities hard to beat. There were islands of off-shore weed beds, channels of fifty to a hundred or more feet of open water between them, a crooked stream with weedy banks and other land and water-scaping effects that gave assurance of good fishing.

And it certainly was good, at almost any time of day or in any kind of weather—fair or foul, early or late.

Again and again my bait, cast without too much of a splash at the point of some bunch of weeds or along the bank of the stream, would be struck hard, raced around a bit and then all would be quiet for perhaps one, two or three minutes until I struck back, as hard as I dared, and either had him "on" or he had my bait, or most of it, and was off the premises.

When hooked, the fish put up a lively fight, as is usually the case with muskallonge in shallow water. Large ones were landed, using the gaff hook or otherwise, as I shall relate, small ones I shook off or put back, and of course, many got away.

In the fourteen days I brought in forty-eight muskallonge, all better than eight pounds, seven weighing fifteen pounds and over, the best topping eighteen pounds.

Many more than that number were put back unhurt, and I have no idea how many were lost.

This was certainly my best two weeks fishing, and it made possible the experience I have started to relate.

After three or four days I was catching more fish than we could use or well dispose of, and began putting back nearly all brought to the boat.

It was then I recalled a story told me the previous fall by an Indian guide on a trip up Bear Creek to some lakes near Lac du Flambeau. We had endured bad weather and indifferent fishing, and John, the Indian, had missed gaffing the only big one I brought alongside, and was quite glum about it as he paddled down the stream.

I was not pleased myself, but, as we had another long day's paddle and a night in our small tent together, I refrained from criticism, bit into my pipe and kept my mouth shut.

After quite a period of silence and a few preliminary grunts, John said: "Gaff hook no good catch fish—too damn dull. Fish get away—no can do it. My fodder, big chief, him catch um big fish every time. Never use no damn gaff hook."

"How did your father do it, John?" I asked, hoping to lighten the atmosphere a bit.

"Do it?" John replied, "him tickle um, fish all same dead; get um sure."

"Tickle them?" I asked, "how do you mean—tickle?"

"Yes, tickle um," John replied, "I seen him when I was boy, two, four, five times, maybe more. I don't forget first time, needer. My fodder, him buy hand line, big hook,

"A good boat, Lucile as companion, an umbrella and book, a lunch basket and wicked gaff hook—"

all along white man store. Take big sucker same like you. I paddle canoe all by weeds on shore one big lake. My fodder throw sucker far out by weeds; muskie grab, fodder pull hard; hell of damn fight and bime by, great big yeller feller slide up 'long side canoe. That fish look big almost like saw log. Indian boy he scared, but my fodder hold line, left hand, lead um close, 'long side, then reach odder hand over big fin on back and scratch um on belly like hell. Big fish, him go what you call 'paralyze' just like dead all to once, and my fodder slide him in canoe, damn near tip over. By gosh, that fish come back alife quick as he go out, but my fodder hold um down, crack um on head by little club and him dead. 'Tickled dead,' my fodder say, just same his fodder tell him when him boy, too. No damn fool gaff hook; no let fish get away."

John's flashing eyes and active gestures when telling the story, did much to indicate his belief in it, but only two more fish came our way during the remainder of the trip and I tried no experiments in "tickling um."

I told the story at the Lodge and every one laughed at such an unusual thing as a joke by an Indian guide. The funny member of the party said, "Big Indian play tenderfoot for sucker and get away with it," or something like that.

The yarn had stuck in the back of my head, however, with the thought that if Izaak Walton could tickle a trout and write such a good story about it, why not a muskallonge?

So today, here we were, fish, large and small, striking hard and fast, and I decided to tickle one to death if I could do the trick.

Good luck came, in a few minutes, when I struck a fast fighter off a point of weeds. Racing around and under the boat, jumping clear a number of times, he put up a splendid battle, and it seemed a long time before I could turn him and get him near us.

Finally, as he came gliding alongside, not a foot from the rail, I dropped my rod and with my left hand, grabbed the leader about a foot from his nose. Then I reached over his back with my right hand and proceeded to "scratch um on belly, like hell." The effect was instantaneous. The fish was, to all appearances, dead and stiff as a board, so I lifted him into the boat, sat on him, clubbed him a few times, back of the head, and to make sure, stuck him once with my knife.

He did not "flop," quiver or move once, and Lucile cried in amazement, "You tickled him to death—how did you do it?"

I was excited myself, and we discussed the Indian story and its strange confirmation in our ten-pound catch, for some time before trying for the next one. In less than half an hour another smaller fish struck savagely and put up a great fight before coming to the boat where, in the same manner as before, I tickled him stiff with a few quick strokes of my fingers, and lifted him in.

I held this second one in my hands for what seemed like several minutes, and when his gills moved slightly, put him in the water and he swam slowly away.

This second proof of the tickling story was too good to keep to ourselves any longer, so I pulled back to the island.

Abe met us at the dock and took in our three fish, the only "keepers" of the day. Looking at the last, he asked:

"Then I proceeded to 'scratch um on belly, like hell'—"

"How you land this one, no gaff mark on him?"

"No, Abe," I said, "I tickled this one, tickled him to death."

"What you mean, tickle?" he asked, and when I told the story he laughed, waved and jumped around like a wild man. In vain, Lucile and I assured him repeatedly, the story was true; he only laughed the louder, crying out, "Tickle a muskallonge, you say? Come, everybody, and hear the biggest damn fish story anybody ever tell yet." Everybody came, of course; looked at the fish; heard the story and tried to be as polite about it as possible, in well meant efforts to believe what we were telling.

After a final series of explosions by Abe, I backed him up against the ice house, and as he wiped the tears from his eyes, said, "Look here, you old pirate; I want you to know that I did tickle that fish and another one I put back, and I propose to take you out tomorrow morning and show you how it is done."

He protested, said he must go to town, go after a boat, could not take the time, etc., but I took no excuses, and really got him started at a good hour next morning, mov-

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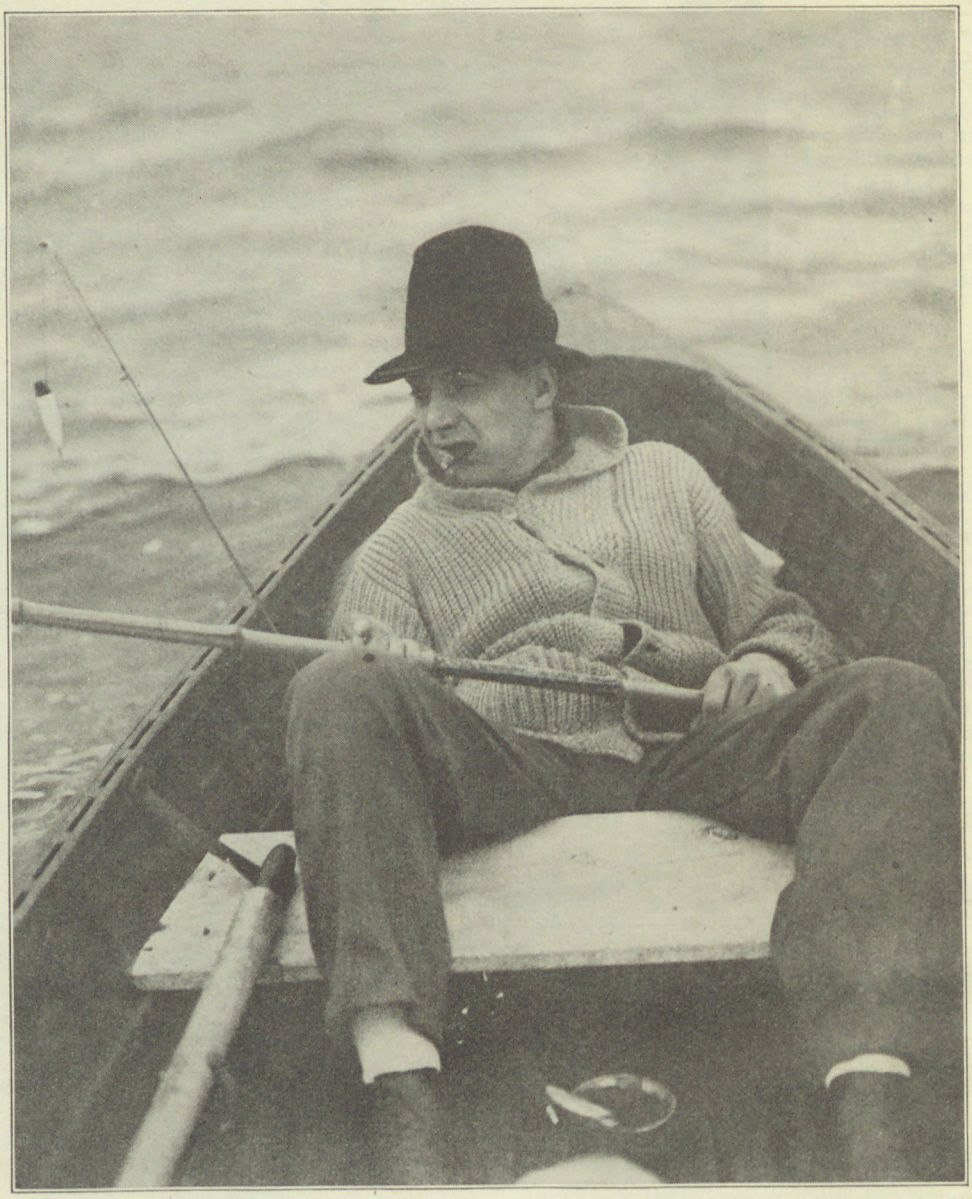
There is a real fascination in still fishing.



Still Fishing

By
ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

TIME was when still fishing was in a class all of its own and was something really to conjure with. That was back in the days when a bamboo pole was in the sense of things a high-browed luxury, and a man hewed him a sapling for the *piéce de resistance* that would break the back of a tuna and by which one could hoist a snake pickerel into the upper ether and fling it by main strength into the next township.

Many is the time in my youth when I was backstop and had to hunt for the fish that were discharged from the hook and went sailing into space finally to lodge in some distant woods, where I would find the object of my search hob-nobbing with the chipmunks and the woodchucks. Even back in those days I had a belief sandwiched away in my mentality that there must be some other way out of it all and that if there really were a fine art in fishing it could be done with more grace with lighter trees demanding less of the familiar strongarm method I saw employed in the course of my piscatorial upbringing.

I looked upon my father as no less than a third cousin to Walton so far as a comprehensive knowledge of the whys and wherefores of fishing was concerned. Home-grown and home-cut fishpoles were duck soup to him. He roamed the woods in quest of them, creeping up on them unawares, and without a twinge of conscience would cut them off even with the earth and bring them home. I remember we had fishpoles all about the place. One time my father brought home a new one and my mother made a beanpole out of it, and to our amazement it started to grow. The reason for this was that father had cut some of the poles low down with part of the root left on, as this gave him a handle by which he was aided in flinging the fish far and fine.

But returning to the art of still fishing. It is disappear-

ing. There will soon be nothing left of it save a memory. No one cuts his poles any more, and without a cut pole you can't be successful in still fishing. Time was when one could let a green cotton line down into the deep with a hook coated over with worms and you could bring in the biggest bass ever seen in the county, but them days ain't no more. Now a man goes forth with a splendiferous jointed rod for which he pays three dollars and forty-five cents. That's all right, if you want to throw your money away; they look good, bright and all that, but as for catching more fish, let alone as many as you caught with the old cut pole, that is a proposition we leave to the Ways and Means Committee.

And then, for instance, the boat that you use in still fishing. I doubt if a man ever was a successful still fisherman who ever went fishing in a brand new boat. There is something obnoxious about a new boat, especially when it is freshly painted. You know the kind I mean. You can get down and mirror yourself on the side of the craft, and shave if you want to.

No man should go still fishing in a boat that does not leak. If the boat is old and lets in water there is hope. But the successful boat for the successful still fisherman must not leak to such an extent that one is forced to bail water all the time, because this causes too much use of one's energy and is disturbing to the frame of mind. It should leak just enough so that every fifteen minutes one will say to himself: "Whew! Ain't that water comin' in though. I'll have to get after it or I will sink."

The successful bailing appliance or can for bailing out water from a still fisherman's boat is a very simple utensil. It formerly was the home of canned tomatoes, like as not, or Sunny Valley peas. This can should never be new. There is not a still fisherman still fishing in the world to this day who has not a marked aversion for a new can. As a rule this can has been opened by a newly married woman who did the awful deed with a monkey wrench and a section of a sword that has been beaten into a plowshare. She did it crossways, each quarter section being turned up and the peas or tomatoes rolled or forked out as the case may be. Thus when the still fisherman wants to use this pea or tomato can for bailing purposes he takes hold of one of the four quarters of it and, dipping the utensil half-heartedly in the water, he gets a spoonful inside of the can and throws it overboard with alacrity. With a can of this sort in his absolute possession a man soon bails out a quart of water with comparative ease; furthermore the can has other uses. No still fisherman ever carries a knife with him, so he uses the sharp edges of the can on which to saw off his line when he wishes to change from a sunfish to a pickerel hook.

One of the most delightful and original things to be seen on board the boat of the still fisherman is the still fishing anchor. An abandoned cow rope not only makes an ingenious anchor rope, but is one that will break at the moment you least expect it to. To be successful at still fishing the anchor rope must break now and then, so that you will drift half way across the lake before you know where you are. But if the rope should be strong and will hold you firmly in place once you are anchored, do not despair.

The anchor usually works loose and you are given the opportunity of drifting away without your knowing what has transpired. The anchor is usually composed entirely of a round rock as bald as a billiard ball. It is globular, not even the memory of a protuberance relieving the monotony of spherelike roundness by which it is distinguished from other elongated species of boulders and cobble stones. In most cases this rock is wrapped around with haywire, sometimes even barbed wire. Not being wound according to Hoyle, it works loose with telling effect.

Other pleasant anchors used successfully in still fishing are composed of gunny sacks full of rocks, clusters of window weights and a section of a railroad rail or a sack of cement that has hardened. The true still fisherman, however, has nothing in common with the modern still fisherman who uses an anchor made out of concrete poured in a large can, the same having an iron ring in it. The trouble with an anchor like that is that it approaches perfection, therefore leaves nothing to be asked for.

If the still fisherman's boat leaks, if the anchor rope is pleasingly at variance with a tip-top condition and if the oar-locks whine and grieve, then you are on the way to having things your own way: you can talk to the fish in their own language. Now then for the fishing.

Statistics prove that two-thirds of the still fishermen of the country anchor in from four to five feet of water thirty to sixty feet from shore. You drive the boat through the clinging mosses and dank, drab vegetation, and like as not you will be marooned in the center of the mass, and so you are forced to stand up and paddle out. After an hour of toil you soon get outside of the weeds. All right; you pull in the oars, you sit a while viewing your immediate surroundings, and then you get up and throw the anchor out of the boat with a whang. It goes to the bottom; bubbles come up, and then a most depressing cloud of mud. The cautious fisherman would scold you for throwing your anchor over in such a reckless manner. He would tell you with double-distilled kindly wisdom that it scares all the fish out of the lake. But the still fisherman knows better. There isn't a fish that does not want to come over and see who fell in and got drowned.

Having dropped in the anchor according to Section 2, Clause 5, the still fisherman returns to the middle seat, cautiously moving along, bent over, testing his way, remember-

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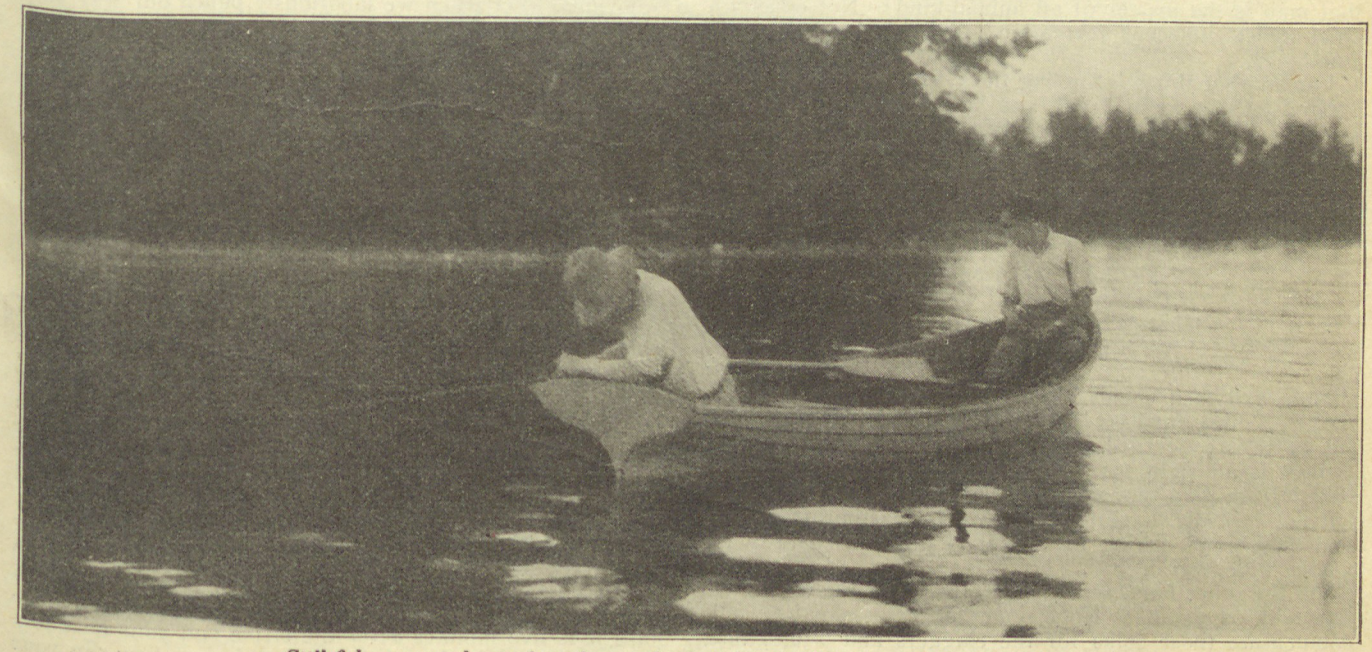


Still fishermen anchor in from four to five feet of water thirty to sixty feet from shore.

Fly Fishing for Trout—the Sport Supreme

By
GUY W. VON SCHRILTZ

THOUGH anglers disagree as to the relative charms of fly fishing for trout or fly fishing for bass, they are at one in the conviction that the activities of the Izaak Walton League in fighting the pollution of our waters, in building fish hatcheries and ponds for the purpose of restocking our streams are of invaluable help to all those who love "the calm, quiet, innocent recreation of angling."

—EDITOR

IF my recollection serves me right it was Publius Syrus who said: "A man commends himself in praising that which he loves."

I like those two thousand year old words by that old Latin philosopher. I like them immensely, and I am heartily in sympathy with the doctrine they preach.

I admire fishermen. I admire and envy them whether they can catch fish or not. I never saw a fisherman yet that wasn't worth while. Some of them are conceited asses upon occasion when big bags have been their portions and some are cantankerous cusses if they are out of luck. All of them are optimists of the rosiest hue and many of them take vast liberties with the truth. Yet each of the many that I have met has had some latent quality somewhere in his make-up that appealed to me once I got to know him. My hat is off to fishermen. They are the salt of the earth.

But—did you ever notice what one track minds they,—we, I mean,—have?

Why, away back in 1653 Izaak Walton wrote in his Compleat Angler: "God never made a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

"Well, what's the matter with that?" some six hundred and sixty-six of you are going to rise up on your hind legs and demand.

Plenty, I say. It takes in too much territory for one thing. Ever chase a hundred pound tarpon up and down the coast of Florida half a day or so trying to convince it that man is the master of all animal-kind? Not exactly a calm, quiet, innocent recreation. But, oh boy! Isn't it fun!

For another thing *is* angling the God-given sport?

Now let's be right frank and honest about this fishing business while we are talking about it. *Is* angling the most satisfying sport in the world? Some people think so,—really do. I know several of those people personally. Good people, too, both male and female. So did Thomas Durfey. As long ago as 1681 he put it this way:

"Of all the world's enjoyments
That ever valued were,
There's none of our employments
With fishing can compare."

Now and then comes some writer with the proposition that fly fishing for bass is the ultimate of the ultimate in so far as he is concerned.

That is all right too. Such writers love fly fishing for bass. I am glad they do and I am glad to see them come out flat footedly, lauding their favorite pastime to the sky and on beyond, telling us why it is the best sport in the whole wide world.

On the other hand some people just can't see the "it" in any sort of fishing. No stringer of large-mouths would compensate those folks for the chiggers and 'squito bites one sometimes acquires along Kansas streams. No creel of cut-throats could induce them to forget the terrible trails to some Rocky Mountain waters that I have fished.

Isn't it wiser, possibly, to concede something to the other fellow? Perhaps I can't see as much in a hole in one on a sporty golf course as I can in a half day on the James River in the Ozarks,—and I can't. Maybe some fly fisherman doesn't get the same thrill out of 189 straight breaks at clay targets that he finds in fly fishing for that noble fighter, the black bass,—I do, just about the same thrill.

I am sure that those writers who eulogize fly fishing for bass love the sport. I love it myself. There are only two kinds of outdoor sports that, in my judgment, even compare with it. Those two outdoor sports are trapshooting and fly fishing for trout.

I admit that there are times and occasions when fly fishing for bass has appealed to me as the most satisfying sport on the globe. But this is not always so and when I get away from it all and feel a gnawing hunger for the outdoors I find that it is fly fishing for trout that occupies most of my thoughts.

My position is that one shouldn't get married to any one sport. He should cultivate that frame of mind which will permit keenest enjoyment of the recreation available. For instance, yesterday morning a friend and I fished Lake Mineral in Cherokee County, Kansas, in a forty mile wind. Suppose I had been a fly fisherman exclusively, one who can't see an inch beyond the tip of his fly rod,—and there are many of them,—where would I have been? The answer is obvious. Yet when we laboriously pulled our way back to our car about eleven o'clock after that Kansas spring breeze had developed into a fifty mile gale we had five large-mouth black bass weighing from two to four and a half pounds each, all taken on bait casting outfits in wind where fly fishing would have been not only impractical, but impossible.

Begin to get my idea? What is the use of being a one track fisherman? Why kid yourself into believing that all the fun of fishing must be had with a six ounce fly rod and some flashing feathers daintily draped upon a number one-O hook cast into black bass cover?

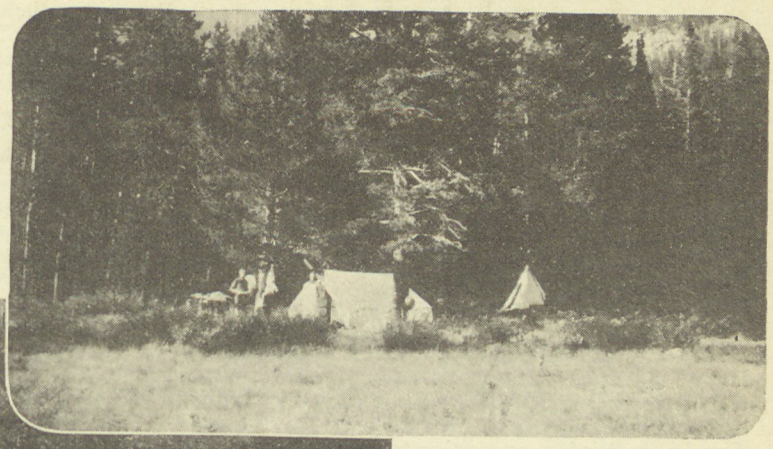
In the back seat of my companion's new car yesterday morning, were two fine fly rods and in our tackle boxes were automatic reels and tapered enameled lines that cost plenty of good money. Yet we did not, for an instant, consider using them, because of the wind, and I am sure that we had just as much profound pleasure with our five ounce bait casting rods, ten pound lines and weighted lures as we would have had fly fishing. All because we had gone there determined to have a good time bait casting if it should prove too windy for flies.

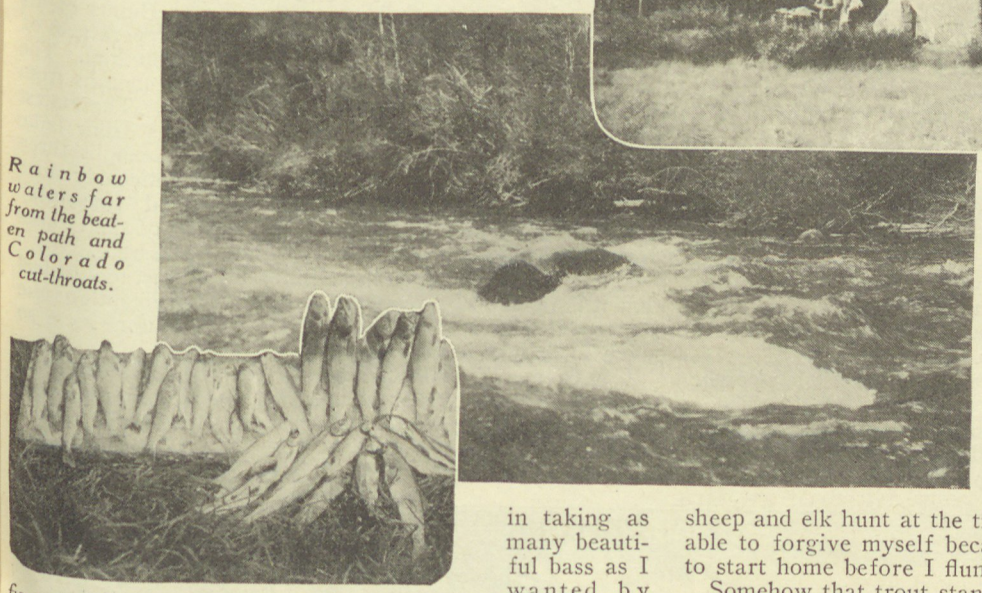
There is no argument about the sportiness of fly fishing for bass. There is no doubt about the thrill that comes when you fight in a four pound small-mouth hooked on a number one-O fly in swift water,—water so swift that perhaps it is five minutes after the strike and your boat is a hundred yards further down stream before you slip your

landing net under your fish. It is royal sport and I certainly do enjoy it. But there are other ways of fishing for bass and there are other fish besides bass, the taking of which provides worth while pleasure.

Once upon a time I fished in the Georgian Bay country in Ontario. My Ojibway guide had only silent contempt for my fly fishing equipment. I tried it faithfully an hour in some of the best small-mouth waters I have ever fished without even one strike. Reluctantly I went to that old Indian's worms and was amazed at the fun I had in taking as many beautiful bass as I wanted by five o'clock. And that very day I came to the conclusion that even the lowly worm is not to be despised upon occasion.

A camp on the West Slope of the Rockies.





Rainbow waters far from the beaten path and Colorado cut-throats.

I don't mean by this that the thrills of such fishing equal fly fishing. The point I hope to drive home is that one can't always fish as he likes best to fish,—and catch anything. And that a true fisherman should be tolerant of the ideas of others.

A body can't always be fly fishing for bass. Sometimes, if fortune has favored, he may find himself recreating in the Rocky Mountains while the plains country swelters beneath a summer sun. Should he sit and suck his thumb and idle the days away bemoaning the obvious fact that he can't fly fish for bass?

I don't think so. And let me tell you something, you who may never have tried it. If you ever get within reasonable reach of a trout stream don't you let *anybody* keep you from fly fishing that trout water *just once*. Once will be enough. If you are a natural born trout fisherman you will go back, soon and often. If you aren't, you won't—and probably all the balance of your life you will say caustic things about fools who fly fish.

Fly fishing for trout in the high altitudes is one of the great pleasures of my life. I can honestly say that I enjoy it more than any other fishing I have ever done. I think, possibly, that the exhilaration, the buoyancy,—the stimulation perhaps,—of the rarefied air up there has something to do with it. And certainly the odor of the pines, and the magnificent snow caps towering above one in July have a lot to do with it. I love fly fishing for trout. I'd rather do it than just about anything else on earth and I regret that I can't do more of it.

I caught my first trout in the South Fork of the Shoshone River in Wyoming a great many years ago. I was on my way "out" from a sheep and elk hunt at the time and I have never been quite able to forgive myself because I waited until I was ready to start home before I flung my first fly.

Somehow that trout stands out much more vividly in my memory today than the excellent assortment of big game that fell to my rifle on that trip. The trout was a native cut-throat (which may not be the scientific name for the species, but is very descriptive and the one that rolls off a hundred thousand western tongues), about eleven inches long. I lived through the succeeding winter just waiting for spring to come and it seemed to me that the snow waters of the Colorado Rockies would never run down. In June I fished on the East Slope among the Spanish Peaks, in the headwaters of the Arkansas, and in the Saguache. I crossed the Continental Divide and fished the Cochetopa, Quartz Creek, the Gunnison, the Taylor, East River, and Tin Cup Lake. I have been a trout fly fishing addict ever since.

A Taylor River rainbow of twenty inches.

To me a trout submerged in water in the sun is a superb creature,—one of the most beautiful things in the world. The exquisite colors of trout are as delicate as the delineation of a master. I never tire of lying upon the bank and watching them.

To me, also, catching fish is a very small part of a fishing trip. If the flesh of fish is all that is wanted one had better stay at home for fish can be bought cheaper than they can be caught.

I recall one day that I spent on a small stream on the West Slope of the Rockies far from the beaten path. I hadn't been gone from camp ten minutes when I sneaked up to a rather steep banked bend and looked over to see an otter with a trout struggling in its mouth. The trout seemed to extend fully six inches on

each side of the otter's head. The otter glided with scarcely a ripple out of the water to the opposite bank, its wet fur slicked back exactly like a blond boy's pompadour. Presently the otter saw me, dived back in and swam downstream under water carrying the trout with it.

A quarter of a mile from camp I hid behind a beaver dam and watched beavers at work in their pond where a covey of very active and very hungry greenwing teal ducklings and their parents played around not fifty feet from me.

I stopped there fully two hours, and suffered a severe shock of fright when an osprey unexpectedly swooped down and caught one of the seventeen trout I had just counted in the pond. It happened so near me that I was sprinkled by the splash.

I was so absorbed in my observations that I practically forgot to fish and was the subject of some pointed comments and observations from my fish laden companions when I returned to camp, yet the recollection of that day stands out much more pleasantly today than those of many days that I can remember during which I took the limit of trout.

I make no brief in opposition to those who maintain that the fighting qualities of the bass are superior to those of the trout. I do say, however, that the fighting quality is but one of the elements to be reckoned with. If one insists upon fighting qualities why stop with the bass? There is the barracuda, the tarpon and the tuna if one must have something to vent one's Irish upon. Or if one insists upon fishing in fresh water a forty pound muskellunge should satisfy even the most pugnacious.

Personally I often delight in fishing for small fish,—perch, bluegills or ten inch cut-throat trout—fly fishing for them.

I am quite sure that I would not, for an instant, wish to or could hope to convince bass-fishing advocates that my favorite sport is more fascinating than theirs. I don't care if they like to fly fish for bass. They can't make me mad. I do too. And if they feel that they choose bass rather than my beloved trout, they are very welcome to their choice,—only, of course, I can't see why they do it.

I note one of these fly fishing for bass authors states that he has spent more time on trout water than in the haunts of the black bass, yet he prefers the bass. I have probably fished ten hours for bass to each hour that I have spent with the trout, and I choose the trout. So there may be some of this "absence makes the heart grow fonder" stuff in it somewhere,—I don't know.

I can't quite reconcile all my experiences exactly with those another writer has had; which isn't at all strange. For instance, not all of the many bass that I have caught gave me battles that thrilled, as this writer claims of his catches. Nor do I find that all bass in all temperatures of water fight alike as they seem to have fought him. The fiercest fighting bass I ever caught were small-mouths from the James and Niangua Rivers in the Ozarks. The easiest bass to land I ever took were large-mouths from Lake Chicot in Southeastern Arkansas. I have caught three pound James River small-mouths that were noticeably more vicious fighters than approximately five pound "line-sides" of Lake Chicot, and five pound small-mouths of the Ozarks are very seldom landed when hooked in the current.

My adventures with the small-mouth lead me, too, to feel that it is more to be respected than the large-mouth as the stager of the last minute rally, which all writers seem so much to delight in.

I have met that last minute rally myself when some grandparent bass came reluctantly in to contort itself into a doubled over, surging, tackle wrecker. But I have seen it in trout as well.

I will never forget one hot July *(Continued on page 47)*

Photograph courtesy Publisher's Photo Service.

A modern Walton on a quiet lake in Maine reminiscent of Izaak Walton's—"with a book, loiter long days near Shawford-brook."

Scouts are good craftsmen. Some build and repair their own canoes.

The Izaak Walton League and The Boy Scouts

By

DR. GEORGE J. FISHER

Deputy Chief Scout Executive,
Boy Scouts of America

THIS address, given by Dr. Fisher at the Seventh Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League, accurately defines the points of contact between the League and the Boy Scout movements. The League's platform embraces the character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation and emphasizes the need of the study of nature and conservation in all schools.

EDITOR.

I WISH to bring to you today by virtue of my office as a national director of Scouting, the greetings of your younger brothers all over the United States who have at least in part many of the things upon their hearts and minds that you, their older brothers, have. It would seem to me that we might in an exchange of opinion find many points of contact that would be helpful to each.

Nowadays, when they write a play they usually write a prologue. Probably it is just as proper for one to have a prologue for a speech, and this is my prologue: Dr. Dublin, the statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, said the other day that it is quite customary in our American life to count up our resources, to speak of our wealth. "But usually," says he, "when we do that, we think of our real property, or our production, whereas, the real resources and the real financial and economic assets are human resources."

He tried to analyze economically and scientifically what a boy was worth. He said that in a family that has an income of about $2,500 a year, it costs about $7,230 to raise a boy to the age of eighteen. But that isn't the only thing which one considers in appraising the economic value of a boy, for he has expected earnings, and based upon those expected earnings, he says that a boy at birth is worth to the nation $10,000. At the age of eighteen he is worth $41,000. That is quite a considerable sum of money. A Boy Scout Scoutmaster dealing with thirty lads, is dealing with economic value amounting to $1,200,000. The city of Chicago has 12,000 Scouts. They are worth to the nation, says this statistician, not less than $480,000,000; and the 7,000,000 boys in America of the ages of twelve to eighteen, by that method of computation, are worth to the nation not less than $280,000,000,000. Therefore, according to this statistician, our greatest wealth, our greatest asset, is human assets and is human wealth.

Now, of course, one thinks rather remotely of that thing because we are thinking of boys eventually becoming economic assets, but are there any immediate returns? I want to give you two little illustrations that, even from this hard-boiled economic point of view, show how valuable is investment in youth.

The other day I was out at Suffolk County on Long Is-

Prof. Bert Leach, nature instructor at Owasippe Scout Camps and a group of North Shore Scouts.

land, and two boys stood before me whom I was to decorate for having saved the lives of three boys at the peril of their own. That Council had a budget of about $19,000 but because of the skill that these boys had acquired, they had salvaged, if you please, $120,000 for that community. The investment, from the pure basis of investment, of $19,000 had in one particular, namely, that of life-saving, salvaged to that county $120,000.

I was out at South Bend a year or two ago and they were talking with a Community Chest leader about a budget for the Boy Scout Movement, some $11,000. It was shown that these boys had yielded thousands of hours in civic service, and by computation, one of the men statistically inclined said that we would have had to pay $25,000 for these hours of service if we had paid for it. The citizens of that community invested $11,000 in those boys and got back in actual civic service that which this man estimated to be $25,000.

But, gentlemen, these figures have no persuasive power over me. I find it a little difficult to think of boys in terms of economic assets because beyond all that, we are dealing with soul stuff, and that cannot be measured in dollars and cents. But it was just a way of figuring alongside of our material resources, what it means to deal with these human resources.

So much for my prologue.

Now, I have tried to think through in a rather practical fashion some ways in which the two agencies, the Izaak Walton League on the one hand and the Boy Scouts of America on the other, may find common methods of co-operation. What, if anything, can these two agencies do in common in relation to these human resources that I have spoken of? First of all, these two agencies are nation-wide in their membership, and continent-wide in their scope. The Izaak Walton League is probably the largest adult membership of its kind in the nation. The Boy Scout Movement is the largest boy movement in the nation and in the world. The Izaak Walton League is primarily a movement of adults. The Scout Movement is primarily a movement of youth, though it has in its membership men far beyond the number that constitute the membership of the Izaak Walton League.

I have noticed in my contacts with the men of both movements, that the two movements are interlaced for I find many Waltonians who are Scout leaders, and many Scout leaders who are Waltonians.

The out-of-doors man will find a congenial atmosphere in each of these two movements. There are certain spiritual ties that unite them, and certain fundamental interests, if you please, that encourage them. The Izaak Walton League has in it men possessed of many skills—skills in woodcraft, in campcraft, in watercraft. The Boy Scout Movement has in it boys who in turn should acquire the skills and arts and crafts, and who, in addition, have a desire to acquire them.

If on the one hand these experiences can be brought more effectively in relation to the needs of youth, it will prove a great advance in the spread of these activities in the nation. The Izaak Walton League is a great outdoor movement. The Boy Scout Movement, too, in part, is a great outdoor movement. It seeks to restore the woodland and the forest and the fast-receding swimming holes to youth, which advancing civilization is so rapidly taking from them.

> Blessings on thee, little man,
> Barefoot boy with cheek of tan;
> With thy turned up pantaloons
> And thy merry whistling tunes,
> And thy red lips, redder still,
> Kissed by strawberries on the hill.
>
> Blessings on thee, little man.

But that isn't the boy that you find in three quarters of the nation, for civilization, like a Juggernaut, is taking away from him those precious things of the out-of-doors that you and I, that the Waltonians and the Scout leaders, the Scouters, as we call them, should seek to hold for him; and many of us will buy up property and hold it in perpetuity for generations of youth still unborn, that there may not go out of the life of the nation those characteristics that have meant so much in our history in the times past.

You and we desire to bring romance and adventure to modern youth, and where above all places can such experiences be had aside from the out-of-doors? Who can conceive of romance and adventure indoors? The Waltonians have adopted a great outdoors man as their patron saint. The Scouts hold up as their heroes the great outdoor pioneers of American history. Both agencies have of the woodsy-woods, of the earthy-earth, and of the heavens heavenly. They have as their common aim, in part at least, teaching people to love the out-of-doors, know the woods and find charm and adventure and romance in the forests.

The Walton League has the forest—the Scout Movement has the field. The Walton League has the men—the Scout Movement has the boys. If adult experience can be brought in relation to juvenile inexperience, it provides a basis for service of inestimable value, for there is only one need of the Boy Scout Movement today. It is not the need of program, it is not the need of boys; it is the need of men.

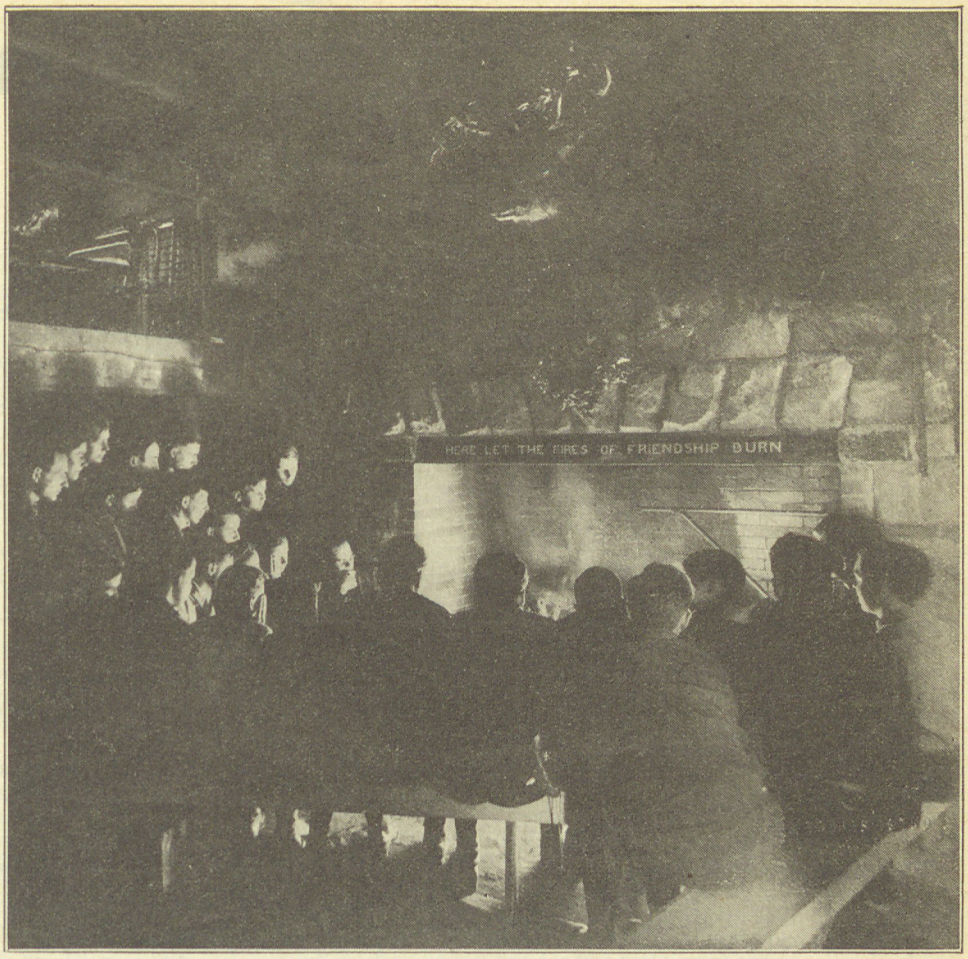
Probably more than half of the merit badge activity of the Scout Movement deals with subjects that are related to outdoor activities, such as camping and canoeing and cook-

A picture that needs no title.

ing and bird study and tracking and forestry, and the like. For each of these subjects in every town or village in America are needed examiners or counsellors or advisers. Where could we look with better expectation of the skilled personnel in these specific subjects than to the Izaak Walton League?

If the members of the Izaak Walton League desire to have their principles inculcated in the life and heart of the nation, what better way could it be attempted than through an agency such as the Boy Scout Movement? But may I remind you that the Boy Scout Movement is more than a recreation movement; it is more than an out-of-doors movement. It is a service movement. It is not simply a movement for learning. It is a program of doing. It has an ideal of service. In this it differs from a purely recreational movement. When you think of a Boy Scout, you think of the lad's eagerness to do a good turn. It is a part of the creed, the Scout oath, the Scout law.

He not only learns about a thing, but he asks what can be done about it, and, in particular what can he do about it, or what can his troop do about it. He not only learns about camping, he camps. He not only reads about birds, he observes them. He builds bird houses for them, he feeds them, he nurses them. He not only soliloquizes about trees, he plants them, he protects them, he nurtures them. He not only hears about canoes, he paddles one, he builds one, he navigates one.



The Twilight Hour—Scouting keeps the boy in touch with the better things of life.

Here we find a force that Waltonians might well conjure with. The Scout does not end in mere knowing—he is concerned with doing. Inception is coupled with expression; the Scout is motor-minded. It is the best environment in which to plant ideas, and to transmit enthusiasm for the results in actions.

The genius of the Scout Movement is likewise that it is not haphazard or spasmodic—it is organized, it is directed energy. The Scout is a member of a troop. The troop is guided by wise adult leadership. The boys are uniformed. They are recognized and everywhere accepted. They have a tradition of honor and service, even of heroism. So well organized are the Scouts, so service-minded are they, that they can be mobilized on a few moments' notice. Is there a Mississippi flood? There you find Scouts pitching tents, helping care for refugees. Is there a Pittsburgh explosion? The first on hand are Scouts carrying messages, making litters, restoring order. Is there a St. Louis tornado? Scouts are active within a few moments.

The Western Union contributed $1,000 to the National Scout Movement because of what those Scouts did in St. Louis in restoring the Western Union service during that particular situation. Someone has said, and it is true, that the Boy Scout Movement next to the American Red Cross, constitutes a great nation-wide, organized, uniformed force, on-call-for service anywhere, any time, disciplined and orderly and trained.

This force of 800,000 men and boys represents not merely a potential, but an actual force in the nation in reforestation, in conservation, in such things as the men of America may determine that these lads shall perform.

The Scouts and the Waltonians hold these principles in common. They are therefore united in a great spiritual ideal. Co-operation, therefore, is natural and easy and possible between them.

But there is a deeper thing that unites them, and on this point I should like to lay stress. The Boy Scout Movement is a character-making movement. All that it does is with reference to the development of character in its youth. It is not only concerned in what a boy does for others, but what this action does to the boy. This is the cardinal principle. It is not only interested in doing, but in being. It is not only interested in the thing that the boy accomplishes, but in what happens to the individual that accomplishes it.

Do we find any point of unity between the two movements at this place? Is the Izaak Walton League interested only in things and not in character? Happily, your platform gives convincing answer to this question, for in it I find as one of your stated objectives: *Character building of boys through outdoor recreation.*

Here we find a real spiritual unity. We can join hands at this point, for after all it is a matter of great importance, not only as to what is taught a lad, but who teaches it. The man is important as much as the subject.

While we have many matters in common, we also have some points of departure. There are some functions which each agency naturally has specifically, individually, and that are not common to both. May I make reference to one or two?

Let me repeat at this point that your organization is fundamentally an adult movement and ours is fundamentally a boys' movement. We must not ask boys to do men's tasks. The things which we require of lads must be such as are fitting to youth. Surely we must not ask them to be policemen or detectives or enforcers of law. These are not boys' tasks. They would be dangerous. They would imperil the youth. They would make prigs of boys who would seek to make others righteous. We must not have them spy upon their neighbors, reporting their delinquencies. Furthermore, the Boy Scout movement as such as not a law-making nor a law enforcement organization. It is an educational move-

(Continued on page 45)

Jack London as *I* Knew Him

By

ERNEST UNTERMANN

Drawings by Kreigh Collins

AMERICA has never lacked outdoor men who could put into vivid words what they had lived. I speak as a close intimate of Jack and as one of the outdoor tribe when I say that none of the contemporary American writers lived so closely to the primitive and expressed so fully the primal emotions towards the wild as Jack London.

To most people, the outdoors is just a place to fish or kill game, to relax in clear air and warm sunshine, to play for a short while and forget the dull grind of the daily routine. The real outdoor people belong to the wild. It is their native element. They find in it that strength and inspiration which puts real meaning into all of life.

The simple life, the strenuous life, the romantic life have had their glorifiers. Nearly all of them merely played with their subject, never practiced what they preached or asked themselves why they didn't. That was not Jack London's way. He had lived from dire necessity the most complete blend of the simple, strenuous and romantic life. As an oyster pirate, a forecastle hand on a sealer, a tramp of the highways, a sourdough of the Alaskan trail, he had tasted at first hand every hardship, every exultation, every sorrow of the great unwashed and of the outdoor pioneer.

> WE feel that if Jack London had lived to know of the Izaak Walton League he would have been a staunch helper in its work even as he held the same fine principles and ideals of sportsmanship.

Again and again Jack followed the call of the wild after years of vain efforts to make the city dwellers, who only read about such things, understand his conclusions from the elemental life. It was the only way in which he could go on with his literary work after he had learned that writing for a living and writing to express one's truest convictions cannot be harmonized in a world ruled by commercialism.

With his love of truth, passion for justice, craving for beauty and longing for perfect companionship, Jack was driven by the slow torture of daily experience to the bitter realization that successful writing for a living in the America of today requires social pull, flattery of publishers and editors, cajolery of the rich and powerful, anything but devotion to the ideals of truth, justice, beauty and clean companionship.

He recoiled from this realization as from the sting of a rattler, but he had to take it and carry the poison in his veins to the bitter tragic end. And so he typifies in his grand way the daily tragedy of the millions who, without ever living a full life on the peaks of self expression, are dying a slow death in the struggle for bread.

But why should this be so? Jack often asked himself. Out on the long trail, strong men with the physical equipment of supermen struggle hard for a little gold. If they ever find it, social conditions offer them only the choice to squander it on a brainless spree, or to go back into the treadmill of business and become mouldy shells of their former glorious selves. They could not make life better for themselves nor for those who must carry on after them. But while they lived the Argonaut life, they rose above the commonplace.

Can America make nothing better than that of its strongest? Jack thought it could and should. He wanted the land of the free and home of the brave to be more than a treadmill for the good, true and beautiful. He felt sure that this great nation could be inspired to live up to its ideals, to the ideals of true sportsmanship.

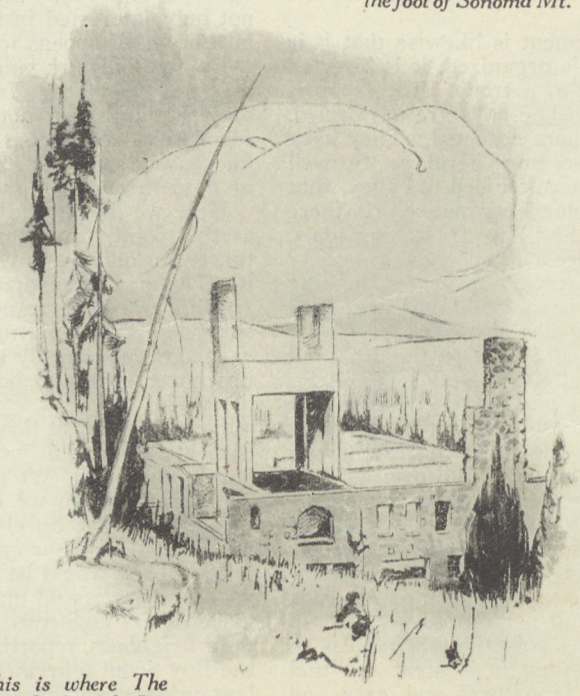
In the preface which he wrote to "The Cry for Justice" at the invitation of Upton Sinclair, he pointed out the remedy in words which might serve as a monument to the divine spark in him.

"It is so simple a remedy, merely service," he wrote. "Not one ignoble thought or act is demanded of any one of all men and women in the world to make fair the world. The call is for nobility of thinking, nobility of doing. The call is for service, and such is the wholesomeness of it, he who serves all best serves himself."

But civilized life in America would not accept this remedy. It insisted that the best way to live was according to the rule: Every one for himself. Great statesmen extol this as "sturdy individualism," but organized greed suppresses it with police, courts and armed forces, if the sturdy individualists below the millionaire class try to live up to it.

That struck Jack as a strange contradiction. Men out in the wild develop mutual help, are generous with each other to the point of self sacrifice, share their small store of supplies, go through incredible hardships for a friend or a stranger in need, and know no class distinctions. Why should civilization be more selfish and cruel than life in the wild? If it is a higher stage of life than the wild, civilization should offer more, not less, mutuality to mankind.

Portions of The Big House that Jack London built at the foot of Sonoma Mt.



This is where The Little Lady of the Big House met her fate.

This seemed so evident and the opposition to it so senseless to Jack that he poured into almost every one of his great stories the warning: Individualism destroys itself and will destroy American civilization unless checked by mutuality.

You can find this message plainly written into "The Seawolf," into "Martin Eden," into "Burning Daylight," into "The Little Lady of the Big House." You can find it in his outdoor stories, such as "The Call of the Wild" or "Smoke Bellew," in which men and animals flee from individualist civilization to find greater freedom of self expression in the wilderness.

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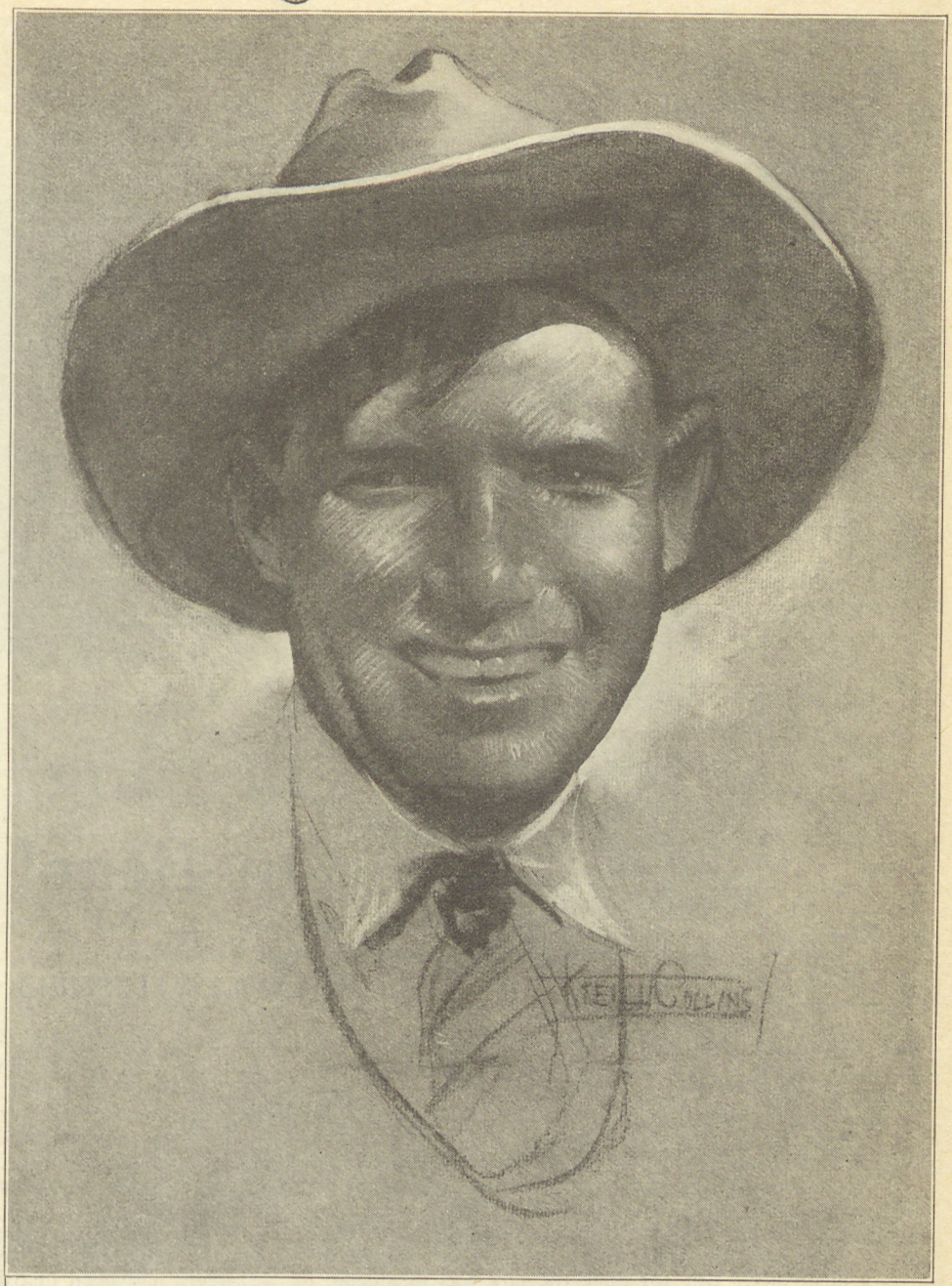

Jack London

Famous author and outdoorsman.

Finally, it cries out in agony from his own tragic end by which he testified that individualism is not worth living.

It was the craving for a fuller life which sent him on his romantic excursion across the Pacific in the "Snark." In his story of this adventure you can read his contempt for the sturdy individualists of business who cheated him in the building of his boat and who tried to doublecross him in many other ways. It appears boldly also in his other South Sea stories, especially from his description of the degradation of native islanders by the agents of our commercialized civilization.

The desire for escape from the commonplace also inspired "The Star Rover," the prisoner whose mind soars through the universe in search of the perfect companionship of supermen while his body lies unconscious in solitary, strapped tight into a straight-jacket.

A better world to make a better life for better men and women, this is the perpetual refrain of Jack's best thought. To abolish lies, brutality, weakness, to stop the debasement and defilement of the helpless, to offer opportunities rather than to close them to the masses, that was his gospel.

But individualist and commercialized America replied to this gospel of a brotherly and truly Christian democracy by forcing Jack into its own mold, robbing him of his soul and driving him to that "Martin Eden" and "Seawolf" end which haunts so many of his stories. It wasn't simply that the natural outdoor man could not find his proper place in the civilized routine. It wasn't so much, either, that so few men and women could truly share his fundamental outlook on life. It was above all the pettiness, mediocrity and selfishness of the leaders of affairs, including the labor and radical leaders, that pressed down his spirit beyond bearing.

Yet he did not break easily. He stood up under it like a real superman, until his health began to fail, until friends by the dozen had repaid unselfish help with ingratitude, and until even love had become a torment instead of happiness. It was then that the perpetual grind to meet increasing financial difficulties turned wealth, fame and ideals into poison for him.

The difference between what life meant to him and what American civilization made of life became too great for a sick and deeply disappointed man to endure. The love puzzle to which some people attribute his sudden death was but a proof of his breakdown long before. And the World War was the last straw which broke this martyr's back.

Outdoor people will understand and ponder over this outdoor man's fate.

Bearing On Bear!

By
CHARLES HYSKELL

IT was an irregular hole a few feet in diameter, between rocks, in the side of Bear Mountain, at the headwaters of Antelope Creek, in southwestern Oregon. Before this opening stood a slim, muscular youth of eighteen, clad in overalls, a calico shirt and an old slouch hat and gripping in one hand a long-barreled muzzle-loading rifle.

It was quite still, except for the sweep of whispering wind through the pines, the rustle of falling brown leaves from stunted oaks, from red-brown madronas and manzanita. Warm mid-day rays of an October sun pelted him from a clear sky. But for once the boy was insensible to these beauties. His heart was beating rather fast. Not from fear, but with eagerness to achieve a long cherished ambition—to become the slayer of a big, powerful bear.

The mountain was rugged, partly tree-clad, slotted with deep ravines. It was a district usually infested with cougar, bear, rattlesnakes, bob-cats, wood rats, porcupines; and in on the lower slopes could sometimes be found small herds of deer.

Regarding the cave entrance dubiously, the youth, Jim Rummel by name, was put to serious thoughts. He had, after nearly two days of patient pursuit, trailed a large cinnamon bear to its den.

He had spent the preceding day in patient pursuit, and had slept the night rolled in a blanket under the low-spreading branches of a young fir tree, believing the game lost. But a light snow during the night had enabled him to resume the trail. Half a mile back he had suddenly come upon his quarry, in a huckleberry thicket. He thought the bear was coming at him quartering-like and he had shot at the shoulder. He knew that he had hit, but the animal had fled lumberingly out of sight.

Guessing how seriously the bear had been hurt availed nothing. Now, what was to be done next? When a boy of that age is about to come to close grips with his first bear he will think a number of things. He will also wonder what the bear is thinking about.

This bear in the mountainside might be dead, or it might be dying. Again, if but slightly wounded, it could be sitting in there waiting for him to make the next move. So far as Jim knew there was no way of luring a bear out of its den. He felt a mighty curiosity to crawl into that dark hole, as softly as possible, and ascertain the truth. But he ought to have a light; and really there should be some human being at hand who could pull him out if the need were desperate.

Then he saw his younger brother Bill astride a cayuse, coming up the slope toward him. The echoing report of his rifle had been heard at his father's ranch in the wide canyon far below and they had sent Bill out to find him.

As fast as he could go Bill returned to the ranch and an hour later came back with his father, some rope and a stick of pitch pine for a torch. They went about the job methodically. Jim crawled into the hole, pushing his old ball-and-cap rifle ahead, and his father came in after him, holding the torch.

The cave was larger inside, and very, very dark. Suddenly the torch revealed the bear, close up—not over 15 feet distant. It was sitting on its haunches, like a dog, licking its wound. It stopped and raised its head, glaring at the torch. Jim could see the small white spot on its chest and he shot at that. It sounded like a dynamite blast blowing up the mountain. As quickly as they could the two crawled out and the dogs went in. But the half-ounce ball had cut cleanly through the bear's heart. And besides, his first shot, at the huckleberry thicket, had entered behind the shoulder bone, ranged straight back and broken three ribs, which now explained why Bruin had not been eager to attack.

All of that was long ago. When I first met Jim Rummel he had grown to manhood and he helped me build a log cabin on a bench above Antelope Creek. He had never mentioned bears to me, although at this time he had been in at the death of some eighty of them. By the campfire one night I asked him to tell me about bears, their species, their true nature and habits in the wild, and how he had

managed to kill so large a number.

Jim Rummel is a modest man. Whatever he does is merely a part of the day's work and of no special importance. Like many solitary men he has a habit of chewing plug tobacco. To my question he only replied: "Bears—I never kept much track of 'em," and fired a volley of juice at the glowing embers.

So I bided my time these twenty years and recently I met him again. The years have mellowed him and at 68 he talks more freely of youthful exploits.

"Black and brown bears tackle only sheep and hogs," he said. "If they get at a band of sheep they will live off the herd all summer if you don't kill them. The cinnamon will tackle cattle. The grizzly will tackle anything. One that was driven out of here a few years ago was killed over on Camp Creek by Billy Wright and weighed 1,400 pounds. It had just killed a big steer. There were a great many grizzlies when we settled in here. There are a few left. Cully Jones told me a while ago that he saw two, a male and a female. The grizzly ranges long distances. They don't climb a tree. They travel fast. They hunt mostly meat food. There used to be a good many silvertip bear in here. They are between the grizzly and the cinnamon in size and disposition. There are a few silvertips left on the mountain.

Oregon brown bear, weight about 600 pounds.

"Of the other bear besides the grizzly there are just about as many here now as there were twenty years ago. The cinnamon is a bluish colored bear of 600 to 800 pounds when full grown. I have known a grizzly to go 1,800 pounds. Have killed black and brown bears of 500 to 600 pounds.

"The cinnamon will fight quickly when you wound or crowd him. The black or brown bear will first run away. I have shot them at four feet distance and they ran. The black and the brown bear are the same specie, but simply breed both colors. I have seen a female have one brown and one black cub. They have two cubs. The bear is a carnivorous animal and belongs to the canine branch. They have forty-two teeth the same as a dog, and their teeth are arranged to grind both meat and vegetables. The grizzly and cinnamon bears are a North American specie and they range at present through these mountains and up into Canada.

"All bear hole up for the winter except the grizzly. If there is a lot of snow in the mountains in December bears hole up early. If the winter remains unusually open they sometimes do not hole up at all. They find a hollow log or tree, or a cave, but I have known them to lie in the open top of a hollow log exposed to the weather all winter. They first get rid of all material in their entrails, and then they lie in and go to sleep. You could pull them out by the tail and they wouldn't wake up.

Bear cubs out for a stroll in Southern Oregon.

"They raise cubs only alternate years. They mate in June and the cubs are born the following February while the dam is still in hibernation. They begin coming out of the winter's rest about March 1. Often they come out fatter than when they went to sleep. As a rule they go 'way back in the high mountains to hole up, where there is nothing else wintering that might disturb them. When they come out they make for the lower levels where there is early vegetation, grass, peavine, weeds or carrion.

"In the wild they have no cry or roar. There are times when the mother and cubs are threatened by man or dog, when she will utter a snort, or bawl, a queer sort of noise, to warn her cubs and order them to climb a tree, which they do at once.

"Bears are clean, but in hot weather will wallow in a mudhole, like a hog. But the hide always has been clean when I skinned them. They will go into clover and feed like a cow. They rarely travel together. They mate and then abandon each other, and live alone. Perhaps believing in companionate marriage.

"Only once, when I was hunting with some friends, I found four together—a mother, two 2-year-olds and a yearling. When first born they are about the size of a house cat or a week old pig. The cubs weigh about 75 pounds at eight months old. They are full grown at five years."

Old Jim paused and sat musingly, as if his tale were done. I had grown a bit anxious that he should tell something more adventurous of himself, more vital to his subject. And so I jogged him with a good deal of insistence until he yielded this brief observation:

"There is no special trouble about getting a bear. You see the tracks and you take your blanket and a little grub and keep on going. If it is early fall and a light snow, it is easier. You sleep under a bushy pine and keep on, following the trail, and you're sure to overtake the bear before long. And then you get him."

"Do you follow on horseback?" I asked.

"Horseback Gosh, no!" said Jim. And then he told me how he had gotten his first bear, in that hole in the side of Bear Mountain.

Jim Rummel was a small boy when with his father he came west by wagon train in 1865 from Cedar County, Iowa. They took up a claim on the Antelope, at the foot of Bear Mountain ,and here Jim was reared, getting little except rudimentary knowledge from books, but much from the hills and the forest. In woodcraft he became a master. Today, at 68 years of age, still physically active, he is a guide for a crew of forest rangers marking mountain trails in the Cascade range.

(Continued on page 48)

The Silver Salmon

By

COLONEL HARRY VANDERBILT WURDEMANN

THE mainstay of the market line fisherman of the Northwest is trolling with the hand line and spoon for Silver Salmon, called Silvers in American and Cohoes in the Canadian Waters. These run from a couple of pounds when three years old, immature and not yet spawning "blue backs," to fully developed adults averaging 12 pounds, the record reaching 28 pounds of fighting fury. Of course many are taken by the traps and gill nets, but a very small percentage by the sportsmen.

Hundreds of small boats, many of them equipped with outboard motors, are to be seen in the waters of Puget Sound, the Straits of San Juan de Fuca and in the bays, inlets and off the estuaries of the Gulf of Georgia, when the Silvers run from June to November.

One morning at sunrise on a Sunday of last year I counted 569 boats fishing for Silvers in Elliot Bay, the harbor of Seattle, amidst the coming and going ferry and ocean vessels; probably a thousand persons from Seattle alone, and hundreds more from the same city, had gone to other points on the Sound, all after the Silvers, and most of them getting their fish.

Naturally these are better waters than in the immediate neighborhood of a great city. Twenty miles further north there is a wonderful fishing place, with an eddy of a mile or more in extent, when the tides meet, going around from the channels on either side of the large island of Whidby. This is at Meadowdale. Other like localities off Everett, Bellingham, Vancouver and many other places have similar characteristics and here the smaller food fish gather on the edges of the tide rips, only to become prey to the ravenous hordes underneath.

Twenty pound Silver Salmon.

Different ways of fishing obtain in different locations. In Puget Sound the trolling is deep, with a pound or more of sinker and a medium sized spoon, a number 5. "Tom Mack," "H and H," etc. While further north, although the fish run larger, the best killer is a number 3 and a lighter sinker. But this story is not about trolling, but about the more or less new method of "stripping."

For this one does not need a fancy rod, but a cane pole of 8 feet in length, or better two of them, for the fisherman uses two poles while his companion manages the boat. These are equipped with reel seats and large guides, preferably of agate. But a fairly good single action reel with a Japanese full gut line of 28 to 34 dead weight test is essential for each pole.

The best time is the incoming tide from full or medium low water. The best water is a sea eddy alongside of a tide rip, with a ripple on the surface on a fairly quiet day. Such conditions usually obtain in Salmon time, with the early morning mists and little wind.

The tide-rips however are heavy with the incoming tide against the wind or the slack water. There are the schools of herring or candlefish with the rapacious predatory fish below, and the herring gulls with their raucous cries swooping down from above.

The man at the oars steadies the boat and holds it in the eddy. The other baits his two hooks on each line with candlefish or small herring, pulls out 50 or more feet from his reel, having a four to six ounce sinker about three feet from his hooks, keeping the gut line wet, for nothing kinks worse than a dry gut line, and none runs so freely as a wet one. Thus an overflow of nautical language may be avoided.

(Continued on page 44)

The Rigging.

The Gaffing.

The Catch.

EDITORIAL

Lest We Forget

A RATHER startling advertisement appears in several current magazines, an advertisement proclaiming the excellent shooting to be found in France, only a short distance from Paris. The advertisement explains that as France has been practising conservation for hundreds of years, she can now boast of hunting as good or better than in many parts of America.

Surely, as the French say, this "makes us to think." Dear, crude, young, thoughtless, wasteful, plenty-satiated America—if we had but been practising practical conservation for a century, we need not now be deploring the scarcity of game and reducing the bag limits to save some of our species of wild life from extermination.

Strange that of all the lessons we have learned so aptly from the old world, surpassing them in many, that the subject of conservation should have found us so backward, so utterly behind the times.

"Game-satiated America," has been our only excuse. That excuse will work no more—it no longer applies.

Can we honestly claim good shooting within a few miles of any of our great cities?

Can we dare look forward twenty years, and prophesy for our children, a fair and decent amount of outdoor recreation?

Certainly not if we continue as in the past to reap and not sow, destroy and not replace.

This, however, we shall not do, but it is well that we be reminded of the imperative need of changing our course.

We have been awakened to the necessity of conservation—let us not drowse again.

Donn Byrne once said of his loved Ireland—"We are a poor country as to money, but we have purple heather and mountains golden with gorse, and rivers great bosomed and friendly where men may dream."

With what grief should we say of America—"We are a rich country as to money, but the things of true value we used to possess, we have almost lost—our prairies, our wild green places, our high dark forests, our clean quiet lakes, our trout-filled streams—all the incomparable beauty and glory of our outdoors."

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MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

Almost lost—not quite. A firm, forbidding hand to grasp the destroyers, to throttle greed; a voice to warn, teach, inspire and regenerate and America's outdoorland shall be saved for the "healing of the nations."

Just one power in America today is strong enough to do this, the power of awakened, intelligent public opinion, the power of the concerted efforts of conservation minded people.

Greetings

THERE is published in France a magazine called La Pêche Illustreé, which corresponds to our OUTDOOR AMERICA. It is the official organ of the Fishing Club of France, which corresponds to our Izaak Walton League. The Fishing Club, while it has adopted an English name is purely a French society, though it has many foreign members. Incidentally, I have joined it myself. Its membership is not large, being but about 9,000, but it enjoys a certain governmental patronage, receiving an annual appropriation of around $8,000 conditioned on the Club's adding 10% of the amount from its own resources and devoting the entire sum to the restocking of rivers and the suppression of poaching.

It is doing a great work in combating pollution. In fact, it is doing much the same work as the Izaak Walton League and is confronted with much the same problems.

We extend a word of greeting and appreciation to this sister society.

JUDSON L. WICKS.

Take Them Along

FOR many years I have been very active with Juvenile Court work and have come into contact with many boys.

I believe in the case of practically every boy who comes before the Juvenile Court charged with delinquency that the cause could be traced to one of two things, mental defectiveness or lack of opportunity for wholesome activities.

I do not believe that there has been a boy brought before me during my career on the bench, who was healthy and mentally normal, whose delinquency could not be traced to the fact that no wholesome form of amusement had been given him.

Therefore, whenever a boy has been brought before me and I have been able to parole him, I have tried to get someone interested in him and to take him for some sort of outdoor exercise.

Once I gave a boy's father the choice of taking the boy fishing with him once a week or sending the boy to the reform school.

This boy had participated in the robbery of seven grocery stores and had been a member of a notorious gang.

After he was given this out of door activity he got along splendidly and years later I had the satisfaction of meeting him again and finding him a fine man, holding a very respectable position. This is but one of the hundreds of examples I could cite.

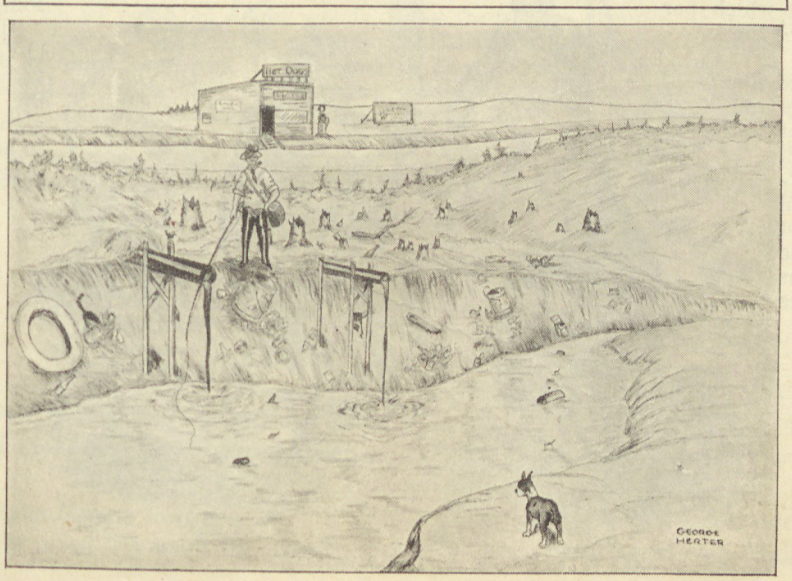
Last spring at an Izaak Walton League meeting I suggested to the hundred men present their each taking a boy on an outing during the summer.

Most of these men did this.

They gave the boys something more than merely a trip into the woods. They helped them become true Waltonians.

JUDGE GEO. W. WOOD.

Fisherman: *I wonder what could have happened to all the trout that used to be here?*



"Shooting the Bull"

A Story of the Old Army

By

RICHARD V. AGETON

Drawings by Ferd Himme

"AND this," the Major Doctor with a gesture indicated a portly gentleman on one of the reclining-benches, "is Brigadier General Orlando G. Fotheringham. He is one of the best known and most beloved of all the officers in—"

"Can that baloney," interrupted Old O-Gee, to give the General his Army nickname, and who was proud of his ability to use up-to-the-minute slang, "who is this young man?"

"This," explained the Major Doctor, "is young Jim Dukes; a V. B. patient from Alaska; Major of Engineers in the A. E. F. and the offspring of old Jim Dukes. You remember old Jim, Captain of C Company, Twentieth Infantry, in the Philippines; Chief of Staff, Seventy-Ninth Division, during the World War and—"

"Sure," smiled Old O-Gee. Languidly he stretched forth an arm and hand from beneath the protecting cover of the enveloping sheet and shook hands. "Knew your Daddy. Hope you are not like him. He was a damned old liar; always claimed he was a better shot than me, nothing to it."

"Pardon me, Major Dukes," this from a recumbent figure in another corner of the cooling-room, "but did I understand our medico to say that you were from Alaska?"

"That's right," smilingly admitted Dukes, glancing around at the other officers sprawled in comfortable positions, awaiting their turns on the rubbing-table, "why?"

"Well," replied the Lieutenant of Aviation who had asked the question, "last night I was telling these darn scoffers about seeing a water spaniel walk across the creek at Ketchikan on the backs of the salmon. They didn't believe me. Can you imagine such ignorance?"

"Now wait a minute," cautioned the Major of Coast Artillery, "I've seen considerable service on the West Coast. I've seen salmon runs, a number of them. But—, I've never seen the salmon so thick in any creek that a dog could walk across by stepping on the backs of the salmon.

"And, not only do I believe that you are telling an untruth, but I fear you are mentally unbalanced. I am going to ask our medico here, to conduct an investigation to determine the cause of these spells of mental aberration regarding fishing, which persist in attacking inmates of the Officers Ward."

"Sir," defensively stated the Major Doctor, "the Army and Navy Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, is well officered. We have effected some wonderful cures. But—we are not responsible for all of the mental hallucinations which our officer patients bring in here with them; especially those pertaining to fishing."

"But, honest—I did see it," exclaimed the aviator. "Why, Alaska is full of wonderful sights; glacier worms that bore holes through the ice and blue bears from Kodiak Island. Why, half the creeks there freeze from the bottom upwards, anchor ice—they call it. Why, you dudes wouldn't believe half the things I could tell you. Ain't that so, Major?" turning to Dukes.

"Well," judicially replied the latter, "you do see peculiar sights up there; I remember one of them. I was coming into the harbor at Sitka on the steamer Georgia; that was in 1914. I had been sent up there to look over a small mining property. We started into the harbor, you know between the old Russian Fort and the town, but the boat had to back out. We had to lay-to for two hours; waiting for a run of herring to clear the mouth of the harbor so that we could get in."

"George, oh George," howled the Captain of Infantry to the bath-room attendant, "bring it here. Quick!"

George came; a flash of gleaming ivory brightening his glistening ebony countenance.

"Yes, sah," he beamed on the group, holding his hands behind him, "who does I give it to this time?"

With one accord all of the men in the little cooling-room with the exception of Old O-Gee and the Major Doctor, pointed indicative fingers at Major Dukes.

George then offered a small package to Dukes. He accepted it gingerly. He glanced at Old O-Gee. The old boy grinned reassuringly. Dukes opened the package. He beheld in his hand a small, porcelain statue of a bull. Across the base of the statue was written, "Chief Bull Shooter."

The rest of the men in the room rose to their feet, their sheets wrapped around them, toga-like. They drew themselves to their full heights and as one man gave the Major a perfectly executed parade ground salute. Then in unison they shouted, "Boom." They then gave way to their mirth. The whole south end of the bath house rang with their laughter. Dukes was appalled and nonplussed.

"Never mind them," soothed Old O-Gee, "they wouldn't have done it to you if they hadn't accepted you. You are one of us."

"George, oh George," howled the Captain of Infantry, "bring it here quick!"

"Oh," gasped the Captain of Infantry, holding his sides, "they had to lay-to for two hours—, oh—oh—waiting for the herring to—some body—oh—"

"Ignorance," boomed Old O-Gee, his Huzzar-like mustachios bristling and fixing the Captain with a cold glance, "ignorance, especially in an Army officer, is the unforgivable sin. Sir," and he assumed the air of a General on inspection, "I too have seen Service at Sitka. I too have seen that same sight, not once only, but many times. I too know that country, knew it before you were weaned, Sir. The Sitka Indians did me the honor to call me Chief Hyas-Mowitch Boom-Boom. That, Sir, is Chinook for Chief Buck Deer Killer or, you might call it Chief Bull-Shooter."

Not a sound escaped from anyone in the little room but many twitched convulsively and all avoided the eyes of the others. For, while all of them were willing to privately admit Old O-Gee's right to such a title, still his rank forbade them the pleasure of bestowing it upon him. He sensed the situation but none of them noticed the twinkle of amusement which sparkled in his grey eyes.

"It was in the winter of 1891," he continued, "that was one of the worst winters I have ever lived through. The snow fell early in October and remained until the following May; although we did have several periods of thawing weather, but immediately more snow.

"I presume all of you are more or less familiar with the habits of deer, in the winter, I mean? How they stomp out a bedding-ground for themselves in the deep snow and return to this self-made corral each evening, huddling there together for mutual warmth and protection? Well, over back of Sitka, near the mountains there was a bedding-ground of this nature. This particular stomp-ground was in the bottom of a deep cañon and, while plainly visible from surrounding cliffs, it was almost impossible of access. But, the peculiar thing about it was that no trails leading out from it could be discerned, even with the aid of a telescope. This was strange, as deer must feed; their places of this kind are merely bedding-grounds.

"One day, when our supply boat was about two weeks over-due and our supply of meat was nearly exhausted, I obtained the C. O.'s permission to attempt a drive on the deer in that portion of the island near this bedding-ground.

"We saw plenty of deer. We could scare them up, but they all would disappear into the woods and we would lose them.

"After about three hours of unsuccessful hunting I called a halt for a council. Our head guide, a wise old Sitka Indian, when asked regarding his opinion replied, 'Mowitch klatawa kopa yah-wah,' pointing in the direction of the cañon I have told you about. We finally arrived at the determination to have the guide lead us to this bedding-ground. We needed food badly and these deer seemed our only chance.

"Along early in the afternoon we came out of the woods into the cañon, to a little open space. We could see nothing but an expanse of glistening snow; however, Billy Garfield, our Sitka guide, declared the big bedding-ground was straight ahead of us, so out over the top of the frozen snow we mushed.

"Due to the fact that the top of the snow, at least, was frozen as solidly as a concrete sidewalk, we reached the bedding-ground in no time at all. And such a sight as met our eyes.

"The circular, corral-like opening in the snow was full of deer. There were easily five hundred of them in there.

"Cautiously calling all of our party together (there were eighty-seven of us) I told them to take careful aim on the bucks and to open fire at once. When the last of the firing ceased I gave the signal and we rushed forward. We had killed eighty-seven deer, most of them four and six prong bucks. Our old Sitka Indian guide, Billy Garfield, danced around in the snow and then walked straight up to me and raised the open palm of his right hand high above his head.

"'Chief Hyas-Mowitch Boom-Boom,'!" he exclaimed, touching me on the shoulder.

An almost audible silence pervaded the little room. Officers looked at the floor, at the ceiling, almost anywhere but at each other. It was a fine commentary on the depth of real, Old Army discipline that none of them smiled.

"But, General," this at length from young Dukes, "you said there were at least five hundred deer in the bedding-ground."

"Yes, that is true. There were at least that number."

"But—, you also said that you killed eighty-seven. What—, became of the rest of them?"

"They got away from us."

"But, General—, did not you say that there were no trails leading away from this bedding-ground?"

"Exactly."

"Then," and young Dukes leaned back contentedly as does a lawyer who has cornered a prevaricating witness, "how did the deer get away?"

"Young Dukes, I am ashamed of you," chided the General. "You are just exactly like your old daddy, always an unbeliever. Listen—when the snow became too deep for the deer to wade, or for them to scramble up the banks of their bedding-ground and walk on top why—they just dug themselves a bunch of tunnels."

Pandemonium reigned. Gargantuan laughter sounded.

Then young Dukes acted. Stepping over quickly, directly in front of Old O-Gee, he reached down deep into the pocket of his bathrobe, drew forth his hand and presented the small porcelain statue of the Bull to Old O-Gee.

The former laughter was as soft and low as a mother's lullaby in comparison to that which followed.

"Chief Hyas-Mowitch Boom-Boom," he exclaimed.

Camper's "Mettle"

By RUTH LEVERETTE

SHAFTS of *gold* through redwoods gleam,
Flash of *silver* when trout leaves stream.

Brass to tell the biggest yarn,
Blow your *tin* horn! Where's the harm?

MOLTEN *copper* fires of light,
Camping days are pure delight!

Leaden sleep that comes with night,
Then morn again with Midas light.

What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Better Bass Laws

ANGLERS will be much gratified to learn that fish laws were improved considerably by recent sessions of State Legislative bodies. The future looks better for the disciples of Izaak Walton. A compendium of conservation law changes will be published in the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, but one phase of the angling situation for which the Izaak Walton League has been waging a strenuous educational campaign deserves special mention now; namely, protection for the black bass.

One state after another is closing its markets to the sale of these bronze-backed warriors. New Jersey put the lid on tight. Maryland made some progress, but instead of stopping the gutting of Maryland waters of bass for the market (and making it possible to enforce the anti-sale law in neighboring states), the best the conservation forces could get was to make it unlawful to catch, take, sell or transport, black bass during April, May, June and July. In addition, the use of purse and buck nets was prohibited in the tributaries of Chesapeake Bay at all times, and in Chesapeake Bay from June 15 to July 15.

Spawning Fish Must Be Saved

THIS is a big step forward. Below is another example of what is still happening, legally, in a number of states. These beautiful black bass were caught in Indian Lake, Ohio, on March 24, 1929—full of spawn, of course—every female the prospective parent of five to ten thousand young bass.

The Ohio Waltonians and their friends concentrated their legislative efforts this year upon administrative matters, but they promise to correct this bass law next session.

People don't kill their laying hens in the spring time. Why do we still allow things like this?

Photo Courtesy Cleveland Plain Dealer

Taken before spawning season; thousands of young bass destroyed.

Speed Boats

THE vacation season is at its height. Thousands of people are enjoying the cool breezes along the shores of beautiful lakes and rivers. Unnecessary disturbances and dangers to human life and happiness spoil a vacation just as thoroughly as needless disturbances and dangers ruin a day at the office or in the home.

Power boats, like automobiles and airplanes, are here to stay. No one can find fault with them as a mode of transportation. Manufacturers, taking a leaf from the book of experience, are endeavoring to muffle the exhaust of the outboard motor because they realize that it is good business to do so. Since we do not tolerate motorcycles and automobiles to use cut-outs on our streets, why should the recreationist be expected to sit idly by and allow unnecessary noises in the solitude of his lakeside retreat?

Speeding Should Be Regulated

POWER and speed boats can both be used in such a manner as to endanger the life or unduly disturb no one, but when they become a public nuisance or a menace they must be regulated. Automobiles are regulated as to speed, yet auto racing at suitable places is legalized and enjoyed by hundreds of thousands. Horse racing is not tolerated on the streets of our villages and cities, and why should speed boats be permitted to race hither and yon in a manner that jeopardizes life and limb?

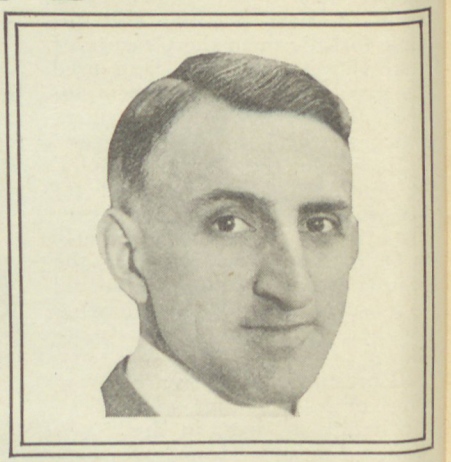
Comparatively few owners of power boats pursue their pleasures with reckless abandon, but these few better wake up! If they do not, every state must enact laws to control them—then still more taxes.

Save Oil—Save the Fish

OWNERS of power boats also should use more judgment in running over shallow water spawning beds. Disturbance of the spawn is bad enough, but the film of oil resulting from frequent trips is much more serious. That film seals the doom of the baby fish as well as other aquatic life.

The Syracuse Chapter of the Izaak Walton League has been giving these matters considerable study, and has made fine progress educationally. But will the users of these conveyances heed the warning, or must they too be regulated by law?

Mighty few users of this very delightful mode of transportation are responsible for the rank carelessness herein referred to. Eighty-five per cent of the motor boat and outboard motor owners use care and judgment. But what are they doing to help whip the others into line?



Miner Refuge

EVERYBODY knows about the Jack Miner refuge near Kingsville, Ontario, but comparatively few know about the struggles of Jack Miner and his family to develop and maintain it. As the project developed, public-spirited men contributed liberally to help feed the increasing thousands of geese which stop there each spring and fall.

Jack Miner lectured throughout the United States and Canada to help feed his feathered guests. Finally the Ontario Government made an annual grant of $400 toward the project; then the Dominion Government voted an annual grant of $750, but fully 75% of the expense depended upon Jack's lectures and writings.

Jack Miner's government has at last recognized his work in a most commendable manner. Conservationists everywhere will be gratified to learn that the Canadian Government has increased the annual grant to $5,000. And yet some doubting Thomases will say that it doesn't pay to struggle through years of deprivation and hardship to attain an ideal! Hurrah, Jack Miner!

Punishment!

TEN years ago few people paid any attention to game and fish poachers. Violations of the conservation laws were tolerated as a necessary evil. The general public was not interested at all, and a list of those punished for violating the fish, game, and forest laws was not considered good newspaper copy.

Times have changed! The violator of the conservation law is no longer tolerated. He is everywhere recognized in his true light—a thief! And larceny cases are good press copy!

A few months ago the Wisconsin Conservation Commission decided to make public the names, offenses and punishment meted out to all violators of the conservation laws, and we are pleased to learn that Director George R. Hogarth of the Michigan Conservation Department has announced that in the future his department will give law violators the punishment which they fear most—publicity.

in Conservation

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Do You Know:

1. Spawning bass are caught?
2. Speed fiends menace life?
3. Miner receives recognition?
4. Publicity punishes violators?
5. America is facing a water crisis?

See stories below.

More Attractive Parks

BEAUTIFUL scenery, spurting geysers, rare waterfalls, melting blue glaciers, and plenty of animals such as bears, goats, elk, deer, and antelope, all make our National Parks attractive and interesting. But something more is necessary to round out the picture, in the opinion of Horace M. Albright, the new Director of the National Park Service, and Henry O'Malley, the U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries.

The U. S. Bureau of Fisheries has maintained federal hatcheries in Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks, the California Fish and Game Commission maintains a hatchery in Yosemite Park, and state co-operation is given in other national parks by furnishing fish for park waters. Up to the present time it has been impracticable to make scientific studies to determine the suitability of fish for planting or the fish food available in the various streams and lakes.

Foster to Make Studies

THE Park Service has employed field naturalists who devote their attention to the administration of bird and animal life in the parks, and now under a co-operative arrangement, a Bureau of Fisheries expert will devote his time to fish life in order that the fish cultural activities may be developed effectively.

The new appointee, Fred J. Foster, a native of the Empire State, formerly an employee of the Bureau of Fisheries, will conduct this special work. Mr. Foster served with the Bureau for sixteen years, and in 1925 resigned to become Superintendent of Hatcheries for Missouri. Subsequently he went to Florida as Superintendent of Hatcheries for that State, but the offer of this position induced him to again return to the service of the Federal Bureau.

Mr. Foster's broad experience in all parts of the country, including the Republic of El Salvador, Central America, fits him admirably for this important undertaking.

Many of the National Parks now offer choice fishing to lure the three million visitors, many of whom like to stay for several weeks, but if this program is followed consistently over a short span of years, these beauty spots will become an angler's paradise de luxe.

Water Crisis

ALL America is facing a water crisis. In the early days water disputes were unknown, except in the far west, and there the arguments about water holes were settled in regular pioneer style.

Today the situation is acute everywhere. It is rapidly becoming worse. Using the public streams of the country as dumping places for all kinds of municipal and industrial filth has created a deplorable situation. Eighty-five per cent of our waters are unfit for domestic use without going through filtration and chlorination processes.

High dams have been erected in many parts of the country to meet the demand for power. In many instances these dams have dried up important streams for prolonged periods, causing serious injury to riparian owners and destroying valuable fish life. In certain cases these dams have prevented game and commercial species of fishes from reaching their regular spawning waters, thereby causing terrific losses to industry and recreation alike.

Injury Often Offsets Benefits

THE losses caused to riparian owners and to the public in general through the destruction of streams, fish life and recreational facilities, exceed the cost of waste purification, and in some instances power dams destroy public values which more than offset any benefit derived from hydro-electric projects. Gradually the public is becoming sufficiently aroused to demand that its rights be protected, and those responsible for the erection of industrial plants and power dams are giving the demands of the public better recognition.

The right of the public to use streams and lakes for fishing, boating and bathing, is another angle which is receiving more attention. Suits are now pending in Illinois to determine whether property owners around certain lakes can prevent public use of those lakes for recreational purposes.

Public Land Ownership Best Relief

AS the population increases the situation will become more difficult. New York and Pennsylvania now own more public lands than any of their sister states.

Connecticut has already leased and purchased fishing rights along various excellent streams, and Illinois will consider a $14,000,000 bond issue for a public land purchase program at the coming general election.

Public land purchases will not cure all of these ills, but they will relieve the conflict between private owners and the public. When the state becomes a riparian owner along a stream or lake the public at least has its day in court.

Federal Refuges

ALMOST immediately after the President signed the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill, authorizing the expenditure of $8,000,000 during the next ten years for the creation of a nationwide system of federal refuges, every section of the country began presenting "ideal" locations for one or more of these areas.

Legislatures quickly passed the necessary legislation granting the United States the right to acquire such areas in their states, and the interest in refuges for wild life generally was given an impetus such as never before experienced.

Survey Organizes Special Unit

IN order to handle the survey and acquisition work imposed by the provisions of this new federal law, Secretary Hyde, of the Department of Agriculture, authorized the Biological Survey to establish a special division for this purpose.

Rudolph Dieffenbach.

Rudolph Dieffenbach has been selected to head the new work. He has been a land-valuation engineer of the Biological Survey since 1925, devoting his time principally to land purchase matters in connection with the establishment of the Upper Mississippi Wild-Life and Fish Refuge. For thirteen years previously he was with the Forest Service surveying and appraising lands for acquisition for forest purposes, classifying lands, relocating boundaries, etc.

Program to Be Developed

"THE areas selected," says Mr. Paul G. Redington, Chief of the Survey, "will usually be more or less extensive areas of lowland, comprising marsh and woodland contiguous to or embracing water areas, or they may be areas that were formerly well suited as feeding and nesting grounds but are now useless by reason of drainage or evaporation and subject to restoration to their former natural conditions."

The Migratory Bird Conservation Commission created by the new law will consider and pass upon all lands recommended by the Bureau for acquisition. Mr. Dieffenbach's first real job will be to examine areas throughout the country and map out a program.

If public hunting areas are to be guaranteed, the states should match the government in developing these projects, because the government can expend funds for inviolate refuges only.

National Officers

HON. HERBERT HOOVER, Washington, D. C.
Honorary President
DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD, Urbana, Ill.
President
GLENN GRISWOLD, Illinois
Treasurer
FRED N. PEET, Chicago
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PROF. NELSON C. BROWN, New York
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THOMAS A. E. LALLY, Spokane, Wash.
Vice President
RALPH L. MORGAN, New Hampshire
Vice President

Izaak Walton League of America

National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

A NATIONAL organization of patriotic men and women, comprising more than 3,000 chapters throughout America, engaged in restoring and perpetuating opportunities for enjoyment of the great outdoors, protecting both wild life and our natural resources, thus insuring posterity such health, happiness, pleasure and prosperity as we have enjoyed.

Executive Committee

WILLOUGHBY G. WALLING, Chicago
Chairman
CHARLES K. FOSTER, Chicago
HARRY C. GOODWIN, Rochester, N. Y.
J. R. CUNNINGHAM, Kansas City, Mo.
W. P. ABERG, Madison, Wis.
FRANK M. WARREN, Minneapolis
FRED FLETCHER, Toledo, Ohio
L. G. BRADFORD, South Bend, Ind.
HARRY HARPER, Lansing, Mich.

A Tribute to Fred H. Doellner

A DEVOTED worker and leader has been taken from us. In his death each true Waltonian has suffered a great personal loss and the League a staggering blow. But the influence of his work will endure as long as men strive to realize the ideals for which we are fighting and his example will challenge thoughtful men to enlist in the nationwide movement for the restoration of the America our forefathers knew.

His unconquerable optimism, his inexhaustible energy, his unbounded enthusiasm, his avidity for work have inspired a thousand Chapters and unnumbered members and followers who were aroused to action by his appeals and who are fighting in this crusade to defend our woods, waters and wild life.

* * *

Into his work Fred put personality as well as power. The whole League saw the strength of his organizing ability and the individual members in weak or distant chapters felt his personal interest in their struggles. So it was that he is mourned today by every member and every chapter throughout our great membership.

Why has he and a glorious company of others worked untiringly for the League? Will H. Dilg, Judge Dickinson, Charles W. Folds, Jim Heyworth, George H. Selover, and Fred Doellner never stopped working for the League and exalting its principles. They were men of vision and until felled by the stroke of the Great Reaper, they fought for outdoor America, its woods, waters and wild life. From the Great Beyond they call to us to be true to our trust. Can we in honor of their memories do less than our best that the League may, in the words of Fred's appeal, DO AND GROW?

* * *

Fred Doellner gave his life for our cause. His aggressive leadership in developing the League must be emulated by us and by you, the officers of Chapters. For on these Chapters as the foundation stones must be built a mighty fortress to defend outdoor restoration. This was the conception which he was realizing when an untimely death closed his career.

FRED H. DOELLNER
Born April 9, 1887—Died May 29, 1929. General Manager, I. W. L. A., from September 1, 1927.

Platform

1. Reforestation and forest extension.
2. Elimination of pollution from all waters.
3. Restoration of unwisely drained areas.
4. More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.
5. More fish hatcheries and game farms.
6. Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.
7. Opposition to sale of game and game fish.
8. Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.
9. Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.
10. Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.
11. True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.
12. Nature study and conservation in all schools.
13. Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.
14. Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.

In a letter sent one of us a few days before his death, he closed a statement regarding his illness and the inevitable fight for restored health with these words:

"I am coming along just great, but my doctors have me on a very strict diet and have forbidden me to indulge in my usual twelve to eighteen hour days. Under the circumstances I must depend on you for more help than usual."

To me this suggests a possible weakness in our organization. Have we done our share of the work or have we passed along the responsibility to some one else and contented ourselves with applauding his efforts? No one can carry the League singlehanded and no small group can achieve for the League the success for which Fred planned and strove mightily. His life and work send a challenge through our ranks to every soldier enlisted in the fight for outdoor America.

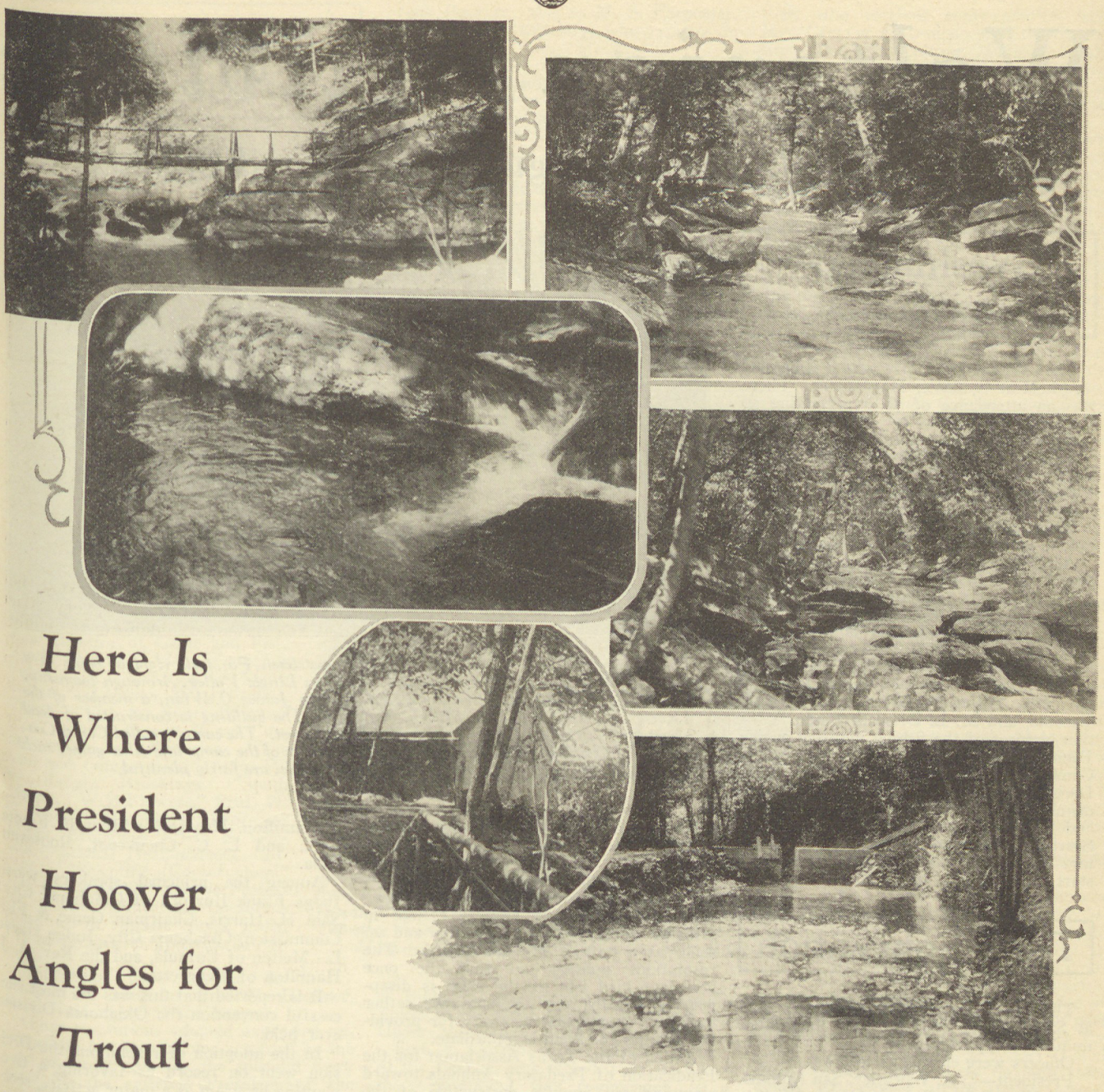
* * *

Each one of us, national executives, chapter officers and individual members must consecrate ourselves unsparingly to this great work as Fred Doellner did. Let us each one in his place formulate constructive programs of conservation. Let us prosecute them as vigorously as Fred pursued his tasks. Let us build our Chapters on the guiding principles of the League which he followed so loyally and sought to inculcate in all our members.

Follow his ideals in the development of new Chapters, in the enlistment of new members, in the elimination of personal strife and in unswerving devotion to the League at whatever personal cost, and we shall build for Fred Doellner a memorial more enduring than granite.

Measured not by length of years, but by service to the movement and to the nation, his was a rich life; and few are privileged to have so many friends and to achieve so much for the future of our country.

HENRY BALDWIN WARD,
National President,
Izaak Walton League.



Here Is Where President Hoover Angles for Trout

Above are six striking views of pools and restful scenes at which and amid which President Hoover will pass many enjoyable week-ends during the present Summer in the Catoctin Furnace, Maryland, area where special regulations have been put into effect to prevent interruption of his sport.

WILL President Hoover have good fishing for his Summer week-ends in the Catoctin Furnace district near Frederick, Md.? No answer to that is needed if the eye is cast over the accompanying illustrations of scenes along the streams which President Hoover will whip. Every Marylander and every Virginian has felt that strenuous efforts must be put forth in order to give President Hoover outings for this Summer which he always will remember, according to letters received at National Headquarters from various Chapters of the League in these two states.

Frederick Tresselt, President of the Thurmont, Md., Chapter has sent forward these interesting, exciting and alluring pictures. Oh, Boy! but it did make the Waltonians at National Headquarters rise up on their hind heels when they looked at the gurgling, rushing streams, cloistered amid rock formations, overhung with heavy trees, and making casting a joy from the very difficulties the surroundings present.

When one looks into the heart of the swirling pools in three of these pictures, the thrill of battle and capture courses through one's veins with a tinkling sensation as though a lightning stroke of gentle character had passed through the body.

In preparation for pleasant outings for President Hoover, Mr. Tresselt states in a letter to National Headquarters, the Hon. Lawrence Ritchey, President Hoover's private secretary, purchased a large tract of land called the Catoctin Furnace tract. In this land is located a magnificent stream for trout fishing. The land is only a very short distance from the town of Thurmont, being only about two miles south of the town. It is located in Frederick County, Maryland, and is on the state highway between Washington, D. C., and Gettysburg, Pa. Distance from Washington to the White House Summer tract at Catoctin Furnace is only about 55 miles, so that President Hoover can and does motor to this favorite fishing resort in a very short time. Roads have been constructed hurriedly and several buildings have been erected, or were in the course of construction when Mr. Tresselt sent his descriptive letter.

In view of President Hoover's probable frequent visits to this region, the Thurmont Chapter elected President Hoover and his secretary, Lawrence Ritchey, as honorary members for life. President Hoover already is Honorary President of the national organization. In conferring the title upon President Hoover, the Chapter adopted a resolution to the effect that his visitations have done and will do more than anything else to stimulate interest in fishing and hunting and the great outdoors.

A decided spurt has been given to fish conservation as a result of President Hoover's Summer visitations to this district. Swepson Earle, State conservation commissioner for Maryland, in addressing the Washington county organization of the Izaak Walton League recently, told of the benefits the area will derive through the new hatchery to be constructed on the Catoctin Furnace tract.

(Continued on page 32)

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Divisions and Chapters

Washington Convention

The Washington Division Convention was held at Spokane, May 16, 17. There was an attendance of 50, representing 50 Washington chapters.

Officers were elected as follows:

President—A. L. White, Spokane.

Vice Pres.—G. M. Turner, Winlock.

Secretary—F. A. Smith, Colton.

Treasurer—Geo. T. McMahon, Pullman.

H. A. Gillespie, former President, was elected as a director for a three-year term.

A resolution was adopted favoring bass rearing ponds along the Columbia River at Kennewick. An estimated cost of the concrete work is $1,500. Excellent location and the estimated capacity is two million bass annually, to be distributed in suitable lakes, principally east of the Cascades.

The principal speakers were: Thos. A. E. Lally, Spokane; Dr. A. A. Woelfel, Tacoma, and M. L. Driscoll, Pasco. Motion pictures of the fishing industry on the Pacific Coast were shown by the State Game and Fish Department. The State Division dues were increased to $1.00 per member to be effective September 1, 1929, and the employment of a full time Field Secretary was made. The present Secretary was selected as the Field Secretary to start September 1, 1929.

Texas Convention

The Texas Division Convention was held at San Antonio, May 10, 11. Attendance numbered approximately 100.

Officers were elected as follows:

President—C. A. Wheatley, San Antonio.

1st Vice Pres.—Ben G. Oneal, Wichita Falls.

2nd Vice Pres.—A. E. Wood, Austin.

3rd Vice Pres.—E. W. Arnold, Donna.

4th Vice Pres.—W. L. Moody, Jr., Galveston.

Secretary—Mrs. A. B. Burnett, San Antonio.

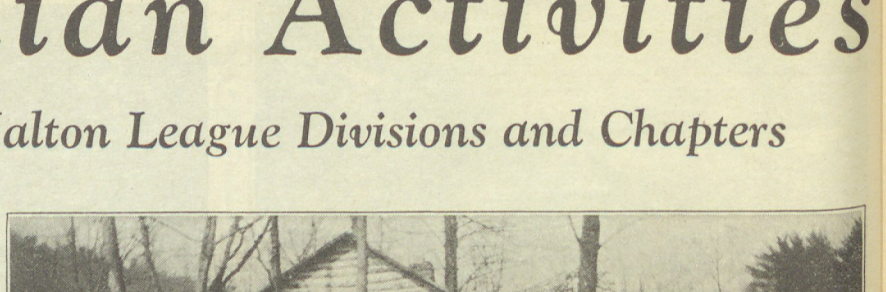
Treasurer—W. T. Smith, San Antonio.

An address was given by the President, C. A. Wheatley, San Antonio, on progress made by the League in Texas and on prospects for the future. W. J. Tucker, Fish, Game & Oyster Commissioner, talked on "The League and the Law." Dr. J. C. Anderson, State Dept. of Health, delivered an address on "Stream Pollution." Mrs. Ben G. Oneal, Wichita Falls, added zest to the proceedings by an address on "Izaak Walton League Seen Through the Eyes of a Woman"; O. E. Giesecke, Chairman of the State Forestry Board, spoke on "State Parks," and Col. W. B. Tuttle, of San Antonio, spoke on "The Commercial Value of Outdoor Conservation."

The Texas State Division showed a 300 per cent increase in membership during the past year and a substantial sum in the bank, with no indebtedness.

Resolutions presented excited considerable discussion. This ended in the adoption of resolutions that the Division recommend to the Game, Fish & Oyster Commission of Texas that the Llano Grande be investigated thoroughly for the purpose of determining whether this natural refuge in Hidalgo County should be adopted and set aside as a refuge for game birds. The resolutions pointed out that the once abundant bird life of the state is disappearing rapidly, due to ignorance rather than malice, and that necessity for providing refuges for them is immediate.

Action of the Texas Association for the Eradication of Predatory Animals toward stamping out animals destructive of the wild life that should be preserved, was indorsed and the Division decided to cooperate with the Association in exterminating predatory animals.



Lewistown Chapter, No. 82, I. W. L. A., of Lewistown, Pa., feels right at home in a real log cabin Chapter house. This is situated in Lingle Valley, Armaugh township, Mifflin County. The camp was built in 1926 by James O. Wian, a member of the Lewistown chapter and four Milroy, Pa., boys. The building is constructed of dead chestnuts on state forest grounds known as Penn Forest. The camp is called Camp Custer. The Chapter has beaver dams within 500 yards of the camp and other game, such as deer, pheasants, rabbits and squirrels, are fairly plentiful.

Oklahoma Convention

The Oklahoma Division Convention was held at Muskogee, Okla., May 20, 21, with an attendance of approximately 500 people.

Officers elected are as follows:

President—Charles R. Gray, Pawhuska.

1st Vice Pres.—Hon. Harve L. Melton, Eufaula.

2nd Vice Pres.—Ray Maher, El Reno.

3rd Vice Pres.—A. C. Hirschfield, Oklahoma City.

4th Vice Pres.—John Beaver, Broken Bow.

Secretary—F. J. Hill, Oklahoma City.

Treasurer—W. S. Guthrie, Oklahoma City.

Directors: C. W. Campbell, Tulsa; A. J. Hamilton, Henryetta; Mont F. Frantz, Enid, and L. C. Cheuvront, Roosevelt, Okla.

Among the principal speakers were: Judge Frank Burford of Oklahoma City; Sam H. Harris, Chairman Game & Fish Commission, Oklahoma City, Judge Harve L. Melton of Eufaula, and the Rev. A. J. Hamilton of Henryetta.

It is reported that this was the most successful convention the Oklahoma Division ever held.

In the adoption of resolutions the Division went on record as favoring a tree-planting program as a major activity, seeking such legislation as may be necessary and soliciting the assistance and direction of the State Highway and Forestry Departments, as well as the cooperation of all civic organizations of the state.

The Fish & Game Department of the State was commended for its policy of acquiring land suitable for recreational uses as well as for propagation and conservation of fish and game.

Governor W. J. Holloway and the eleventh Legislature were extended thanks and appreciation for the passage and approval of House Bill No. 261, known as the Conservation measure, and the convention congratulated Governor Holloway on his selection of the personnel of the State Game and Fish Commission.

Judge Frank B. Burford was extended a vote of thanks for his exceptional work and his sacrifices of time and business in serving the League, as well as handling the Division legislative program.

Adoption of the legislation for a special non-resident hunting license permitting the killing of migratory water fowl on the Red River is recommended. A fee of $2.50 is suggested.

South Dakota Convention

The South Dakota Division Convention of the League was held June 19 and 20, at Brookings, S. D. Approximate attendance 200. Officers elected: Karl E. Mundt, Madison, S. D., President; Harry A. Beach, Vice President, First District; A. B. Blake, Vice President, Second District; G. C. Wagner, Vice President, Third District; Dr. W. A. Rothschild, Secretary-Treas., Madison, S. D.

Directors: L. P. Peterson, "Doc" Pangburn, L. E. Corey, Robert D. Jones, Dr. F. H. Weiland, Ward Waltz, G. A. Duthie, P. O. Beaulieu and W. T. Huxtable.

Speakers: "The Boy Scouts and the Izaak Walton League," by J. G. Bradford, Sioux Falls, S. D. "Some Feathered Friends of Field and Forest," by Miss Abbie F. Whitney, Pierre, S. D. "The Relation of Trees to Wild Life," Geo. A. Duthie, Deadwood. "A State Park System," E. J. Waltner, Hurley. "Education in Conservation," A. W. Waggoner, Philip. "Conservation in South Dakota," O. H. (Oscar) Johnson, Brookings, Director of Game and Fish, South Dakota. "The Economic Value of Conservation in South Dakota," Governor W. J. Bulow, Pierre. "Fish for South Dakota," R. L. (Bob) Ripple, Rapid City, Department of Fisheries. "The Law and Conservation," Judge W. W. Knight, Brookings. "South Dakota's Wild Flowers," Prof. W. H. Powers, Brookings. Professor Miller, Brookings. Seth E. Gordon, National Headquarters, Chicago. "Scientific Conservation," Ray C. Steele, U. S. Game Protector. "The Farmer and Conservation," O. R. Davis, Sioux Falls. Professor Paul H. Johnson, Brookings.

Resolutions were adopted deploring the death of Fred H. Doellner, General Manager of the League.

Other resolutions adopted expressed appreciation for the welcome accorded by the city of Brookings, for the splendid work done by the retiring President of the South Dakota Division, Robert D. Jones, and to the retiring Secretary-Treasurer, Frank Boerger; also to M. S. Carpenter, the Executive Secretary, who remains in that capacity.

Commendation was given the South Dakota Game and Fish Commission for rendering excellent service to the cause of conservation, and a special commendation was extended to Oscar H. Johnson, and Robert Ripple, as well as the entire field force of the Fish and Game Department.

Other resolutions expressed appreciation for conservation principles carried out by Governor Wm. J. Bulow, and expressions of thanks were adopted commending the Honorable Peter Norbeck for his work in helping secure passage of the Migratory Bird Refuge Bill. Thanks were extended to Paul G. Redington of the U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey, for sending Ray C. Steele to the convention to tell about the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge.

Seth E. Gordon, Conservation Director of the League, who attended and spoke at the Convention, was commended in a resolution for the services he is rendering Waltonism. Other persons and organizations who received commendation were Mrs. Genevieve Turnipseed, of the Eastern State Teachers' College, Madison, S. D.; the Boy Scouts and the Game and Fish Committee of the Senate and House of Representatives of the last South Dakota legislature.

One resolution adopted reads as follows:

"We stand for the protection of our streams from pollution of all kinds and recommend that the Committee on Legislation take requisite action to discover whether the present anti-pollution laws are adequate to properly protect the waters of the State. If they are found to be discriminate or inadequate we recommend that the Committee take action to secure remedial legislation at the next legislative session.

"This convention goes on record in favor of investigation by the Engineering Departments of our several State Colleges with a view to developing systems of proper disposal of industrial waste and other forms of pollution."

This convention, in the opinion of outsiders who attended, was declared one of the most enthusiastic and interesting that in their experience, has ever been held.

WALTONIAN HEROINES

Here are some real Waltonians, notwithstanding they are not qualified to enter the League because of their age. They are six of nine girls of Coleraine, Minn., who fought and put out a forest fire in the neighborhood of Coleraine. They are the heroines of the locality as a consequence. These young ladies from left to right are: Lois Peterson, Phyllis Reed, Alyce Inman, Phyllis Vermilyea, Margaret Oestreich, Ruth Hoskins. The other three girls whose pictures could not be secured are Margaret Murphy, Isadore Dodge and Rhea Riley.

SIGHT FOR TOURISTS

Willmar, Minn., Chapter Builds Bass Pond Right Beside Highway No. 4

The Willmar, Minn., Chapter has planted a great number of Hungarian partridges and have cared for them. They have also from year to year planted an enormous amount of pike, pickerel and bass fry in all of the local lakes. Just recently, a carload of pike fry was planted in local lakes. Also many other projects, as damming lakes, together with smaller matters, have been carried out.

The Willmar Chapter also has just completed a bass pond located on the east side of Eagle Lake, right off Highway No. 4. This pond will be seen and commented on by thousands of tourists this year, as it is located alongside one of the heaviest traveled highways in that part of the country—the vacationing center for many tourists. It is to be fenced in and decorated with large signs on both sides where they cannot escape notice, advertising the site as the Halvorson Bass Pond, sponsored by the Willmar Chapter.

More than 300 bird houses were entered in the contest started by the Gary, Ind., Chapter, I. W. L. A., according to R. R. Engels, chairman of the local committee. Associated with Mr. Engels on the committee were Guy E. Wulfing, Director of Vocational Training in the Gary Schools, Allen Hosang, President of the Gary Chapter, and D. E. Pritchard, Secretary. Judges: Oscar Birch, E. A. Spaulding, principal of Emmerson school, and Miss Lyman, nature study teacher. Paul Devine won first prize, John Nelson, second and George Gal, third.

Minnesota Convention

THE Convention of the Minnesota Division was held June 21 and 22 at the Hotel Duluth, Duluth, Minn. Two hundred fifty delegates was the approximate attendance.

Officers elected:

Judson L. Wicks, Esquire, Minneapolis, President.

O. L. Kaupanger, Minneapolis, Secretary-Treas.

Frank M. Warren, Minneapolis, Chairman Executive Committee.

Speakers: "Pollution," Judson L. Wicks, Esq., Minneapolis; "Water Power," Harry J. Denney, Duluth; "Drainage," Dr. Paul Hagen, Crookston. Discussion on these topics was led by Dr. E. H. Goering of Duluth. "Reforestation," W. T. Cox, Chief Forester, Brazil, South America, and Winona; "Minnesota Wild Life," Sam G. Anderson, Esquire, President Minnesota Game Protective League, Hutchinson. Discussion led by Paul A. Glaesar, State Director, Waconia, Minn.; "Work of Women for Conservation," Mrs. John E. Palmer, Chairman Conservation Commission Minnesota Federated Women's Clubs, St. Paul; "Minnesota Soil Survey," Prof. P. R. McMiller, Asst. Professor of Soils, University of Minnesota.

At the banquet Col. Mel R. Nyman, President of the Minneapolis Chapter was toastmaster, and the principal speakers were Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor, Peoples Church of Chicago, and Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Pres., Izaak Walton League.

The Division went on record as urging that the state board of health be given $50,000 for enforcement of all pollution laws.

The Division expressed deep regret at the failure of the proposed bill, for creation of a sanitary district, to pass at the last legislative session and asserted, "another two-year period is added to a delay already too prolonged," and expressed hope that the Twin Cities will have agreed on legislation adequate to meet the present "deplorable situation" when the next legislature convenes.

Establishment of a state commission for regulation of public waters in Minnesota to determine the best uses for the water resources of the state also was suggested.

The delegates voted as "strenuously opposed to any further invasion by power companies or exploitation by private interests of the Superior National forest," and urged speedy enactment into law of the Shipstead-Newton bill, providing for protection of lakes, streams and woods in the Superior forest area in Minnesota.

Hudson, Mass., Chapter is enthusiastic over the final construction of a fish rearing pond for the area including Hudson, Bolton and several other towns in the immediate neighborhood. The site consists of two pools, both located at Bolton and forming part of an 80-acre bird and game refuge built, conducted and controlled by Hudson Chapter No. 20, of which Charles P. Tucker is President. The Chapter is seeking to establish a covey of pheasants in the locality. It already is feeding 1500 yearling trout in the two pools, the trout being 4½ to six inches long. The refuge is a remarkably beautiful place well shaded and is forming a wonderful outdoor resort for the people of the several towns surrounding.

Other resolutions adopted at the closing session include approval of the project to make Isle Royale in north central Lake Superior a national park; approved the work and program of the Quetico-Superior council and pledged continued co-operation toward its proposal to establish an international recreational area in the Superior forest area; recommended that acquisition and administration of state park and monument sites should be under expert supervision in order that state money may be more wisely spent and scenic beauty better preserved; urged speedy completion of the soil survey in Minnesota.

Where President Hoover Angles

(Continued from page 29)

Commissioner Earl stated that a stream survey recently made shows this county to be one of the best in Western Maryland for trout fishing. He added that at that time there were 2,500 brook and 3,500 brown trout from six to nine inches long, which were raised in the ponds at Cushwa Springs, near Hagerstown, which would be distributed in the streams of this county. The Lewistown hatchery at that time had 900,000 brook trout, 40,000 rainbow trout, and 150,000 brown trout which the commissioner stated would be distributed in Western Maryland. The commission also has reported 700,000,000 perch fry in the waters of the State.

As to other game opportunities, E. Lee Le Compte, state game warden, at the same meeting told of the propagation of Chinese ring neck pheasants and bob white quail, and excited intense interest when he stated that efforts are being made to restore the wild turkey.

President Hoover already has made several visits to this locality and has expressed extreme gratification at the prospects it offers for many pleasant Summer outings in view of the fact that he has announced that he has not planned any extended Summer vacation, but will content himself with week-end pilgrimages such as those he is making to the Catoctin Furnace tract.

FINE WORK IN SCHOOLS

Shenandoah Chapter Adopts Plan for Teaching Conservation

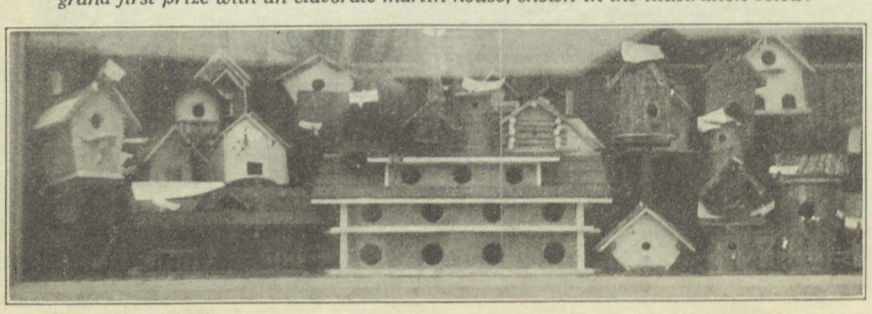
Last fall, Fred N. Hackett, secretary of the Shenandoah, Ia., Chapter, conceived the idea of having conservation and wild life talks given in the public schools. He obtained permission from the Board of Education and Superintendent of Schools to that effect. Then he immediately secured the services of four well qualified women who were willing to give their time once a week for a five-minute talk in every grade of the public schools from the kindergarten up to and including the sixth grade.

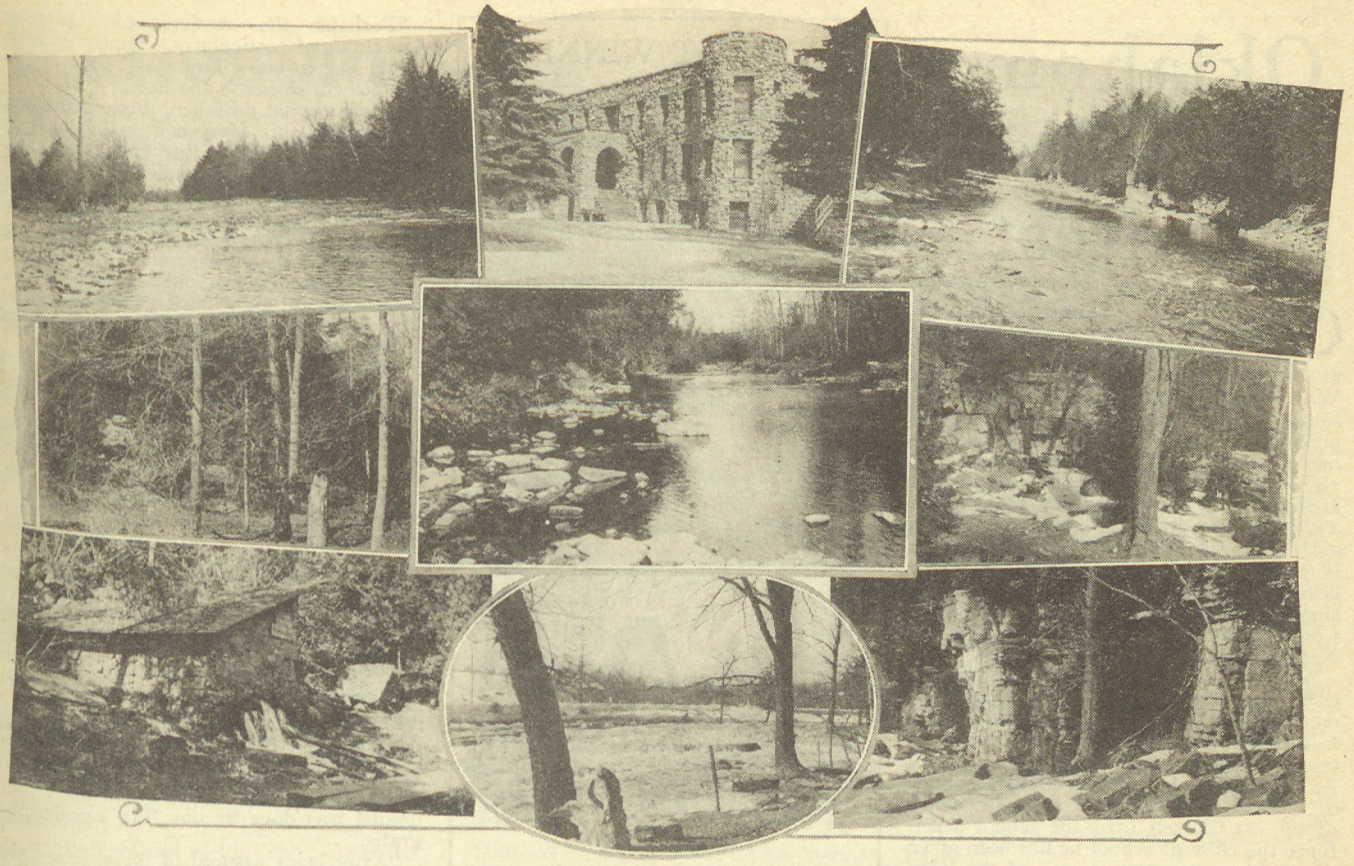
Mr. Hackett reports that the results obtained are wonderful, and urges adoption of the plan by all League Chapters.

One Man Gets 103 Members

Fred Whitney, a manufacturer in Leominster, Mass., did magnificent work during a recent membership drive put on by the Leominster Chapter. Mr. Whitney personally brought in 103 paid applications for new memberships. He also donated thirty acres of land for a reforestation project in the name of the Leominster Chapter.

Peterson, Ia., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League held a most interesting bird house contest in which there were 32 prize winners. Helen Mueller won first prize for her wren house, class A; Barbara Kirchner won first prize for a wren house, class B; Gerald Kephart won first prize for a bluebird house, class A and Raymond Brees first prize for a class B martin house. J. H. Holck and Mrs. R. B. Anderson were the judges. Melvin Fastenow won the grand first prize with an elaborate martin house, shown in the illustration below.





Views of the Maribel Caves area near Manitowoc, Wis., which the Manitowoc Chapter of the I. W. L. A. is expecting to have turned into a State Park. Upper row, at left, a view of the Neshota River; center, the unique stone hotel; right, one of the rock-studded stretches of the Neshota river where trout thrive. Middle row, at left, one of the natural wooded scenes; in center, another splendid trout fishing part of the river; at right, a huge hemlock growing out of the top of a boulder. Bottom row, at left, the protected Wishing Well; in center, an open air scene, and at right, a nook in the rocks leading to one of the caves which make this region famous. These pictures were supplied by Conservation Warden John Egan.

Maribel Caves Sought as Park Site by Waltonians

MANITOWOC, WIS., Waltonians are aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm over the proposal to set aside the beautiful Maribel Caves and the surrounding area as a State Park site. The 250 members of this active Chapter have been inspired by the favorable reception with which this project, sponsored mainly by the Waltonians, is being given by the state. Officials of the State Conservation Commission are to be directed by legislation sought by the Chapter to investigate the feasibility of the plan and grant a hearing on proposals.

This park is situated in the towns of Gibson and Cooperstown, about 17 miles north of Manitowoc. It is readily accessible by a federal trunk highway and two state highways. The park contains wonderland rock formations. Its second growth of virgin timber, its time-honored Wishing Well and its advantages as a possible game and wild life refuge, adaptability and advantages of the park have been largely overlooked by a vast majority of persons residing in the vicinity. It has, however, been the gathering place of residents within a sixty-mile radius who come to inspect and come time and again as new scenic wonders are constantly unfolded.

Its heavily wooded sections, its open fields suitable for large picnic parties or athletic grounds, its peaceful and its turbulent waters and the general contour of the country make it a virtual fairyland for lovers of nature.

The accompanying views depict only a few of the unusual beauty spots to be found in profusion about the grounds.

Rivers flowing through the proposed Wisconsin park have their historical significance. The Devil's river for many years was the carrier of the logging operators and many lives were lost in its turbulent waters as rafts overturned and jams in the river called for dangerous and heroic work on the part of the loggers. The Neshota river, the peaceful one of the two flowing through the preserve, is named after an Indian chief who at one time lived in the vicinity.

The rivers are fed by more than 100 springs, ranging in size from mere tricklings to six and eight inches, the water coming from the limestone rock being unusually cold and pure.

The waters of the rivers and springs and the heavily wooded sections offer ideal conditions for fish and wild game preserves, dozens of pools being available as rearing ponds. One pond has already been established by the Izaak Walton chapter of Manitowoc and was given the approval of an inspector of the United States bureau of fisheries.

Birds and small animals of many types may be found in the wooded sections of the park.

The Chapter has a game refuge about two miles square, on which it has built pheasant coops. Plans for seining the Manitowoc river are being put into effect, and a natural rearing pond 150 feet long and 35 feet wide is being tended by the Chapter members. Officers of the Chapter are giving much credit to Conservation Warden John Egan for aiding in the work of turning this natural formation into a State Park site. He took many photographs, some of which are presented herewith, in support of the appeals made by the Chapter members to the legislature and the Conservation Department.

N. K. Nielson of the Manitowoc Herald-News, also is given much credit by Paul G. Umnus, Secretary-Treasurer of the Manitowoc Chapter, for the magnificent fight he has put up for this recreation resort in his publication.

NEBRASKA CONVENTION
July 4, 5 and 6, at So. Sioux City, on Crystal Lake.

WYOMING CONVENTION
at Lusk, August 20-21.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE CONVENTION
at Waynesburg, September 9-10.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION
at Johnstown, September 5-7.

Oklahoma Wins Essay Contest

CLARENCE E. ASHER, of 2240 W. 21st St., Oklahoma City, Okla., has been declared by the judges selected at the National Headquarters of the Izaak Walton League, as the winner of the National Essay Contest participated in by pupils of grade and high schools throughout the country. Clarence Asher is 15 years old, having been born Oct. 30, 1913. He is the son of Mrs. Guy Asher, and is a city youth completely, never having been able to enjoy much of the outdoors because he had to work on account of his father being an invalid. His father passed away since Clarence wrote the essay which has won him the silver cup awarded by the National organization.

Although confined almost completely to city activity, Clarence did find occasional opportunity for hunting rabbits, and for fishing. Notwithstanding his youth, he has been active in high school and Y. M. C. A. work. He is corresponding secretary of the Classen High Y, and is also editor of the '29 Classen Life, the school paper. Since the close of school he has been given the position as a page in one of the large Oklahoma City banks. Clarence also won the first prize in the Oklahoma State Division contest.

Honorable mention is given by the national judges to William McClellan, Brainerd, Minn., winner of the Minnesota State Division contest and to Miss Marguerite Rennell, age 13, 347 Fifth St., Manistee, Mich.

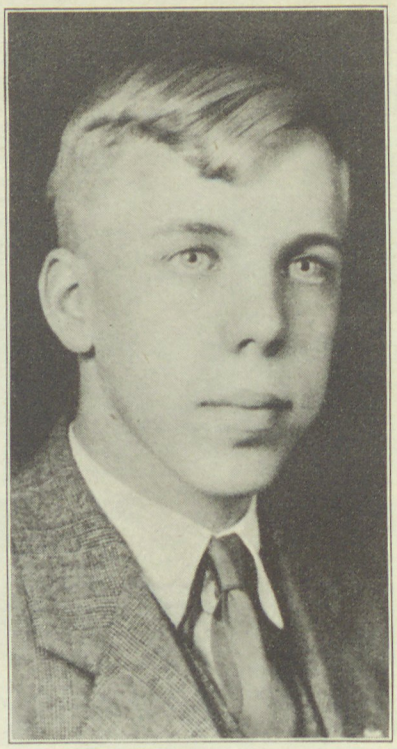
Chapter officers may obtain a mimeographed copy of Clarence Asher's essay by writing national headquarters.

"When the Educational Committee of the Earl M. Stapleton Chapter, Oklahoma City, decided upon an essay contest in the City High Schools," says Will S. Guthrie, chairman, "We had no idea that it would prove the very huge success that it really turned out to be. All the members of our Chapter now agree that an essay contest is just about the best educational stunt that can be put on by this, or any other Chapter in the U. S. Five thousand reasons 'Why My Father Should Belong to the Izaak Walton League'—five thousand young American boys and girls in one city vying with each other in an effort to put the best reasons into the best essay on a subject that should be near the heart of every worthy parent and every good American.

"The gospel of Waltonism brought directly, forcibly into five thousand homes where before but a few of their occupants had only a vague idea of what it is all about.

"Anyway, that's what's happened in Oklahoma City since January, 1929.

CONTEST WINNER



CLARENCE E. ASHER

"Perhaps the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA and particularly, Chapter officers, would like to know how this feat was accomplished, so here's the how.

"If we are not mistaken, some Oklahoma 'Ike' started this essay contest business in the first place, but in this particular case, we took our cue and inspiration from the Essay Contest folder sent out by National Headquarters. After digesting all the good dope it contained, we began figuring on how to make assurance of success doubly sure. To that end, I as chairman, started out to see what I could do in the way of collecting a few prizes with which to augment the national cup offered. I considered the idea that any boy or girl would prefer a mounted wild animal head or fish to a cash prize.

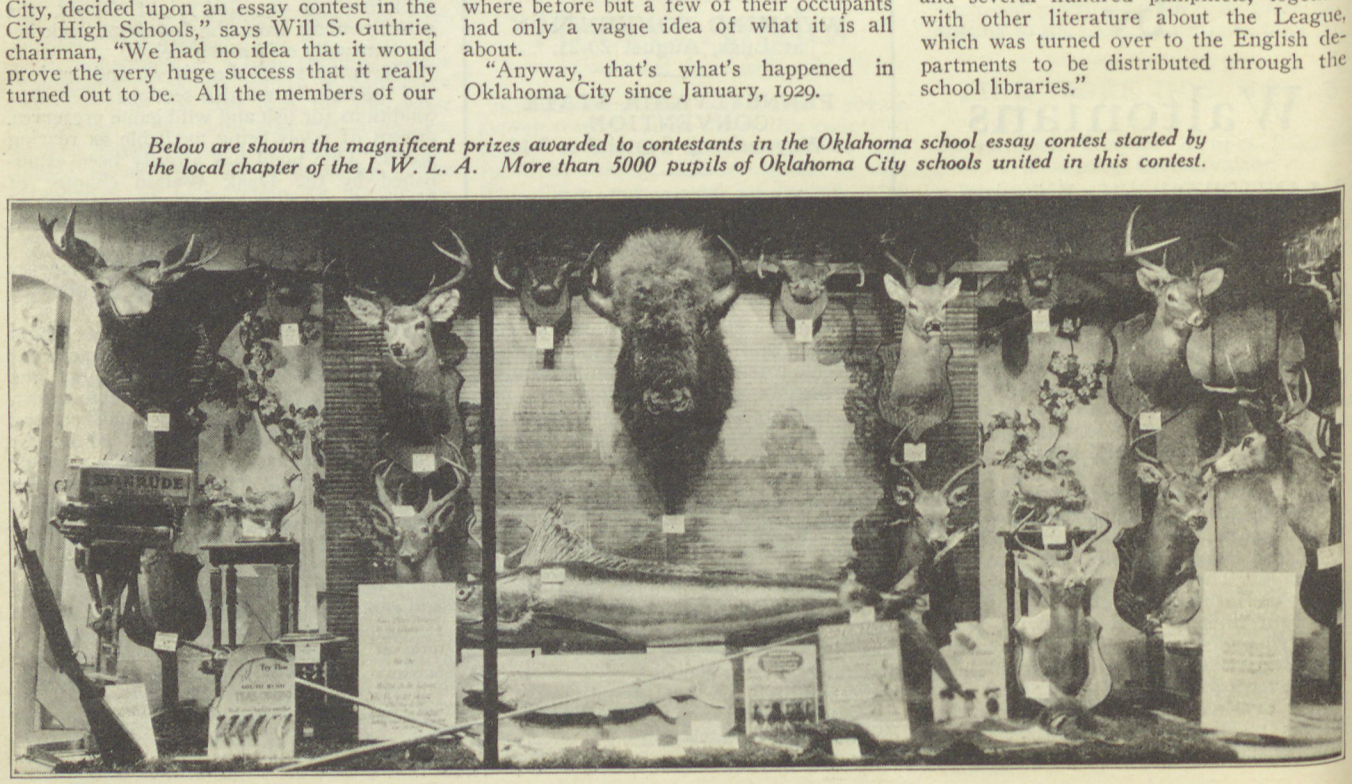
"Getting the prizes was dead easy. One man, not a member of the League, gave a 9-foot sailfish. Another offered a fine moose head—good deer heads that hadn't been dusted lately, came down off office walls. Judge Frank Buford brought back two from his Mexico hunt. I also brought back four. Mounted wild ducks and prairie chickens were donated by others; but best of all, a magnificent specimen of an American buffalo head was given to the cause by our State Game & Fish Commission. This was used as the grand first prize.

"Our program called for 14 firsts and seven second prizes. We got 'em—just like that—and had a few extras for third prizes. Whatever reconditioning they needed was done by our 'Ike' taxidermist gratis.

"After being assured of these prizes, the next step was to solicit the interest of School Superintendent Barton. We got it. Instantly, completely. He saw in it a chance to start the nucleus of a Natural History Museum for our High Schools. A conference of the several principals was called—more hearty cooperation. Some of these principals were themselves already 'Ikes.' The others received complimentary memberships. We offered a coyote head to the principal whose school produced the most entries.

"Chicago headquarters sent us a liberal quantity of old copies of OUTDOOR AMERICA and several hundred pamphlets, together with other literature about the League, which was turned over to the English departments to be distributed through the school libraries."

Below are shown the magnificent prizes awarded to contestants in the Oklahoma school essay contest started by the local chapter of the I. W. L. A. More than 5000 pupils of Oklahoma City schools united in this contest.



Waltonians Pump a Dry River Full and Save Fish

UVALDE, TEX., has a river that is decidedly erratic. At times it goes on a rampage and tears things to pieces. At other times it emulates the disappearing films of a movie picture—that is, it fades out. In fact, it becomes so bone dry that not even a tadpole can find a place for wetting its tail.

Naturally, when a dry condition attacks the river, the fish find themselves unable to navigate the sandy stretches or the caked mud. So they simply flop up their tails and die.

Uvalde people, of course, do not like such a situation, because they not only like fish to eat, but to have a place for sport of various kinds which are related to the presence of water.

Therefore, the Izaak Walton League Chapter proceeded to get busy to find a means for keeping the river supplied with water at all seasons of the year. Construction of a reservoir was absolutely impracticable, because of financial conditions and the extreme cost.

After several years of removing fish from the river as a dry season approached, the Chapter determined upon a plan of action that has proved successful. Its members called in Albert Finley, deputy game, fish and oyster commissioner for the vicinity, and C. P. Spangler, secretary of the Chapter tells the rest.

In former seasons the fish were removed in many places, but the resident owners of property on the Leona river did not want to have the fish removed to other places because it required so much work and trouble to restock when the river should fill up again. The Leona river runs through some of the most fertile land in South Texas, and in its valleys water can be had in abundance at a very shallow depth. There are many wells having a depth of only 30 feet from which water is pumped for irrigation purposes.

Joe Vosatko owns an irrigated farm on the Leona river and he has a well 28 feet deep from which he pumps 1,600 gallons of water a minute. Mr. Spangler, President E. F. Fisher and other members of the Chapter aided by Mr. Finley, made arrangements with Mr. Vosatko to pump water from his well into the river. This was done for four days and nights successively, and three feet of water thus was put in the river for a distance of more than a mile. This connected up several pools and saved the fish. If dryness should occur again this same pumping process will be resumed.

Thus Waltonians have found another means for the conservation of Nature's resources even when Nature herself attacks and seeks to destroy them.

Above, Albert Finley, Deputy Fish, Game and Oyster Commissioner of Texas, and Joe Vosatko of Uvalde, Texas. Mr. Vosatko aided Waltonians by pumping the Leona river pools in a mile area full of water from his well, thereby saving the river's fish. Inset shows water coming out of the Vosatko well at 1600 gallons a minute. Below at right, E. F. Fisher, President of the Uvalde Chapter, I. W. L. A., and Mr. Joe Vosatko.

HAS A LOG CABIN HOME

Winnetka, Ill., Chapter Members in Comfortable Quarters

By Margaret V. Cobb

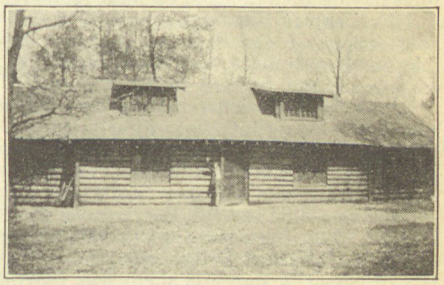
WEBSTER says, "A log cabin is a small house especially a rude one." What a pragmatical statement when you stop to think of the history that a log cabin has! Three hundred years ago it was called upon to shelter our forefathers, keeping safe the wives and children of those hardy pioneers who helped to build up the character of our country.

Later on, the frontiersmen, men who loved the wide open spaces and exalted at the freedom of nature, who had wills as strong as steel and hearts as brave as David's sat around its fireplace watching the chestnuts pop.

The floors of a log cabin felt the patter of the baby feet of Abraham Lincoln. The log cabin is ours in a sense that no other nation can claim. Our Country was brought up in a cabin and it shall always remain in the hearts of Americans as, "A Little Log Cabin of Dreams." Is it any wonder, then, that the people of the modern world look on a log cabin as a restful retreat from the busy bustle of the city?

Is it any wonder that the Izaak Walton League chose a log cabin for their everlasting gift to Winnetka, or that "The Lodge in Walton Woods" is full of happy visitors?

It was the hope of the Waltonians to have a place near Chicago where they could come in close contact with nature and they found a cabin the most appropriate form of retreat. They thought it selfish to keep it for themselves and stretched their hospitality to the Boy Scouts. This too they found rather selfish and open heartedly gave it to all outdoor loving Winnetkans.



Winnetka's Log Cabin Home.

It stands in the heart of a five acre woods, cunningly hidden from prying eyes.

The interior presents a view of a spacious room with a cement floor. As you enter from the large front porch an 8 by 6 foot fireplace meets your sight in the center of the right wall.

A rustic stairway at your left leads to a balcony above, from which you may go into the men's sleeping quarters. Exactly opposite at the other end of the room is its duplicate leading the way to the women's quarters, below which is the kitchen with a wood stove.

The only modern thing about the Lodge is the cement floor. The front door has a real old fashioned latch string. A rustic couch stands before the fireplace.

So does the Lodge in Walton Woods, stand ready to welcome all those nature-loving Winnetkans who wish to take advantage of its hospitable hearth.

Waltonians of Lincoln, Neb., had a rousing banquet during May, with an attendance of more than 100 members. Dr. C. H. Diehl, managing officer of the State School & Colony, was host at the banquet. The keynote of the meeting was conservation, and as a result of the banquet a local sand and gravel company declared through its President, V. O. Johnson, that the company would back up a resolution adopted at the banquet urging the state department of Conservation to prohibit fishing in Lincoln lakes until June 15, 1929, thus giving opportunity for the fish to breed.

Chapter Notes

GETS DEER PRESERVE

Carson, Wash., Chapter Provides for Preserving Game Species

Through the efforts of the Skamania County Chapter of the I. W. L. A. located at Carson, Wash., about 1,200 acres of rough, timbered land in that county has been withdrawn by the county commissioners from sale, and will be made into a deer and game bird preserve.

There is abundance of spring water and both open and timbered cover, with excellent range. Many deer now live in that part, as well as many native and Blue Grouse. Later, trails will be built into the tract. The preserve will be under control of the County Game Commission. If this proves to advantage there will be several thousand acres more closed in Skamania county.

CROW HUNT IS LIVELY

Ellendale, Minn., Waltonians Kill 355 in One Day's Skirmish

Ellendale, Minn., Chapter during early May put on a lively crow hunt, in which a total of 366 crows were killed. A second hunt was decided upon for later in the month for which additional prizes were being gathered, the prizes for the first hunt having been donated by local retailers.

This Chapter has been promised a suitable supply of fry of bass, croppies and pike for Beaver Lake, which will be stocked as soon as the fry are received.

Prizes for the winners of the crow hunt were awarded as follows: First prize was declared a tie, so the Izaak Walton League gave a pair of hip boots to each contender, Hugh Annett and Hember Steele; second prize, a 24-pound test fish line, went to Paul Ziegler. Third prize was a pair of hunting pants, and Archie Bailey won those. A box of Super X shot gun shells was fourth prize, and was won by Edward Motz. James H. Burnes won a hunting cap. Charles Besendorf was sixth, and won a box of shells. William Thompson, seventh prize, gained a pair of woolen socks. C. W. Nelson was eighth, with a box of shells as his prize.

"If You Haven't It, Build It"

Claflin, Kan., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League has been putting in some severe work building a dam and getting water to fill the space provided by the construction.

Twenty-five to thirty men, members of the Chapter, worked on the construction work, digging and pouring concrete. Water for the pond was taken from Mud Creek, which usually runs all spring and ought to furnish enough to make a suitable pond. The dam's cost is about $400.

Skating and other winter sports will be provided, and it is expected that swimming and boating will be among the results attained by the construction of this piece of work. The Chapter has a membership of 171.

"IKE" HOUR ON WJJD

Thrilling "Serial" Story Over Air Every Tuesday and Thursday

National Headquarters is now helping to sponsor an hour over WJJD, Chicago, known as the "Ike Walton Hour." This hour has been made possible by the F. R. Steel Advertising Co., and takes place every Tuesday and Thursday night between 8 and 9 P. M., Chicago daylight saving time.

The programs are made up of a continuous story of old Ike Walton himself (the inference being that this famous fisherman has come back to life) who is guiding two boys, Bob and George, on a personally conducted outing trip, here, there and everywhere, giving Ike a chance to tell his youthful companions many interesting stories of travel, fishing and hunting, as well as answering their many questions concerning all things pertaining to the out-of-doors, as they travel along.

Different persons are encountered along the way, giving a great opportunity for characters of every description to work into the story—chief among which is "Olie," whom they met in the North woods of Wisconsin. Olie is being portrayed by Bun Goodman, who is famous for his Swedish and French Canadian imitations. Olie is proving very popular.

The hour is helped along wonderfully by two of the splendid Palmer House orchestras (WJJD being located on top of that hostelry) and a guest speaker. The guest speakers are being selected by National Headquarters.

These programs are to continue through the summer and early fall, every Tuesday and Thursday night. It is a great opportunity for the cause of Waltonism, and National Headquarters asks that members tune in and then write in. Any suggestions, improvements or criticisms will be greatly appreciated.

Other Chapters' Doings

Fairfax, Okla., Chapter put on a campaign urging citizens not to burn grass land.

Pollution: Stopped oil and salt water pollution by working with Department of Interior and with various oil companies.

Fish: Maintained about two acres for fish hatchery. Cost $25, borne by members and Chapter. Stocked 20 cans bass; 10 cans bream; 20 cans croppie; 30 cans bass.

Game: Stocked 2,000 quail; 200 pheasants; six wild turkey. Established 23,400 acres for four game refuges.

Miscellaneous: Put on winter game and bird feeding campaigns and predatory bird and animal control campaigns. Gave aid to Girl and Boy Scouts. Had bird house building contests in schools.

Pawhuska, Okla., Chapter cleared streams of pollution of oil from oil wells.

Fish: Maintained one-half acre for fish hatchery. Annual production, 20,000. Stocked 20,000 bass. Cost $500. Cost borne by city.

Game: Stocked 850 bobwhite quail; 226 Chinese pheasants; 200 Chinese pheasant eggs. Established 23,500 acres for four game refuges. Put on bird and animal control campaign.

May 9, the Valley City, N. D., Chapter received a shipment of several thousand four-day-old wall-eyed pike to be placed in the Sheyenne River, a few miles up the river from Valley City. This river has less polluted matter than any river or lake in North Dakota, and it is the aim of the Valley City, N. D., Chapter to keep it so.

Erwin, Tenn., Chapter planted willows on the banks of trout rearing streams; stopped six miles of polluted streams; impounded waters for trout rearing; built 1¾ miles of stream for a hatchery; stocked 145,000 rainbow trout, 5,000 brook trout, 25,000 black bass; set aside three miles for two spawning areas; stocked ten pair quail; established 500-acre game refuge.

Aberdeen, S. D., Chapter established one refuge of 1,240 acres; put on predatory animal control campaigns and displayed moving pictures obtained from headquarters for Boy Scouts.

Radio Column

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 8:00 P. M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo Chapter. Courtesy KGHF. C. M. Ritchie and J. E. Finch, owners.

KHQ Spokane, Wash., Spokane Chapter. Tuesday, 8:30 P. M., Pacific time. Courtesy Louis Wasmer, station owner. 370.2 meters.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P. M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

KVOO Tulsa, Oklahoma. Every Monday 6:00 to 6:10 P. M. Central Standard Time. Wave length 263 meters. 1140 kilocycles. Courtesy W. G. Skelly and Southwestern Sales Corporation, owners of KVOO. Programs sponsored by Tulsa Chapter.

KWSC Pullman, Washington. 215.7 meters. Program intermittent.

WCAU Philadelphia, Pa. Courtesy Daniel G. Murphy, part owner station. 256.5 meters. Sponsored by Philadelphia Chapter. Every Saturday, 8:00 P. M.

WCCO Sponsored by Minneapolis Chapter. Broadcast every Tuesday night 10:15 to 10:30 P. M. over Gold Medal Station, Nicollet Hotel. Wave length 370.2 meters. 810 kilocycles. Through courtesy of Colonel H. A. Bellows, manager station.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona Chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P. M. 267.7 meters.

WFBR Baltimore, Md. Baltimore Chapter. Broadcast every other Tuesday, 7:15 P. M.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. 8:00 to 8:20 every Thursday evening. Auspices J. Miles Flynn, station through courtesy, Harry Carmen, owner and operator.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica Chapter. Every Wednesday evening from 7:50 to 8:00 P. M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Station WIBX.

WJBO New Orleans, La. New Orleans Chapter. Broadcast once a week. Schedule undetermined as yet.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights Chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P. M.

WJJD Chicago, Ill. Every Tuesday and Thursday night for 1 hr., between 7 and 8 P. M. Chicago Daylight Saving Time. Courtesy F. R. Steel Co., Chicago. Program sponsored by National Headquarters, Izaak Walton League, Chicago.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin Chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic Chapter. Every Friday, 7:30 Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich. Dwight Lydell Chapter. Every Wednesday, 8:15 P. M. Central Standard Time. 1270 kilocycles. Courtesy Walter B. Stiles, Inc.

WSM Nashville, Tenn. Schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:30 P. M. to 1 P. M. Courtesy the Gem City Business College. Wave length 1440.

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Friday, from 7:30 to 8:00 P. M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co. 225 meters. 1330 kilocycles.

WKBZ Ludington, Mich. 1st Monday of each month, 8:00 P. M. Courtesy of Karl Ashbacker & Sons. 1500 kilocycles. Ludington Chapter.

What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

WRITE THE EDITOR OF THIS DEPARTMENT ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS

FROGS EAT DUCKS

1. *We have a few mallard ducks on our lake in the park. Each spring we have pretty fair hatches, but only about half of them reach maturity. We can't account for the losses. There seem to be no hawks or owls about, and no minks along the lake. We have quite a few large snapping turtles, and some very large bullfrogs. We have suspected the turtles, but can't believe the frogs have anything to do with our losses. What do you say?—J. R. W., Massachusetts.*

WITHOUT close observation it would be difficult to say what is taking your young ducks, but it is a safe bet that the turtles are taking their good share, and if you have any large bass or pike in the lake they also may be taking their toll.

And do frogs eat ducks? Well, I know they are voracious cannibals, and while I have never caught them in the act of taking young ducks, I have just received indisputable evidence from a naturalist of international reputation, Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, as follows:

"Yesterday (June 16, 1929) at our Camp Fire Club we caught a bullfrog just when it grabbed and caught one of our baby ducks. We think we have now discovered what probably becomes of nearly all the young mallards hatched on our little lake."

Better reduce the turtle and frog population! A turtle soup and fried-frog supper isn't a bad combination. The ducks have far more enemies than we suspect. The wonder is that any of them survive!

PRAIRIE CHICKEN DOPE

2. *What became of the prairie chicken rearing dope you promised us some months ago? They are getting scarcer and scarcer here, and we want to know whether we can do anything to help ward off the evil day.—J. B., Nebraska.*

FRANKLY, I am sadly disappointed. I threw the door wide open and asked for those who could boast having reared prairie chickens successfully to step up and claim the prize. But it has gone unclaimed.

I had plenty of letters about it, but nobody had any real information. One good friend told me about a chap in Alberta who was supposed to have discovered the secret. I wrote him, and his response was that the only actual experience with chickens in captivity was with one adult which immediately went on a hunger strike and died at the end of two weeks, but that he hoped to try it with eggs and would write me later.

It looks as though the best bet is to set aside some of your good remaining chicken cover as refuges, say blocks of 1,000 acres to 5,000 acres, and give the birds a chance to recover before it is forever too late. Nebraska Waltonians have already done splendid work along this line. Keep it up!

FISH FOOD TRAP

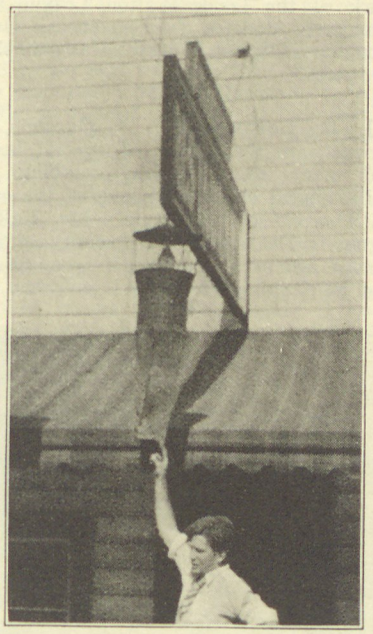
3. *Last month you told us about an illuminated fountain installed by the Fort Wayne Chapter to help feed the bass in their rearing ponds, also about a trap used in California to catch insects to feed trout. Can you describe the California trap?—W. P. G., Wisconsin.*

YES, fortunately, I went after more information the minute I learned about the California experiment. And below is a cut of the trap. How's that?

Now as to how it operates. Mr. W. H. Shebley, in charge of the Bureau of Fish Culture for the California Division of Fish and Game, who kindly sent me this photo, says in his letter just received:

"We are carrying on experiments at the Cold Creek Hatchery and Clear Lake where gnats are being trapped. There are countless millions of them, and they can be easily trapped by this device. The electric light is placed above the cage or funnel, and a fan is so arranged that the insects are driven down into the cage and held there until taken out, sacked and dried."

A simple way to get rid of the gnats, anyhow. As to their value for feeding



A Successful Insect Trap.

trout, Mr. Shebley says that the experiments have not yet demonstrated whether this is a balanced food or not.

SEWAGE DISPOSAL DOPE

4. *Why not give us some facts and figures concerning the cost of sewage disposal plants, and the cost of operating them?—C. R. H., Oklahoma.*

THE conditions in each community are different, and general figures are often misleading. In the next issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA will be a fine résumé of this subject by Dr. Hatfield. Don't fail to read it.

IDAHO REDFISH

5. *Several years ago my brother and I caught some wonderful fish in Alturas Lake, Idaho. They were locally called "Redfish," were a beautiful bright red color, and quite gamy. What were they?—J. E. L., Illinois.*

MY dear J. L., this is really a question which the Angling Editor should answer, but I can't pass by the opportunity to answer it in this Department because it is a fish now quite extensively propagated in the West as a game fish.

The fish in question is generally known as the "Silver Trout," but in reality it is identical with the Sockeye Salmon, and is designated by the scientific name of *Oncorhynchus nerka.* The States of Washington and Oregon have propagated large numbers of these fish in recent years for planting, mostly in landlocked lakes. The Washington law gives them the technical designation of *Oncorhynchus nerka kennerleyi.*

Mr. William Keil, Fish Commissioner of Idaho, says these landlocked salmon or silver trout are found in Alturas, Stanley, Pettit and Big Redfish Lakes in the Sawtooth mountain country, and in Payette and Warm Lakes in Valley County. He says it is presumed to be a landlocked variety of the sockeye salmon which has lost its migratory instinct through many generations of fresh water environment, but that in his country these fish are not "landlocked," as they could go to the ocean via the Salmon River if they desired.

The normal coloration of these fish is bright silvery during the first four years of their life, but upon reaching the age of reproduction they ascend the tributary streams of the lakes named, turn bright red, deposit their eggs, and die, as do all other varieties of the Pacific salmon.

Dr. Sam F. Rathbun, State Supervisor of Game and Game Fish in Washington, and Lewis Radcliffe, Deputy U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, both confirm Mr. Keil's statements. They both state that in some waters the silver trout is a good game fish, while elsewhere it has not met with so much favor among the anglers because at times it will not respond to their lures (an old complaint about most fish), but that generally speaking it is a highly regarded game fish of fine quality.

RINGNECKS VS. QUAIL

6. *The members of our chapter are fearful that the ringneck pheasants will drive out the bobwhite quail in this section. They are objecting to stocking this country with ringnecks. What can you tell me about this?—T. E. W., Illinois.*

TELL your members not to become alarmed about the ringneck pheasant. They will never become sufficiently plentiful in your part of the state to give cause for worry.

I have investigated many complaints of this kind and have never found one authentic case where ringneck pheasants interfered with native upland game birds. They live in harmony with bobwhite and various other species of quail and Hungarian partridges. Often they nest in proximity to each other.

Since you are located in choice quail country, I would recommend that you devote special attention to your native game birds.

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

Praise Plus

Dear Editor:
I think the July issue of Outdoor America is a remarkable one. I fail to find one feature therein that is not both entertaining and instructive.
It has interest, it has humor, it has the true spirit of conservation.
Edward Branch Lyman's story is delightful and John Held, Jr.'s illustrations are the finishing touch.
Altogether there is a subtlety about Outdoor America, totally lacking in other outdoor publications.

M. Travers.

Chicago, Ill.

Some Number

Dear Editor:
Some number—your July issue—with an undeniable galaxy of star writers. I was especially pleased with Kenneth Lockwood's story "BROWNIES—DARN 'EM" as I have been an admirer of his angling writings for years and have read his syndicated stuff all over the country.
Congratulations and best wishes.

Edward Treat.

Newark, N. J.

Congratulations

Dear Editor:
Congratulations in general on the way in which Outdoor America is becoming human and without losing its crusading zeal is displaying a sense of humor which should endear it to all members of the family and greatly broaden its appeal.
Congratulations in particular on John C. Cosseboom's clever and charming "Lo! The Patient Angler" in your July issue. Give us more stories like this! It makes the heart smile, and does much more good for Waltonism than page after page of dry-as-dust figures or reports.

R. C. Cheyney.

New York, N. Y.

Many Thanks

Dear Editor:
A nicely balanced number, the July issue. Being a bird lover, I was most favorably impressed with Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson's article, "Humanity and Birds." He is one of the world's most distinguished conservationists and it is gratifying and appropriate to see him in the pages of Outdoor America, the League's conservation magazine.
I was also glad to read Henry O'Malley's article, "Fish for Everybody." I do not happen to be a fisherman, but I believe in the preservation of all our natural resources, market fish, as well as game fish. The League's duty is to save both, and Outdoor America is helping.

John Drewman.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Knows Her Lions"

Dear Editor:
Byrd Raikes Fuqua's lion hunting story in the July issue was a darb. I don't believe most of the thrilling stories I read of prowess in the hunt, but this one is so natural, frank and sincere that it rings true. The lady plainly knows what she is talking about—she "knows her lions."

Jeff Randers.

Denver, Colo.

We Are Cheered

Dear Editor:
In regard to the two letters published in the July issue of Outdoor America from Frank Pettigrew of Columbus and Jerry Cawthorne of Los Angeles, I would like to take sides with Mr. Cawthorne. You will recall that they were discussing humor in the magazine.
Outdoor America is a magazine published for Waltonians and all others interested in the outdoors. In this group are those who like humor, those who like serious articles, and those who like both.
To please all it should contain both. Keep up the good humor.

Raymond McLain, Jr.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

About Our Contributors

OUTDOOR AMERICA's cover this month is from a painting by the well known Swedish artist, **Thure Wallner.** He made the painting in Sweden from a scene he himself witnessed. Sweden, being one of the foremost countries in the world in forestry development, Mr. Wallner is deeply interested in conservation and when he was in America, became much enthused in the work of the Izaak Walton League and generously donated two covers to OUTDOOR AMERICA, one of which was published last year.

J. E. LeRossignol, *A Question of Veracity,* is the author of several books and many short stories breathing the philosophical charm and love of the open of Thoreau or Stevenson. Mr. LeRossignol is Dean of the University of Nebraska and says that "apart from fishing and the writing of books I have but one

hobby—chess playing. It is almost a vice with me, yet it has been a great source of pleasure to me as well as to my opponents, and has probably averted the staleness that is apt to come to scholars and saints who are wholly devoted to a single purpose in life. Like many other professors, I like detective stories and I enjoy a game of bridge. Being a 'nightingale' I have a good voice and feel I might have become a great singer had I been properly trained. At any rate, my voice sounds wonderful in the bathroom, though out of doors it doesn't have quite the same resonance. I also suspect I have dramatic talent—the fact is, I am cursed with versatility—each New Year's I vow to confine myself to learning more and more about less and less!"
This is Mr. LeRossignol's second appearance in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Angus and Lucile Hibbard, *Tickled to Death,* have been companions, as Mr. Hibbard writes us, "on all kinds of trips in this and other countries since Mrs. Hibbard joined me in 1884 in this greatest of all adventures—life."
Mr. Hibbard has had a distinguished career, having held executive positions in the Bell Telephone Company from its first introduction as a public service in 1878; introduced and patented a number of devices used in telephony, and designed the Blue Bell sign of telephone service in general use in all countries; for eighteen years he has been Vice-President and General Manager of the Chicago Telephone Company.
His war work was extensive as Lieutenant Colonel, Illinois National Guard, and as Captain, A. E. F., in Red Cross service overseas for seven months; loves golf, riding, and fishing of every kind—largest muskallonge 37 pounds; has fished from Maine to California; a life-time pastime writing songs, poems, stories and plays.

It is delightful to have **Robert Page Lincoln,** that most popular of outdoor writers, with us again in this issue. He has recently returned from a trip in the Black Hills, where I venture to say he did not use the tactics he eulogizes in his story *Still Fishing.*

Guy Von Schriltz, *Fly Fishing for Trout—the Sport Supreme* is well known to readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA and of other outdoor publications. He writes us, "I was born in Western Kansas when our buffalo-grassed prairies were 'free range.' As a boy I '. . . . ever sang of horses, the wars of men, and their fights,' then was admitted to the bar and took up other people's warfare.
"Like Spinoza, 'I have sedulously endeavored not to laugh at human actions, not to lament them, nor to detest them, but to understand them.'
"Am not sure that I have progressed any great distance, but more and more I become convinced with George Bernard Shaw that, 'Everybody can see that the people who hunt are the right people . . . .'
"Of course, I would broaden that to include all lovers of the outdoors. They are, in my judgment, the salt of the earth.
"I write a column about 'Our Outdoors' for a newspaper and find it great fun. Am too old to interest feminine readers and not old enough to do anecdotes with the proper swing, but will get the hang of them pretty soon now."

Dr. George J. Fisher, *The Izaak Walton League and the Boy Scouts,* is Deputy Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America.
His years of service include presidency of the National Physical Directors' Society, vice president of the British Society of the same name, president of the Physical Education Society of New York, and for fifteen years, secretary of the Athletic League of North America. His suggestions for the co-operation of League members and Boy Scouts should be seriously considered by all Waltonians.

(Continued on page 46)

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Boys and Bumble Bees

AN old friend came into my garden and forthwith commenced to make himself at home among the first blossoms. He paid no attention to me for I knew of no way to let him know how welcome he was. If I had not been glad to see him, I am sure that it would have made little difference to him, for he considers the nectar that he gathers from the flowers his own personal property, and if disturbed, is wont to stand up for his rights, which he can do right valiantly.

I had been looking forward to his coming since last fall, when I was out hunting jacksnipe. I had waded the length of the marsh during the afternoon of an October day. I found no birds but was well repaid for the trip by the beauty of the fading day. The long shadows of evening were just commencing to fall across the still waters of the little pools and the Western sky was tinted a beautiful rose, when at my feet I found a clump of the closed gentians. I know that when I used to hunt the marshes in the fall, I must have passed them by unseen. When I did commence to look for them, many falls passed before I managed to find this charming plant, which by hiding in the marshes where the grass is too coarse for the cattle has managed to survive. So many of the marshes have been drained and pastured that one is fortunate indeed to find one of these unusual plants.

I have learned that the time to look for them is when the first jacksnipe come drifting down from their nesting places in the far north. If you can leave your office, don old clothes, splash through the marsh, and pick up a few jacksnipe, on a clear sunshiny October day, there is really little to be desired, but if in addition one can find among the grasses, so rare and beautiful a flower as the closed gentian, it is indeed a perfect day.

As I looked at the blossoms, I wondered how this flower was fertilized, since the petals are so tightly closed that it would seem that no insect could get inside to gather the pollen from one flower, and carry it on to the next. I wondered what little insect was responsible for the fertilization of this flower and had aided in its propagation. I picked a blossom so that I might study this out at home. In my book on flowers, I found the description of the closed gentian, with the statement that bumble bees sometimes force their way into the corolla. So I owe to the bumble bee, whose nests I used to destroy, the fertilization of this charming flower.

I look back at a career punctuated by well deserved bumble bee stings, with regret. I do not know what instills into boys' minds a desire to cross swords with bumble bees. Perhaps it is the pugnacious sound of the bee, as he works from flower to flower. At any rate, the location of a bumble bee nest is a call to arms.

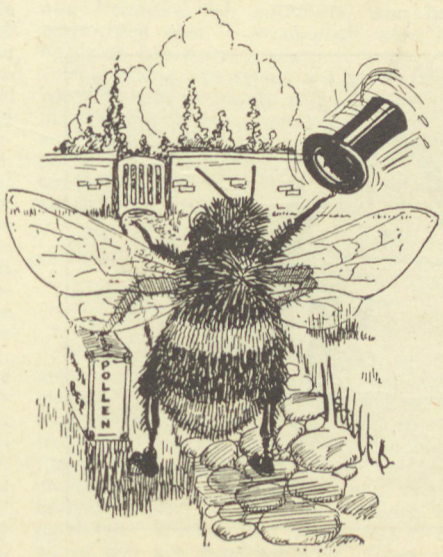
I remember finding a large nest under the old-fashioned board walk on the way to our swimming hole. We armed ourselves with willow branches, and then poked at the nest with a long pole. The bees came out with a rush, seeking the cause of the disturbance in their home, and on seeing a boy would make after him. We tried to fend off these attacks with our willow branches. Sometimes, but not often, we would strike a bee, for in spite of their heavy buzzing flight, they can move quickly. When one got inside our guard, there was no uncertainty about his intention, for he would invariably place the stinger in a vital spot, with unerring accuracy.

I do not know what applause the bees give a successful warrior, but on our side the boys rejoiced to see a closing eye, and would laugh at an unfortunate comrade. For my own part, I can recall going home well plastered with mud, which was reputed a sovereign remedy for bumble bee stings.

In these encounters, I cannot remember one in which I did not come out second best. One of the boys had a fine scheme for destroying the bees. He told me that if one would fill a jug full of water and place it near the nest, the bees flying over when disturbed would see their reflection and would dart inside and be drowned. I am glad that I did not resort to so cowardly a method of attack, but that in destroying their nests, I at least took a sporting chance and gave the bees an opportunity to defend themselves.

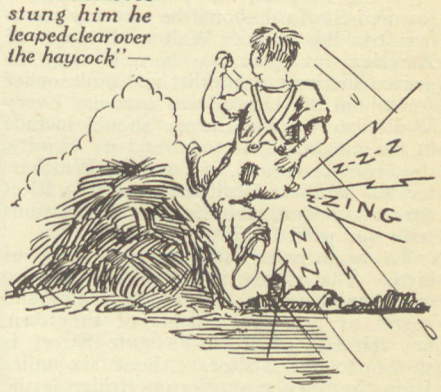
Among the much used fly patters is the Western Bee or McGinty, with its black and orange body. I wonder what sort of an experience it would be to catch a trout on a real bee, which after the trout was hooked would use the stinger. I know the bee can use its stinger after it has been put out of commission, for I once gathered a collection of bees which my little sister insisted on examining, and there was just enough life left in one of them to completely satisfy her curiosity.

Long after I should have given up such sports, I chanced on a nest of bumble bees, in a vacant lot, just beside my home. I had a young neighbor, who was always seeking adventure, and like all boys, was always in need of funds, so I offered him a quarter, if he would get the honey out of this nest. He made up a party who were to share the glory and the pay. The other boys did not have the same fortitude as my young friend, and after a sting or so, left the field. He wrapped himself in an old horse blanket, so that the only part visible was the very top of his head. He had just had a summer hair cut. I do not see such tonsorial extravagance now, and I wonder whether the small boy is having as much fun as we used to when summer came and we went to the barber shop and had our hair clipped close so that we could go swimming, and get home with hair so dry that mother would not know we had been in the water. I am not sure that we ever really fooled her, but we used to enjoy thinking that we did.



—"An old friend came into my garden"—

—"when the bee stung him he leaped clear over the haycock"—



As the boy closed in on the nest, a cloud of bees hummed about him, seeking an opportunity. One wise old fellow caught sight of the top of that so newly cropped head and he dropped straight down in a perfect tail spin, and planted his stinger on the small part of the boy's head exposed to view. This ended the battle. I did not get the honey, but the boy got the quarter.

In a well known magazine, I read an article on how to attract humming birds, by wiring little bottles covered with some bright material and filled with sweetened water to the branches of the trees. I had thought the humming bird a very quiet and dainty bird. I discovered that it went about with a chip on its shoulder, ready to fight anything, and that the only one of its foes who gives it a real battle is the bumble bee who disputes with it the right to gather nectar from the flowers.

It goes from one flower to another clambering clumsily into the blossoms, sipping the nectar and gathering a coating of pollen on body and legs that scrapes off onto the next flower, thus fertilizing them and preparing them for the next season's bloom. I wonder how many wild flowers we would have were it not for the constant employment of the humming birds.

When he comes into my garden, he goes about his business flying from one blossom to another. I once watched him approach a snapdragon and wondered how he would manage to get into it. He lit on the lower lip of the bloom, pushed his way into the flower which closed, holding him a prisoner, until he had taken all of the

(Continued on page 44)

A Letter to Lovers of Izaak Walton

By Judson L. Wicks

Izaak Walton's Cottage, Shallowford.

WHAT Mecca is to the followers of the Prophet, the quaint old English town of Stafford should be to every member of the Izaak Walton League of America, for there was born in 1593 the great fisherman, naturalist and philosopher for whom the League was named. Every Waltonian visiting Europe should include in his itinerary this town and its vicinity, the river Dove and, if possible, Winchester, for all these localities, as well as Fleet Street, London, are rich in associations with our patron saint.

To begin with Stafford, his place of birth. The cottage in which he was born was demolished in 1887 to the shame and regret of present residents of the town, but the site of it in Eastgate Street is shown to the visitor. About six miles from the town near Norton Bridge is the cottage in which he lived for many years and which in his will he left to the town along with some fifty acres of land. It is on the bank of Shallowford Brook, called by Izaak Shawford Brook, a beautiful, small, winding stream, the mere sight of which makes one itch for a fly rod.

Until quite recent times this property was owned and administered by the town of Stafford and the revenue from it was given to the poor as directed by the will. A few years ago, however, all the land was sold save about three quarters of an acre on which the cottage is located and it being in a very ruinous condition was taken over by a public spirited group of Stafford citizens and at a cost of some $2,500 restored and put in such condition as to present a true picture of what it was in the days of Izaak. It now contains a very interesting collection of items of Waltonian interest.

It was my great good fortune to meet the Hon. Secretary of the society that has charge of the cottage—Mr. P. T. Dale—whom I found to be a veritable mine of information on the life of Walton. He has a very valuable collection of rare old editions of *The Compleat Angler* and the lives and various relics associated with Walton's memory. He is the fortunate possessor of an excellent oil portrait of the great angler, a copy made by a French artist from the authentic portrait in the National Gallery in London. He showed me the font at which Walton was christened in a very beautiful old Gothic church in Stafford. He took Mrs. Wicks and myself out to the Walton Cottage some six miles from town and spent the afternoon with us. In one way and another he must have given me a day and a half of his valuable time.

Fishing Cottage at Beresford Dale where are many valuable relics associated with Izaak Walton's memory.

Before leaving Stafford I want to make a plea in behalf of his society. While it has already raised funds enough to pay for the cost of restoration of the cottage, it is quite necessary that the society should also have a sufficient endowment to meet the cost of repairs from time to time and divers other matters of expense. To that end a fund of $5,000 is sought, of which $500 has now been raised. Members of the League desiring to contribute to this worthy purpose may make their remittance to P. T. Dale, 11 Green Gate Street, Stafford, England.

The society of which he is the Hon. Secretary is thoroughly representative and responsible. The Mayor of Stafford is ex officio a member of the Trustees.

A Waltonian pilgrimage is not complete without a visit to the Dove river in Derbyshire, or rather between Derbyshire and Staffordshire for it constitutes the boundary between those counties. This river was Walton's favorite as is evident by references to it in *The Compleat Angler*. It was here that he fished with his boon companion, Charles Cotton, and it was here that the latter built for him the celebrated "Fishing House." To see the Fishing House one should go to Hartington, a very small and interesting old village. A walk of a mile along a rather ill defined path through stone fenced fields brings you to it, or rather as nearly to it as the public is allowed to approach. It is in private ownership and not open to inspection, but fortunately it is well cared for. It seems to be well preserved. Above it, the Dove flows through open, rather level country but for a mile or more below it the valley is very contracted and the high steep banks are well wooded and very picturesque. This stretch of the river is known as Beresford Dale and it was in Beresford Hall at the top of the bluff that Cotton lived and it was in caves in the gorge where he concealed himself when too hard pressed by his creditors.

Further down the stream is another stretch of about three miles known as Dovedale, one of the most beautiful places in all England. It was this stretch, probably, that caused Cotton to write—

"O, my beloved nymph, fair Dove!
Princess of Rivers."

The valley is almost gorge-like with wooded slopes. The limestone formation crops out in many places with most pleasing and interesting effects. It has been

The birthplace of Izaak Walton, Eastgate, Stafford.

said that one may come here straight from Switzerland and "be ready to acknowledge that Europe does not yield another picture so sweet in sylvan beauty or so changeful in its fairy-like combination of wood and rock and water."

Such are the haunts of Izaak Walton.

It has been said that a man may be known by his friendships, but may not his contacts with nature be as revealing as his human contacts? If so, what a wealth of loveliness they disclose in the character of the great fisherman whose memory we honor.

Believe it or not, there are still fish in the Dove and in other streams that were fished by Izaak Walton three hundred years ago. And England is much less in extent than is my own state of Minnesota, is highly industrialized, has a dense population of some forty millions, and her streams are very small. She is making a gallant warfare on pollution. Here is the place *par excellence* to study the problem. But that, as Kipling would say, is another story and must be reserved for another occasion.

This letter is being written not far from the lower reaches of the Dove, in an old English Inn—the Green Man—hallowed by the memories of Walton and Doctor Johnson and Boswell. It is early May and the English countryside is never more lovely. The spring birds are here and the spring flowers and the trees are being clad in their fresh new livery of green. In a few days we sail for America and I like to think of this Izaak Walton pilgrimage as a fitting culmination of a pleasant, interesting and instructive journey of six months in Europe.

Ashbourne, England.
May 5th, 1929.

Beresford Dale.

Paper Fish

By FRANK O'CONNELL

Chief, Nebraska Game and Fish Commission

ONE of the varieties of fish that every game official must learn about is a species known as "Paper Fish."

Now it is difficult to find these fish in our lakes and streams, and few sportsmen are familiar with them. One must be an exceptionally close observer to find Paper Fish any place other than in the reports not infrequently put out by some of our federal and state hatcheries and game departments.

Since I have been connected with the Nebraska Bureau of Game and Fish, I have had to learn something about Paper Fish. I must confess that I knew little about them before I entered the service of my state. But then, since there are some 13,000 known species of fish, this ignorance on my part may perhaps be excusable.

To the sportsman who is looking for a difficult fish to land, I most heartily recommend the Paper Fish. In the first place, this fish is tremendously difficult to find in our Middle-Western waters, and once you find him he is a most elusive creature.

During my three years' experience in game and fish work I have heard much about what the federal hatcheries are doing for the anglers in my state. Quite often some fisherman drops into the office to tell us how sadly the old State of Nebraska is behind the times and what Uncle Sam is doing to make the Cornhusker state a paradise for the followers of Ike. Usually these callers are fortified with clippings from newspapers showing where so many millions of fish were planted during a certain year.

The federal hatcheries are undoubtedly planting many fish throughout America, but Nebraska has certainly been overlooked. Possibly this is due to our Congressmen at Washington being less aggressive than those of other states. Anyhow, most of the fish sent us during the past three years have been these confounded Paper Fish. Fish culturists have made two great mistakes in the past: they never should have introduced German Carp or Paper Fish!

I now have before me a report dated July 1, 1928, showing the activities of the Department of Conservation of one of the largest states in the Middle West. This report certainly would appear to show up our Nebraska fish culturists, who have never been able to accomplish what our neighbor has done.

In studying this report we find that one hatchery—the hatchery rated as the best in the world—has twenty-two acres of water, which is divided into four breeding ponds and four small holding ponds. According to the report this hatchery raises annually the following fish:

10,000,000 bass
1,000,000 perch
1,500,000 crappie
1,500,000 sunfish
7,000,000 trout

We will not consider the trout, as they are hatched artificially and if the water was of the proper temperature and purity, and the hatching house contained enough troughs, it would not be difficult to hatch 7,000,000 trout fry, providing you had enough nurseries to rear them in after you hatched them. But let us consider the pond fish. We find that all the rest of the above fish are pond-hatching. They are producing 14,000,000 of these each year in twenty-two acres of water, or nearly 700,000 to the acre. Now that is a real crop of fish, we must all admit! If we simply take the bass alone, and forget about the others, we find that they are producing over 400,000 to the acre each year. At conservative prices an acre should at that rate bring a private hatchery the sum of four or five thousand dollars per acre each year. Why raise cattle and hogs or sell groceries? Here, Congressmen, is the answer to your farm-relief problem.

This report continues to say that this hatchery is also used for the making of an educational film, which covers the operation of the important steps in fish culture.

Now we are beginning to see the light. Apparently there is a "catch" in this business. This latter statement would lead one to wonder if possibly this hatchery is not a "publicity hatchery" for the manufacturing of Paper Fish.

If this film has been prepared to show fish culturists new tricks—how they can produce 400,000 bass to the acre,—our state certainly would like to get a copy of the print. But then, possibly this film has been manufactured for the layman—the fellow who pays a dollar or two a year to catch a few fish and who votes once in a while.

This business of raising Paper Fish is apparently a great game. But do we really and seriously want many more of this species? It would seem to me that what we need in America is more honest-to-goodness bass, perch, crappie, sunfish and trout and less of these Paper Fish that are so rarely caught. Of course, we are willing to admit that Paper Fish are used for bait. But remember there are also two kinds of bait: the kind to attract a fish that has gills and the kind of fish that votes. We can do with much less of the bait used for the latter species. We need to reverse the old method and put the sucker on the other end of the pole.

Landlocked Salmon, 7 lbs. 11 oz., taken in Moose River by J. M. Flynn, President, Brooklyn Chapter, I. W. L. A., on 3½ oz. Leonard rod with No. 4 Salmon fly—Silver Doctor. The fish was played 17 minutes.

The "Magnetic Flapper"

By A. D. GABRIEL

ANY fisherman who, for many seasons, has wielded a 5-ounce rod, tapered line, tapered leaders, and number 10 or smaller in dry flies, usually becomes acquainted with an individual trout that possesses something more than mere natural endowments to protect it from unseen dangers. There are other trout that not only have brains, but are gifted with physical prowess in a matter of turning several flip-flops in mid air, holding the mouth open during the process so that they seem to expectorate the hook. Maybe your individual trout is also a close student of entomology and can tell at a glance the difference between a freshly hatched blue upright, or a man-made image of the blue upright.

"Reddy" is that kind of trout, only we think he is much more so. We thought we knew all about trout until we became acquainted with "Reddy" and now we are willing to qualify our knowledge with the amendment: "We know most trout thoroughly."

"Reddy" lives right in the Boston of troutland, and when we say he is intelligent, that means something to the initiated. Possibly you have cast a fly upon the waters of the McKenzie river in late years? Undoubtedly McKenzie trout are becoming fly-wise, yet, the angler who knows how to lay a 14 fly down at 60 feet or so, can get plenty of fine trout. I am using the word "plenty" from a sportsman's understanding of the word. If there are four in the party I say that seven pounds of fish is "plenty."

To those who have never had the pleasure of visiting the McKenzie, I can only say that I hope you will be fortunate enough to do so very soon.

The McKenzie river is, comparatively speaking, a very short stream. Running over rocks and gravel, as do its tributaries, this river is clear even when wintry rains cause it to rise swiftly. The color of the McKenzie river is hard for me to define. I have seen water in the South Seas, where blue coral lay underneath, that appeared the same hue as the McKenzie. There are other rivers in the west whose color approaches that of the McKenzie, but there is a difference.

The McKenzie carries a volume of water that is especially noticeable to the angler who essays to wade the stream. After the water has reached a couple of inches above the knees the pressure causes one to watch one's step.

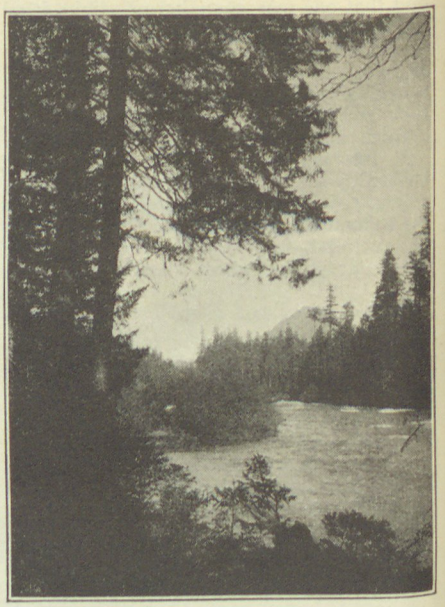
The McKenzie has unusual facilities for the summer vacationist. Regardless of the temperature in summer, that may be from 65 to 90, the waters of the McKenzie are always cold. Thirty-four to thirty-eight degrees was found to be the normal maximums from April 15th to September 1st. Thus one can depend upon a cold, clear drink of water while encamped along the McKenzie.

There are no pestiferous insects to be found along the stream, such as mosquitoes, gnats, or chiggers. Neither will you see a poisonous snake, and very few of the small, harmless water kind. While eating a meal under the giant firs and cedars one is not harassed by insects trying to get into one's food, or into the coffee. Another nice feature of McKenzie camping is the available supply of dry fire wood, with the attainable pitch for kindling.

Too much space would be required for even a meagre description of the scenery along the route of the McKenzie Highway from Eugene to Belknap Springs, a distance of sixty-one miles.

If the driver happens to be a dry fly expert, he will have more than one sight of a riffle which will bring his foot down hard on the brakes.

Many of these riffles bear well-known local names and I could tell you of a battle at each one, where the trout generally was returned the winner. One beautiful setting you will notice particularly, about five miles above Blue River where the road is quite high above the rapids below and then descends to near the water level, while across the road overhead you see a sign announcing "Entrance to National Forest." This point is named Squaw Camp and directly across the river, under those hanging branches, is the home of many husky Redsides. I have taken many from this place that weighed over three pounds. I am also keeping as a souvenir the broken tip joint of a fine rod, smashed in a Labor Day battle with a big one. If you have an imagination at all, it is easy to look across under the deep shade of the towering firs and see a fairyland from whence peek elfins, does and fawns.



A sudden glimpse of the Three Sisters.

When Belknap Springs is reached the car must be parked if you would continue up the McKenzie river. A foot bridge on suspended cables carries one across, and turning to the right a well defined trail is followed up the river.

Above Belknap's the McKenzie rushes along with few open spaces, or eddying riffles where an angler can work to advantage.

There is some dispute as to the distance from Belknap's to Smith river. My wife and I walked to Smith river in just three hours and returned in the same time. I would gladly walk for 60 hours steadily for a chance to cast a fly over against a high rock wall abutting into the water across from an ideal casting spot, at the Smith river and McKenzie junction. A "fishier" looking stretch of water than one sees at the junction here, does not exist. And it is fishy. On a warm afternoon when the sun is shining at the foot of that rock where a choppy current flows, bugs are hatching and trout are leaping in a continual show.

Up the McKenzie about a quarter of a mile is another spot that gladdens the angler's heart. And believe me, you want to watch your step or something will take your tackle before you can set the hook. Those black-looking beauties up there are acrobats.

If I did not have great faith in the qualifications of "Reddy," I would leave you here. But just another quarter mile up the river is the crystal pool that "Reddy" calls home. After a glimpse of your surroundings here you will be ready to admit that it is the proper setting wherein a king might dwell.

My wife and I have made two attempts to capture "Reddy." But now, we have

Touched with white from a foamy swirl.

decided to leave him alone, feeling that he is safe from even an angler endowed with more than the usual amount of fisherman's luck.

"Reddy" came up readily enough to examine the first No. 12 flying upright I offered him. The water moves so swiftly here that a fly doesn't linger for an extended examination. Nevertheless, Reddy seemed to know exactly what to do and forthwith dropped toward the bottom. We saw him again, and again. Any day from 9 a. m. until late in the evening we might catch a glimpse of him, turning over on his side and making an easy pickup; throwing spray again, as he would make a sharp turn on another insect, and again we would see his full length in the air as he leaped for a double-winged caddis.

In vain we would creep stealthily to the water's edge and cast our flies over the spot where he fed. Many times he would rise but when a trout actually took our fly we always knew it was not our "Reddy." We would hardly stoop to using bait of any kind to lure the old boy to our net, but we did formulate an idea one fall which we decided to try the following season.

We spent many leisure hours that winter perfecting our idea of an artificial fly that would fool old "Reddy" completely. We made the thing to represent a double-winged caddis and christened it the "magnetic flapper." I'll admit we felt rather foolish about the whole business but also considerable pride in the finished product of two flies.

We used the finest magnet wire obtainable for the purpose of carrying a current from a battery to the hook. This wire was wound around the tapered line in a twisted pair, the shore ends fastened to two dry cells and connected to a little key, similar to a telegraph key. The fly was

The fir and cedar that now so greatly enhance the charm of the river.

tied on a number eight hook to which one wire was attached. The other wire was attached to a fine piece of steel insulated from the hook. On the wings and hackle we had fixed steel wool. As the key was opened and closed the wings would flap and the hackle draw up and then release, making the "magnetic flapper" appear very much alive.

We could hardly wait for the time to come when we could hike up to "Reddy's" crystal pool. Just as soon as the water conditions appeared favorable from Belknaps we ankled strenuously up the trail with our rods, creels and other equipment necessary for a few days' sojourn.

Arriving at "Reddy's" home about ten a. m., we awaited his appearance. It was after two o'clock in the afternoon when his dark body shot forward in a graceful curve to retrieve a careless blue upright. Carefully I waded into the water 30 feet below him, my wife, standing behind me, carried the key. A couple of false casts, slowly and easily and then I dropped the "magnetic flapper" a few feet above the spot where "Reddy" had appeared. As the fly struck the water my wife began dotting on the key with all the speed of a regular telegrapher. But she did not have to dot very long. The "magnetic flapper" flapped very gracefully for probably the longest fraction of a second and then a black streak shot upward and swerved savagely into that electrical insect.

I cannot recall exactly what happened. I tried to hold the line taut, though ready to let it run. "Reddy" went skyward, dove for the bottom and was up in the air for a running broadjump before I had time to turn the handle on my reel or retrieve any line with my left hand. He did so many things so fast that it was impossible to decide whether to slacken or retrieve the line. He threw the "magnetic flapper" for a five-yard loss, and then made a couple of high hurdles afterward just to be sure the job was done right.

We knew it would be useless to try again that day and so we waited until about the same time the following day for another attempt with our foolish flies. "Reddy" was there eating his afternoon lunch as usual. With as much caution as was possible we repeated the casting of our lure. Sure enough "Reddy" rose to the "flapper" with all his usual flashing style. But—he wouldn't touch it. He lowered himself gently into the depths of his crystal palace and seemed to be winking at us as he disappeared.

We don't want "Reddy" but we do want to get back there again this year to enjoy a sojourn in his kingdom.

The President's Night (ie)

Being a true incident in the life of Dr. H. T. Zimmerman, former President, Breckenridge, Minn., Chapter, I. W. L. A.

By TED FRANCIS

IT rather startled Doc Zim's family when he turned up missing in the middle of the night, because every member of the household knew that he had retired at the usual hour—and he was apparently in the best of health.

"Doc" was appended to his name by his friends because of his ability to send that little machine buzzing into a molar and just at the right time to say "This will hurt you just the least little bit." Doc was honest about it, but for that matter he was honest about everything, including his birds and fish.

Zim had to spend just so much time at the lake every summer and a good share of the time instead of riding the water he was rambling in the woods studying the birds and little animals that lived along the lake shore. He knew them all and as he communed with nature he learned to love them. He knew their habits and their modes of living and for those that were domestically inclined he had built houses.

Doc was a real sport and a real sportsman. He would go to the lake, Minnesota's Otter Tail, where he had his cottage and for hours he would ride the waves with no thought of what he was doing. His bait hung idly in the water and he was satisfied. He was close to nature and to his Creator. Of course he got his share of the fish and he certainly knew where to look for the big ones, for he knew his fishing grounds.

But birds and animals were his hobby. It was they he liked to watch. Even at home the trees were filled with houses for his little feathered friends and he watched them from year to year, always trying to decide if the same birds were returning to be with him another summer. They were Doc's pets and he treated them as such—and they seemed to understand.

Like every lover of birds, Doc had his worries and he spent much time guarding the little songsters. Cats were his trouble and for them he had no respect. More than once they had stolen his friends. But as we started to say:

Doc turned up missing one night and the clock had passed the midnight hour, a cause for worry in a well regulated home. Doc couldn't keep the story to himself—it was too good, but he certainly never intended it for print. He just told some of the boys about it after he had adjourned a Walton meeting.

Anyway, Doc was awakened in the middle of the night and he knew something was happening to his robins. Now, you needn't think our friend is old. Just because he wouldn't lay aside the night shirt for pajamas is no reason to think he was a day over forty-five, but that nightie sure did impede his progress as he jumped from the bed and tore through the house.

Part of the time that old flannel was around his neck and for the rest of the dis-

tance it was wound around his legs and that is a serious matter when you are trying to take steps three at a time. But he made it safely to the door and out into the yard.

Sure enough, there was a cat making a midnight call on his robin friends and the nest was filled with little fellows who had not yet learned to use their wings. They were of an age when mother was still spilling fat juicy grubs into their homely but eager mouths when they were driven from home and in the darkness were scattered over the entire yard. Yes, some of them were even in the neighbors' yards, where they fluttered helplessly.

It was a hard battle for Doc, even if the moon was shining its best and offering all the light possible. A night shirt does have its advantages. Even at the risk of startling neighbors or a chance passerby Doc made the leap. First one little robin was caught and it soon nestled in the folds of the gown. Another and another was overtaken, but not until every foot of the yard had been covered over and over again as the little fellows fluttered in terror to find a hiding place.

Now, Zim does use his head, but this was one time when he didn't. The little babies had all been rounded up and naturally there was only one place to take them and that was back to their nest. Friend Doc, nightie and all, shinned up the tree, deposited the birds and started down. Now no bird is going to stay put after being visited in the middle of the night by cats and these birds were no exception. Although Doc started down the tree immediately they were first to reach the ground.

We know what Zim said, but that is his business. He didn't have much time to talk, however, because the flight was on once more and it was up to him to go to the rescue. One was caught again, a second and a third until at last they all nestled safely against Doc's flannel bosom. As we said before, Doc does use his head, and he used it now. He started for the house, only to be met by members of the family. They had been carrying on a search of their own—and if he was concerned about the little red-breasts you can judge for yourself the feelings of the other searchers.

Doc was headed for a bushel basket that was stored in the far corner of the basement. He would keep them there until he had time to return them to their home, and for the balance of the night the bushel basket became the refuge of his little friends.

Morning came, as it always does. Now, you can imagine the curiosity of friends at seeing a bushel basket suspended from the limb of a tree and you certainly can't blame them for asking why. You couldn't blame the little fellows for jumping from their nest and neither could you blame them for refusing to stay when they were returned. The bushel became their home and father and mother lived on the floor above, where they could watch and feed their babies. Could you blame Doc? He certainly knows his fins and feathers.

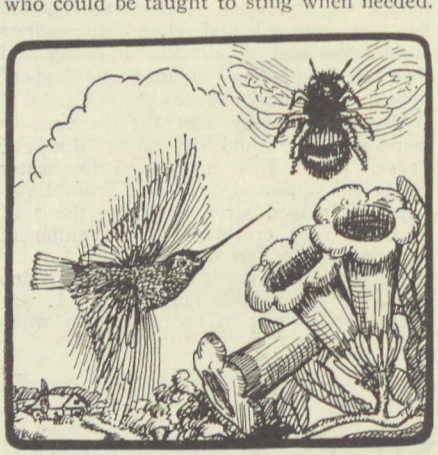
Trips Afield with Boys

(Continued from page 39)

nectar he wished and then he forced his way out again.

One summer, I came home from college to work on a farm. The farmer had a disagreeable boy about twelve, who was always making trouble. He followed me into the hayfield where I knew of a large nest of bumble bees. I arranged it so he stumbled on the nest. When he heard the buzz of the angry bees, that boy who ordinarily could not be persuaded to move faster than a slow walk, came to life, and he started toward home at a pace which would delight the coach of any college athletic team. Behind him, intent on getting that boy out of the country, came an enraged bumble bee, who caught up just before the boy reached a large haycock. I thought the boy was doing all he could in the way of activity and speed, but when the bee stung him, he leaped clear over the haycock.

I was looking forward to competing in athletic events during the coming year. I knew that a quickly applied artificial stimulus would do wonders for one in contests. The coach had tried to teach me to start quickly at the crack of the gun with little success, until at the Home Field Meet, he hit on the happy expedient of shooting me with the starting gun, which got me off well ahead of the other competitors. When I saw the boy leap lightly over a haycock almost as high as he was under the stimulus of a stinger applied at the right moment and in the right spot, I thought how wonderful to have a bee who could be taught to sting when needed.



The bees are quick to protect their nests, but are not given to showing their defensive qualities unless their rights are being infringed upon. On the other hand, I have stumbled on nests of yellow jackets who go out of their way to sting, and are not content to sting once, but do so repeatedly, pursuing until outdistanced. It certainly indicates a bad disposition.

I happened on a nest while chopping wood for the campfire. The tree was old and dead. I hit it with an axe, and disturbed a nest of yellow jackets, who came out with remarkable speed, and enthusiasm. Even after I had given them every indication that I was leaving and had no intention of returning, they stung me and repeatedly. About camp, we had one of those persons who are always, as they say in the Episcopal Service, "doing those things which ought not to be done, and leaving undone the things which ought to be done," a most unfortunate thing in a well regulated camp. I concluded that a healthy stimulus would do him good. I had read that bee stings would cure rheumatism. If so, the more potent and willing yellow jacket ought to cure his general uselessness about camp. I gave him the axe, and directed him to the particular tree. He walked about it, hacking bits out of the trunk, in irregular fashion, but not a yellow jacket came out. I could only explain their failure on the theory that he was poison to yellow jackets as he was to his fellow campers.

At any rate, I am sure that they are not gentlemen, and sting just to be mean, while my old friend the bumble bee, fights only to protect his home and goes willingly and earnestly to work fertilizing the flowers, helping to keep the hillsides beautiful. I like to watch him flying from flower to flower in my garden, or busy with the wild flowers along the roadside.

The Silver Salmon

(Continued from page 22)

He casts out the line as far as he can, allowing the coils to strip through his right hand. The two baited hooks on the leader sink, and he then does the same with the other rig. Then comes the act of "spinning," which is not reeling in, but stripping in the line in coils either in a wire tray like a letter basket, suspended by a belt at his waist, or carefully at his feet in the bottom of the boat, taking care to have no catching objects near the coils. The two baits "spin" as the line is "stripped" in. He casts out again and then attends to the other gear. This is a most killing method in reasonably calm water. The Silver strikes with a rush as the line comes in, often within a few feet of the boat. Handle him carefully for his mouth is tender and the hooks are small, cutting out easily. Net or gaff him, for the same reason.

There seems to be a difference between the efforts of the male and the female to dislodge the hook. The female is an infighter and is more vicious than the male. She comes to the surface after the first rush, leaps out of water again and again, twists and turns, shakes the hooks against the hard gill coverings; when spoon fishing one hears the spoon jingle. Finally after ten or twenty minutes a ten or fifteen pounder will rush the boat with the last gasp, be netted, gaffed or clubbed and killed, when the fisherman repeats the process until he hooks another, which may be a male and who usually runs out much line, does not jump clear of water as often and tends to bore for the depths.

I have recently had a day of days with the silvers or cohoes, as they are called there, at Duncan Bay, a few miles north of Campbell River near Seymour Narrows, Vancouver Island. The tide was just right, the herring gulls were there by the hundreds, following the candle fish escaping from the cohoes underneath who made the waters boil under the schools of small fish. We followed the birds getting their morning repast. With every cast with spoon or bait the result was a fight with a twelve to twenty pound silver salmon. The total string was 18 in number, nearly 200 pounds of the finest fish flesh. The guide takes the fish as his perquisites but only gets thirty cents for each from the buyer who then sells them to the cannery at so much per pound. Fancy this price at the point of production and what we have to pay for fresh salmon even in the Seattle market! One of these fish will fill eight to ten cans or be sold fresh at 28 cents a pound in the Pacific Coast cities. Easterners know what price they pay in the Atlantic or interior cities when fresh salmon is a rare delicacy, and only "gold fish" in the can is generally known.

Two of these fish met in the Frazer River. One asked the other whither he was bound and he replied, "East if I *can*." That's not the end of the story, as the Canadians, who delight to show up the mentality of the English, add that an Englishman at a banquet told how he had heard a deuced funny story while traveling in Western Canada, "about two salmon meeting in the River with the colloquy as above except that the second fish answered the query with the reply. "Old Thing! I am going East if I *tin*." "Deuced jolly! don't you know! Ha! Ha!!"

The Izaak Walton League and the Boy Scouts

(Continued from page 17)

ment. It is non-political, non-partisan in its activity.

On such matters the two agencies have widely differing responsibilities, and wisely so. While the Waltonians seek to initiate wise and beneficent laws, the Scouts are taught to respect those laws, to observe them, and in turn, to teach them.

Now, distinctively, what can the Izaak Walton League do in relation to the Boy Scout Movement? First, it can act as adviser in the matter of the development of the merit badges on forestry, on conservation, on woodcraft subjects and the like. Both as to the kind and to the content, you have a rich experience that ought to be made available to us for matters of that kind.

Second, it can furnish throughout the nation expert examiners or counsellors to aid boys in these.

Third, it can furnish camp inspectors who will go to our camps and pass judgment upon them for us that we may bring those camps to the best that is possible in matters of sanitation and proper organization.

The Waltonians can serve on our local councils and committees and thus have a part in framing our policies and programs, particularly with reference to Waltonian interests.

The Izaak Walton League can study our merit badges and indicate what group of them would constitute an all-round training in that which the League considers a good training in the principles and practices of Waltonism, and create an honor list for such Scouts as pass the test.

Suppose you would say that you should like to have the youth of America have a certain type of education in matters of conservation, and you made that known to us. It might be that you could create a list of lads whose names you would publish in your own literature. There might be some certification of that to all lads who, as you judged our merit badges, met that high ideal, which, in turn, you would appraise as meaning a proper training in matters of woodcraft.

It might provide scholarships in schools of forestry for worthy Scouts. The League could advise some national good turn from year to year, for the Scouts collectively to undertake. Suppose we agreed in the field of reforestation. It might be some other great national good turn to which we might agree and, therefore, go forward in a given year to have that particular thing done in the life of the nation by the youth of the nation.

Thus it would seem that the two agencies have much in common, that they converge at many points, and that by closely working together they can advance greatly the interests of both without in any way interfering with the prerogatives of either.

Fundamentally, it is the individual Waltonian with his skills and his arts and his crafts who can be utilized in aiding the boys constituting the membership of the Boy Scout Movement.

I should like to close with just this little line, for it is a new day in the life of youth when the older brothers are giving consideration to their needs and are developing such a fine, rich program for their attention and for their upbuilding.

You and I have missed that in our lives of youth, but we can make it possible in the life of the youth of this generation.

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play,
The lad I used to be;
And yet he smiles so wistfully,
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he expects to find
The man I might have been.

Tickled to Death

(Continued from page 9)

ing across to the weed beds where we had been the day before. Here I took the oars and after ten minutes or so of casting and moving about, had a fine strike, a run to bottom, anxious moments of waiting and then a rush to the top as the hook settled home. It was a fish of good size and very active and Abe, with gaff hook in hand, excitedly demanded that I "bring him in, let me at him, etc."

To tire him out and the fish also, I took a lot of time and had good sport, gradually shortening the runs and at last, brought the yellow backed fellow alongside. As I reached over the back and tickled the fish, as I have before described, Abe looked on wide-eyed with amazement and hoarse whispers: "Well, by gar!" "Well, by gar!" "I never seen such!" met my ears as I held before him what seemed to be a rigid corpse. The small club finished this one, which was just under nine pounds and Abe's excitement knew no bounds. He could scarcely believe it after seeing it himself and demurred like a bashful boy when I insisted that he should tickle the next one.

The next one came along in a short time and I almost had to force Abe to reach over the fish and with trembling fingers, tickle him. He was so astonished at the result that he almost dropped the rigid and unconscious muskallonge and in his excitement, pounded it on the head like mad and roared out strings of expletives in combinations of languages, which I could not understand. At last he cried: "Now we go home, by gar! I tickle one fish stiff like froze in the winter and I tell about it!"

So we rowed home in time for dinner with Abe's confirmation of the tickling story. I had to prove it to others in the next few days and Lucile was with me, several more times, when muskallonge, weighing six to ten pounds or so, became unconscious and stiff as a board when I "tickled um under belly like hell."

PART TWO

Perhaps my reputation for veracity will be assured when I tell you that I am no angler. During our many seasons in the woods, my job has always been to act as ballast in the boat, or to read aloud under a shady umbrella when the fish were shy. But this experience on the lakes at the head of the beautiful Manitowish waters was really so unusual that it has never been forgotten in subsequent trips to the wilds. It was cold, rainy weather that brought the big fish from the holes that they had hugged during the heat, and their attitude was one of "please catch me." They bit furiously and were most active, which made the almost instant stiffening and immobility, after the tickling on the belly, seem all the more remarkable. My husband has told the story in full, so all that I can add is "I was there, I saw and he did it."

LUCILE HIBBARD.

Still Fishing

(Continued from page 11)

ing always the cloud of mud that came up from the bottom. If the still fisherman is the fortunate owner of a corn-cob pipe he lights that, and then is ready for the heavy manual labor connected with this branch of the pastime piscatorial.

The pole is now stood upright in the boat, being careful, however, not to get it caught in the clouds. It is held prisoner in this fashion the while the hook is completely surrounded by a worm threaded on in spite of its feeble attempt at asserting its rights. If, after the worm is on the hook, it shows any signs of life the still fisherman does not despair but by any one of several ways counts *coup* on the victim. Some angleworms die more reluctantly than other angleworms. Should an angleworm fail to die when on the hook it can be silenced by hitting it firmly and squarely on the head. A hammer can be carried along for the purpose.

A bobber is as necessary to still fishing as is the familiar Carlisle hook. The bobber should always be large enough so that the fish cannot pull it under, and never as small as the cork in a soothing syrup bottle. A Peruna cork is just about right for long-eared sunfish, whereas on the other hand a Pinkham cork is most suitable for sardines and rock bass. You see you have to know all of these things to be a successful still fisherman. It ain't as though there wasn't anything to it: there is. Now just take the putting of a feather on the cork for instance. The man who is not acquainted with still fishing thinks that the feather is put through a hole in the cork to keep the cork upright. But is it, though? It isn't.

The still fisherman puts the feather in the cork to give dash and color to what would otherwise be an inconspicuous nonentity. Nothing is more pleasing in its place than a red, white and blue feather on a Watkin's horse liniment cork (good for man or beast). You can half go to sleep and still see that feather nodding off there on the gentle waves.

Anything may happen while you are still fishing.

Wide and glorious vistas open to the view.

It may be while you are sitting there that a large pickerel will mistake your angleworm for an artificial minnow and will swim up and down in front of it, looking for an opening. Then he will back up about ten feet six inches, will get a foothold and will leap at the angleworm. When the pickerel hits that angleworm what follows becomes progressive history. You may lose your fish, but if you do you are not wholly sad, for you figure that if you had caught that fish and had caught two more you would have had three fish to your credit.

I doubt whether any active still fisherman would even like to catch a large fish. Most generally you catch a small fish, and he comes in making an awful commotion for his size. You gently pick him off the hook and toss him in and you are not overly surprised to catch him again three minutes later. After you throw him in and you catch him for the third time you smile sarcastically behind your hand and laugh silently up your sleeve as you tell yourself you know how to fool him. So you bait up with a grub-worm and a night crawler, and then, lifting the same to within range, you spit upon it and cast it out. Then, deliberately reaching into your pocket, you find a penny and cast it overboard for luck, and you are ready for fish what *are* fish!

About Our Contributors

(Continued from page 38)

Ernest Untermann, *Jack London as I Knew Him,* is as much of an adventurer as was the famous outdoorsman he writes about.

He has had a most thrilling and interesting life as those who read his story by Arthur Wiesner, entitled *A Modern Ulysses* in the April issue of this magazine, will recall.

He is a writer, an artist, is intensely interested in biology, geology and archæology. His knowledge of wild life in remote places is both scientifically accurate and colorfully vivid. In short he is an outdoor character of the extremest interest and charm.

He lives in Milwaukee, is called Skipper by his friends and will spend the rest of the summer in the wilderness of the Uintah Mountains in Utah from where we hope he will send us further stories.

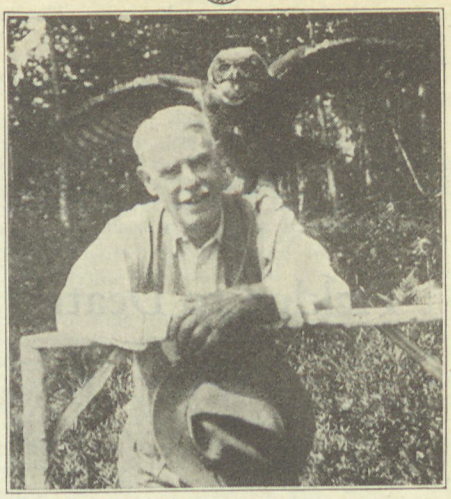
Charles Hyskell, *Bears and Their Habits,* has been a lover of wild life from boyhood. As a boy he frequently played hookey from school to fish for suckers and red horse in the Middle River, Iowa, and to bake potatoes in a cave and smoke a cob pipe. He became a newspaper reporter, later editor and owner of the Burlington Evening Journal. He homesteaded in the wilds of southern Oregon, but later returned to writing. He travels much in the mountain regions of the Pacific coast country; writes for various popular periodicals; is president of the Portland Press Club and as proven by his story is an authority on "bar."

Colonel Harry Vanderbilt Wurdemann, *The Silver Salmon,* presents in this issue the second of his series of articles on Salmon and Trout Fishing in the Pacific Northwest. Being a great angler and a great scientist, Dr. Wurdemann writes from both experience and knowledge, and his articles are correspondingly interesting and valuable.

Richard V. Ageton, *Shooting the Bull,* has appeared before in OUTDOOR AMERICA and we have received several admiring letters about his last story in the June issue entitled "The Fishing Pool." One gentleman criticised the story severely as being too humorous for the pages of an earnest conservation magazine, to which remark Mr. Ageton replies:

"Anent the wail of Frank Pettigrew in the July issue: Really, Congress ought to do something about persistent and pernicious letter writers. It is men such as he who have spoiled many otherwise good truck drivers, cow punchers and sailors. Were it not for such as he, who deliberately and, yes, maliciously, misinterpret our efforts, life would be much sweeter. The very idea of calling 'The Fishing Fool' a humorous story, he might encourage even me to write!"

Judson L. Wicks, *A Letter to Lovers of Izaak Walton,* is a prominent conservationist and League member in Minneapolis; **Frank O'Connell,** *Paper Fish,* is Chief, Nebraska Game and Fish Commission; **A. D. Gabriel,** *The Magnetic Flapper,* and **Ted Francis,** *The President's Night (ie),* hail respectively from Oregon and Minnesota, and appear for the first time this month in OUTDOOR AMERICA.



Commander Edward Breck

OUTDOOR AMERICA loses a valued contributor in the untimely death of Commander Edward Breck, who died at his camp in Nova Scotia, Monday, May 13th.

Commander Breck was widely known as a scholar, writer, sportsman and diplomat. He had gained considerable recognition in recent years for his fight carried on against the use of steel traps for catching fur-bearing animals, maintaining that the methods employed in trapping are cruel. He had a picturesque career, with many adventures.

Born in San Francisco, July 31, 1861, son of Lieut. Joseph B. Breck, U. S. N., Comdr. Breck was a descendant of distinguished families of Boston and Philadelphia.

He was educated at Oberlin and Amherst Colleges and the Universities of Cambridge, Munich and Leipzig, obtaining the degree of Ph. D., Magna Cum Laude, from the last-named university in 1887.

For some years he was Berlin correspondent of the New York Herald and the New York Times. In 1895-96 he was vice consul general in Berlin. Then during the time of the war with Spain, he was assistant naval attache in Berlin and spy in Spain. During the time of his residence in Germany he sang as a lyric tenor in opera, and was champion of Germany and Austria with the foil. Later he was champion of New England with sword and saber.

In February, 1917, he entered the U. S. Naval Service as a lieutenant commander and for a year was employed in secret service, chiefly in Argentina, where, as Dr. Ernest Brecht, he became a leading member of the chief German society. A chapter in Secretary Daniels' book on the World War recounts his exploits. Then he was naval attache in Portugal, and for four or five years executive officer of the Historical Section of the Navy Department. Since his retirement from the naval service he had devoted himself chiefly to humane work as president of the Anti-Steel Trap League, to lecturing and writing for that cause, and to outdoor life and the study of animals at his Summer home, in Nova Scotia.

Comdr. Breck had been awarded the Navy Cross for distinguished and dangerous service, and was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor (French), and a commander of the Order of Aviz and Order of Christ (Portuguese); he was a member of the Loyal Legion, of the Order of Foreign Wars, of the Society of Colonial Wars, of the American Historical Association, and of the U. S. Naval Institute, and of the Army and Navy Club.

Stream Stocking Story Contest

ANNOUNCEMENT of a story contest on the subject of stocking streams and lakes merits more than passive interest on the part of all true sportsmen who have the welfare of the future at heart, as it closely touches conservation of the great outdoors.

As any man knows, taking active part in any kind of work is the best way to stimulate enthusiasm. Enthusiasm, especially on the part of League members, in spreading knowledge of the work that the League sponsors, is very important.

To sit down and apply oneself by writing on the subject of stocking lakes and streams, not only helps to further one of the most vital types of work sponsored by the League, but also brings with it the possibility of substantial reward—reward for a type of work that is most certainly worth it.

Any man who holds any views on this subject—and who among the Izaak Walton League doesn't?—should express himself on paper—should take part in this contest. Most men, whether they be League members, sporting goods dealers, manufacturers, Fish and Game Club members, or part of the general public are ready to endorse and appreciate the efforts of every individual along these lines.

The manufacturer who is announcing this contest is prepared to furnish entry blanks upon request. The blanks may also be obtained from sporting goods dealers who handle the Horrocks-Ibbotson lines. Plenty of time is allowed—the contest opening this August and closing March 31st, 1930. The time to act is while the idea is fresh in mind and the manufacturer urges every interested sportsman to write at once for the entry blanks.

My Boy and I

Don't Forget This Contest

Each photograph must show the father and son, or daughter, on an out-of-door trip. The accompanying article of not over 300 words should tell the ages of father and boy or girl and how long they have made these trips together.

First prize $15.00, second $10.00, third $5.00.

PALS

By Paul Brown, Jr.

TWO, in an old canoe, drifting along:
Two, in an old canoe, singing a song;
Watching the willows sway soft overhead;
Glimpsing a "tanger" scarletly red:
Thumbing a singing reel, starting it back;
Getting a darby strike! winding in slack:
Flipping the bug again, close to a rock,
Reeling, then feeling, a grandaddy's sock;
Setting the tiny barb, giving him line,
Hoping and praying to stop him in time:
Giving and taking, then watching him jump;
Trying to coax him away from that stump;
Feeling him weaken, then seeing him glide
Up to the surface, and close alongside:
Lifting him gingerly, out of the creek,
Stringing him, feeling all happy and weak;
Two in an old canoe, wending their way
Back to a cabin at close of the day:
Sharing each sorrow, each thrill and each joy,
Pals, now and ever, a Dad and his boy.

Fly Fishing for Trout

(Continued from page 14)

afternoon when I fished in a tremendous Rocky Mountain canyon. Not a breath of air came down that monstrous gorge and the sun fairly poured down upon me. The stream I fished was tortuous, twisting and violent, and was filled with roaring rapids and deep, whirling holes.

The trout were indifferent both as to hunger and size and I was five miles from camp, fishing along in that quiet, contented frame of mind I soon get into when I fish alone, when I came to a blue backwater beside a great boulder that edged into the current,—a most interesting spot.

After a few preliminary efforts to get out line, I sent my flies into this backwater from a distance of some thirty feet. I remember I fished with a Western Bee trail fly and a Royal Coachman lead, both tied on No. 12 hooks.

Out the lures went, farther and farther, a perfect cast, the speeding flies rounding the final turn with the last bit of force spent, pausing afloat in the air an infinitesimal period to settle gently down, like stricken insects.

I saw a color flash in the water and set my flies in motion. I never quite get accustomed to the ecstatic shock which shoots over me when I see a trout rushing upon my fly.

When my lures had eased off perhaps a foot in approved crippled cricket fashion, the trout, a great satin sided rainbow, struck, snapping its wide jaws upon my Western Bee with a plainly audible "smack."

It may be that my recollection of the battle that followed is exaggerated by the fact that I had such a good look at my quarry at the start—something that seldom has happened to me when I have had a big bass hooked. Perhaps what followed the battle has something to do with it, as well. At any rate I do not believe now that I have ever had a fight with a bass to equal the one I had with that trout.

The first phase of the engagement was a series of savage rushes by the rainbow from one side of the swift stream to the other, six or eight of them, during which I was breathless with dread that the trout might entangle the line with one of the several submerged boulders that I could see quite plainly.

Five separate and distinct leaps into the air followed, one right after the other in swift succession, during each of which that beautiful fish gave one gigantic, continuous shiver and retched its mouth violently, and flung its great head savagely from side to side.

How the tiny hook ever held I don't know. Possibly I kept a tauter line than I knew. Perhaps I wasn't as helpless and as utterly paralyzed as I seemed at the time. But presently, after I had become all but a nervous wreck, the trout plowed its way, in spite of all I could do to prevent it, about a corner of the boulder that edged out into the current.

The only remedy for this situation was for me to wade downstream in that dangerous, rushing, ice-cold water which splashed to the top of my head, and pull the fish out of its lair into the current. I did this at the expense of a great deal of risk, labor and discomfort, and, with some ten feet of line out, worked my way to shore too much concerned with my precarious position in the current to do more than "horse" the raging rainbow along behind me.

I paused when I reached water two feet deep and fought the trout to me. It whirled and broke back. I inched it in again. It resented mightily, darted to the surface, sailed into the air and splashed back, wetting me anew.

I don't know how long that battle raged. I would hesitate to state my idea of the time consumed between the strike and the surrender,—it now seems entirely too long to be possible.

At last I waded to shore. I climbed the three foot ledge of rock which was the bank, reeled the trout in a last time, and reached down to net my exhausted, panting prize that lay flat upon the water.

This sounds simple but it proved to be anything else but that. With head hanging down over the ledge I found myself at a great disadvantage, so when that gorgeously tinted fish, the biggest trout I have ever hooked, saw my landing net coming and gave one last water agitating bid for freedom I was promptly yanked off the sloping ledge into the cold snow water.

Ten seconds later, with palpitating heart and devastating disappointment, I sat in the water up to my arm pits and reeled in that so empty line and that so utterly useless, broken leader.

So it goes. It isn't always the big catches that cling most fondly in the memory, I find. I will never forget that grand Rocky Mountain rainbow and the wonderful fight it made. And as I look back through the years at that day I am glad I can truthfully say that when I had found my breath and had looped another fly on my broken leader, I saluted that victorious trout, submerged my bitter dregs of disappointment in a growing delight at the tactics of the strategist it was, and sincerely wished it well in future fights with fishermen.

A Question of Veracity

(Continued from page 7)

six pounds, for he was very thick—like a salmon."

"But, Cousin Gilles," he continued, "you must admit that brook trout of six, or even five pounds, are very rare. And in a small lake like that, a mere pond."

"Do you doubt my word, Alphonse?" I responded.

"Not at all, Cousin Gilles, but, as you know, it is always the biggest fish that escape. And when one is aroused, excited. . . ."

"Excited not at all, Alphonse," I retorted. "I was as cool as a cucumber—much cooler than I am at present, I assure you."

"No offense intended, Cousin Gilles," the doubter replied, in a conciliatory tone. "But will you not go up there with me after the haying? With a good raft we should make a great catch. And the big one will surely come again."

"Very sorry, Alphonse," I replied, "but I must go to Quebec tomorrow and cannot return for some time."

"Then you will have no objection if I go myself," persisted Alphonse.

"Go if you please," I snapped back.

Whereupon Cousin Marguerite, with her usual tact, began to change the subject.

"You must have been hungry up there, Cousin Gilles, after the long morning."

"Ah, Cousin Marguerite," I replied suddenly mollified. "I was hungry indeed, like a wolf. But that luncheon of yours, it was marvelous. I shall never forget it. The best meal of my life—that is, the best but one."

"And that one, Cousin Gilles?"

"The dinner you have just set before me, Marguerite. Cold roast pork is wonderful, as I have said, but a ten inch trout, fresh from the water, fried with butter and eggs, by the hand of my lovely cousin—that is incomparable."

"Take another trout, Cousin Gilles,"

"With great pleasure, my dear little cousin. You do indeed know the way to a man's heart."

EARLY in September I returned to Laval for the late fishing, and one evening, as we were all gathered about the fire in the great kitchen, with a few of the neighbors who had come in to smoke and talk, the subject of the lake and the lost trout was reopened by Cousin Alphonse, who never knows when disputation should cease.

"Well, Cousin Gilles," he began, blowing a smoke ring in the air, "I went to your lake."

"Indeed!" I replied, rather coldly, as though not at all interested.

"Yes, and I built a raft."

"Naturally. You could not cast far with that pole of yours."

"No. You have the advantage of me there. But I camped out for the night and had the evening and morning fishing."

"That was brave of you. The bear did not get you, as I see."

"No, but he came in the night and stole my fish. 'Mon Dieu, but I was annoyed."

"Sapré tonnerre! What fish then?"

"Ten of the most beautiful trout I ever saw—from fifteen to eighteen inches in length—and your big one."

"My big one! How do you know that?"

"Is this your fly, Cousin Gilles?"

"What was the length and weight of that trout?" I demanded.

"Is this your fly, Cousin? Silver Doctor, No. 8, with a foot of imported Irish gut. Is it yours?"

"It might be," I admitted. "But what was the size of that fish?"

"The trout had your fly in his jaw, with the leader trailing."

"A marvelous tale, Cousin Alphonse," I replied, evasively, scenting a trap. "Too bad that you have no witnesses."

"So it is. But my word is sufficient, is it not? The bear, as I have said. . . ."

"Inconvenient bear," I murmured. "But how large was that trout? Out with it!"

"I regret to report," said Alphonse, with great deliberation, while everybody listened so that you could have heard a pin drop. "It grieves me to state that it measured just fifteen inches from nose to tail and weighed exactly one pound and three quarters."

"Then it was not my fish, Cousin Alphonse."

"Not your fish? Grand menteur! What about the fly and the leader?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"There is only one explanation—my flybook has been here all summer."

Alphonse took his pipe from his mouth and glared at me.

"You insinuate that I am a thief, then?"

"No, not that, Cousin Alphonse. A practical joker only. But you called me a grand menteur."

"I withdraw the expression. An angler, only."

"Angler yourself, Cousin Alphonse!"

Whereupon all the company, seeing peace in sight, broke out into roars and peals of laughter until Cousin Marguerite began to pass a great platter of croquignoles, cups of spruce beer and little glasses of cherry cordial.

But we have not heard the last of the story from that day to this. And if you go to Laval you will hear it still, though by this time much exaggerated.

Bearing on Bear

(Continued from page 21)

When folks talk about the changing times they do not, of course, reckon with denizens of the wild. Bears have remained unchanged from time immemorial and today they are the same. So are all other predatory animals that are found in remote places. Almost never have they been domesticated in a single generation, although man has often deluded himself with a temporary belief in that miracle.

The truth of this is best illustrated in the case of Crapsey and the vaudeville bear, Alice Roosevelt. Traveling over Green Springs mountain and down toward Jenny creek on the present Klamath-Ashland highway you pass a log house of goodly size, with log outbuildings, on the homestead of George Crapsey. In the forest, not far from the road, is a smaller log house with a grated door. It is here that Alice spends her declining years.

If a man reads the Book of Revelations and gathers conclusions that he may regard as final concerning the divine scheme, he is on the way of becoming a fatalist. By the beard of the prophet no event just "happens," and nothing is carried on the winds of chance. It must then be assumed that when George Crapsey, a Wisconsin sawmill man, came to Oregon to visit his brother-in-law at Ashland, it was a part of the plan of providence that he would capture a she-bear cub and turn showman; and that the bear from Oregon wilds would become a star of three vaudeville circuits, and would walk down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, D. C., arm in arm with the daughters of two American presidents.

Somewhat bored with the unaccustomed inactivity of visiting relatives, Crapsey lingered about Ashland a while, considering the sawmill industry. Then with a rifle he went hunting over on the Little Applegate.

One day he found a cub. He put it in his hunting coat pocket and carried it home. He got some canned milk, his wife devised a sugar-tit of muslin and with this and similar artifices they fed the cub until it took to civilized food and began growing. It quickly learned to behave but it would accept no friend other than Crapsey.

As the cub grew bigger Crapsey taught it various amusing tricks. Then a strange whim seized upon him to teach the bear to skate on roller skates. He began with something resembling small kiddie scooters on rolling spools. At the end of two years the bear would respond to certain signals and execute an extended program. She would skate, cut the figure 8, shimmy, waltz, hug and kiss him, do a contortion act, a ladder stunt, and sit on a chair. Her growth had been rapid. Plenty of food and care had made her a 500-pound bear, one of the largest of her breed.

Crapsey now considered that her education was sufficient. He was thoroughly sold on her sock and buskin value. He took her to New York, showed her to the theatrical managers and at once was given time on the Keith & Proctor circuit. She was welcomed everywhere, traveled all of the best vaudeville circuits, soon gained a national reputation and Crapsey became convinced that his fortune was made. The normal life of an Oregon bear is 30 to 35 years.

Now, consider the topsy-turvy life this bear must lead,—a complete reversal of the inbred habits of her tribal forebears for centuries. It had been their practice to drift, with the waning days of October, to the higher mountain levels until huckleberries, salmonberries and the like were gone and the snows came; then to hole in and sleep through winter months until the long dawn of spring. But the winter was the very season when the vaudeville stage required her to stay widest awake! True, Crapsey brought her back every spring to the Klamath forest, where she could spend the summer in her log den, where she might smell the pines and hear the whispering winds. But that was all. Obviously, it couldn't have satisfied her bear soul. It was not her sleepy time; and all the summer long she was restless, brooding and unhappy. When fall came—away she would go again to the vaudeville circuit, the roaring cities, the blaze of electric lights, the applause, the ever wakefulness when she longed for sleep. Who will undertake to tell the secret impulses, the wordless calls, the yearnings that Alice knew?

Fifteen winters she played the buffoon to laughing thousands. She made no friends—only Crapsey. At the end of that time something in her brute soul revolted. Her temper became ugly, even toward Crapsey and his family. She came back to her Klamath forest with patience at an end. She was like "a bear with a sore head." Through the summer she showed signs of increasing temper, with occasional spells of savagery. Unlike most prima donnas, Alice had decided to retire from the stage in her physical prime and at the height of her earning power. She never returned to the theater.

The bear, being a predatory animal, is being gradually exterminated in the far western states, but the process is slow and a great many still remain. The average bear kills annually ranch livestock to the value of $500; a bobcat or a coyote will average $50; a cougar, known as the mountain lion, kills cattle, horses, sheep, goats and hogs to the extent of $1,000 a year. In these days of purebred livestock on Oregon ranches the toll taken by predatory animals is very large. Suppose, for example, that a small band of half a dozen coyotes during the week kills ten to fifteen purebred rams worth to the ranch $30 apiece? It happens often.

Protection of Oregon's desirable wild life is another important phase. The cougar and the timber wolf are outstanding offenders. Either will kill on an average of two deer a week.

For control of predatory animals in Oregon the federal government supplies about $22,000 annually and this is augmented with $40,000 more from state and county budgets. The fund thus raised pays the salaries and all other expenses for an organization of thirty-five hunters whose entire time is devoted to the killing of predatory animals. Every known method is used by these men, who are trained in the ways of wild animals.

These hunters work the year 'round, are not allowed to receive bounties, and all pelts and furs taken become the property of the government.

A cougar killing on an average of two deer a week, the hundred cougars killed by predatory animal hunters in recent years would destroy weekly 200 Oregon deer or 10,400 deer annually. The twenty-nine timber wolves whose scalps have been taken would account for an additional 3,016 deer a year. Without the state's organized hunters it is certain that Oregon would have few if any deer remaining within her borders at the end of another quarter of a century, despite the fact that today there are remote places in this state where one may take a stealthy morning stroll from camp and count 500 deer feeding on a sagebrush flat.

Of the various government men who have come out of the obscurity of forest work, one of the most notable in ability to cope with animal craft is Stanley Jewett, an up-standing, square shouldered, keen-eyed pine knot of a man who knows all of the state's great forests. With the aid of his first assistant, Elmer Williams, he directs the official force of thirty-five hunters.

Sometimes an animal of the predatory type will prove to be an outstanding killer, eluding the hunters for months, even years. There was the timber wolf, old "Sycan," the only pure white wolf ever taken in Oregon. His range for years was the region of the Sycan river, in the Fremont forest, and his meal ticket was the ZX ranch of the Chewaucan Land and Cattle Company. Local hunters and trappers sought him in and out of season, assiduously, desperately. Calves and yearlings were his special dish. For seven years he eluded every trap and device, outran the fleetest dogs and escaped all bullets, although his color made him a shining mark for a rifleman. When taken in the summer of 1927 he had been killing a yearling a week. A trap set by Williams and Jewett at last proved his downfall. Twenty hours after Williams had shot him through the heart and bled him thoroughly he still weighed 90 pounds. The owners of ZX ranch estimated that this wolf had cost them $25,000.

"The work of predatory animal control in Oregon has developed some great hunters," said Jewett. "Elmer Miller, of Curry county, shot fourteen cougar last winter. I am satisfied that he has killed a hundred cougar since the day when, as a boy of eleven years old, he killed three. He is now a man of middle age, and in the government service."

Over on Rogue river, in Curry county, there's another notable hunter, John Adams. He has reared five boys and each of them has gotten his cougar. The youngest boy, nine years old, shot his first cougar this spring.

God's Country

By Raymond Russell

THERE'S a spot I call God's Garden
For I know it's heav'n blessed,
Where the rippling crystal waters
Soothe my jaded soul to rest.

WHERE the age old pines to heav'n
Rear their arms in silent prayer,
Where my soul communes with nature,
And God's peace is everywhere.

WHERE nature's golden voices,
Like a great cathedral choir,
Rise in anthem rich and holy
Up to heaven's highest spire.

WHERE my soul can dream forever,
And my mind is always free,
In that land beyond the beaten path
The good Lord gave to me.

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

Nebraska Holds Tournament

THE Norfolk Bait and Fly Casting Club, which is affiliated with the N. A. S. A. C., held a district casting tournament at the new Walton Park casting lagoon on the 19th of May, with a very good attendance.

Dr. J. M. Perrigo, the veteran caster who organized the first casting club in this state at Fremont some years ago, and then upon moving to Norfolk organized the casting club here, showed his usual superiority by taking first in both the 5/8 oz. and 1/2 oz. accuracy events and tying with Eddie Martin for the longest cast in the 5/8 oz. distance event with 199 ft. Eddie Martin won first in the 1/2 oz. distance event, third in the 5/8 oz. distance event, and second in each of the accuracy events.

G. L. Clark won the 5/8 oz. distance event by throwing the plug 183 as an average for the five casts. Mr. Spencer, cartoonist for the Omaha World Herald, won second with an average of 159 feet.

Mrs. Giesler of Sioux City easily won first place in the 5/8 oz. Ladies' event with a score of 98.8, and tied for third place in the wet fly accuracy event, Mr. Giesler winning this event easily with a score of 99.13, with Larry Sample of Sioux City winning second place.

Following are the scores:

	5/8 Oz. Accuracy	1/2 Oz. Accuracy
J. M. Perrigo, Norfolk, Nebr.	98.9	98.3
Ed. Martin, Norfolk, Nebr.	98.6	98.0
Guy Jewett, Norfolk, Nebr.	98.5	97.1
Larry Sample, Sioux City, Ia.	98.4	97.5
Philip Raasch, Norfolk, Nebr.	98.3	96.2
Mrs. B. E. Giesler, Sioux City, Ia.	98.2	96.7
Carl Henning, Norfolk, Nebr.	98.2	
G. L. Clark, Norfolk, Nebr.	98.2	
B. E. Giesler, Sioux City, Ia.	97.9	96.7
Al Howser, Norfolk, Nebr.	97.4	95.6
Murphy, Sioux City, Ia.	97.3	96.6
Henry Marquadt, Norfolk, Nebr.	97.0	94.6
G. R. Spencer, Omaha, Nebr.	96.9	95.4
John McLellan, Norfolk, Nebr.	96.6	
B. C. Foster, Omaha, Nebr.	96.5	94.6
O. M. Grantham, Omaha, Nebr.	96.2	
Irvin Marquadt, Norfolk, Nebr.	95.5	
H. M. McCaffrey, Omaha, Nebr.	95.4	
H. E. Johnson, Omaha, Nebr.	93.8	
Dewey Sample, Sioux City, Ia.	98.3	96.4

	5/8 Oz. Dis.	5/8 Oz. L. Cast	1/2 Oz. Dis.	1/2 Oz. L. Cast
G. L. Clark	183	193	147	178
Ed. Martin	140	199	165	175
J. M. Perrigo	137	199	158	177
Al Howser	104	133	115	147
G. R. Spencer	159	183	92	167
Henry Marquadt			133	158
B. E. Giesler			118	182

Wet Fly Accuracy

B. E. Giesler, Sioux City, Ia. 99.13
Larry Sample, Sioux City, Ia. 98.60
Dewey Sample, Sioux City, Ia. 98.46
Mrs. B. E. Giesler, Sioux City, Ia. ... 98.46
L. Pasewalk, Norfolk, Nebr. 97.80
Philip Raasch, Norfolk, Nebr. 96.58
John McLellan, Norfolk, Nebr. 96.52

Ladies' 5/8 Oz. Accuracy

Mrs. B. E. Giesler, Sioux City, Ia. 98.8
Mrs. G. L. Clark, Norfolk, Nebr. 97.5
Mrs. Larry Sample, Sioux City, Ia. ... 97.3
Mrs. Ed. Martin, Norfolk, Nebr. 95.3
Mrs. Guy Jewett, Norfolk, Nebr. 93.0

THE NATIONAL TOURNAMENT

LAST call for the National. All is in readiness at Cleveland and every detail has been planned to make the 1929 Tournament eclipse that of 1922.

Immediately upon the finish of an event a list of the scores made will be furnished each contestant and all score sheets will be posted in advance so that each caster may know his place at any time.

Do not forget to send your entry—no fee required until day of Tournament—at once to A. A. Trimble, 1377 Vandemar Road, Cleveland, Ohio, and ask him to make reservations at the Hotel Sovereign, official headquarters. Casting pool and field close by the hotel.

The Cleveland casters are offering all kinds of hospitality—visiting casters will be pleased with the welcome to be given.

Among the topics to be discussed at the business meeting are:

The use of a trace with 5/8 oz. distance in place of restricted line.

Change in method of scoring.

Elimination contests to qualify for "finals."

Question of selecting a permanent place or circuit of places for holding future Tournaments.

Reduction of schedule of events.

Representatives and delegates, one each from every club should come prepared to give an opinion on these live questions.

An amendment to the Constitution has been submitted to the Secretary providing for a clear understanding as to the meaning of a quorum.

Tournament dates are August 15-16-17-18.

DON'T FORGET—WRITE TRIMBLE THAT YOU WILL ATTEND.

SHORT CASTS

EVERY effort will be made to run in the September issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA the results of the National Tournament at Cleveland. Those of the Ohio and Illinois organizations will be published.

Hearty congratulations to our veteran caster, Mr. John S. Schwinn, upon his marriage to Miss Florence Oneill, at Newark, June 26th, 1929. All our rods are lifted high for your happiness, Mr. and Mrs. "Jack."

The Log Cabin, home of the Illinois Casting Club, is being greatly improved by the addition of a large room 18 ft. x 30 ft. with lockers for storage of rods, reels, etc.

Ten years ago the affiliated clubs of the N. A. S. A. C. numbered just 16, now the roster shows 40 clubs.

Al Foss appeared in Chicago some weeks ago and reported Cleveland ready to care for all casters. He said that the Medals and prizes are of the best and that his club has spared no expense to make this 1929 meet a notable one.

(Continued on page 54)

This picture shows Geo. S. Lockwood casting the Dry Fly—a game at which he does about as pretty a job as one would wish to see. George is treasurer of the Cleveland Club and as he is in the banking business, we always know to the fraction of a penny just where we stand financially. Trimble on the left—Buckwalter in the foreground.

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

INDIGO BUNTING

What midsummer angler is unacquainted with the indigo bunting, a bird so blue, that against the green foliage he takes on a greenish hue, while seen against the blue midsummer sky, he is black? And how he can sing! From the top of some low shrub in a dry and arid pasture, pouring out his soul in song when all other members of the feathered choir are silent. It is never too hot for the indigo bird.

Trout and Fuzzy Wuzzies

I HAD a compliment the other day. Someone wrote a tackle-making concern asking for the best book on fishing for trout with artificial flies, and they recommended my "Trout Lore," adding that I was not cock-sure about anything, giving my own experience simply. I regard that as the highest of compliments. The cock-sureness of some fly-men is highly amusing. There is no best fly and no best method, all depending upon the local conditions and the individual fisherman. While there are flies I swear by and others I swear at, I have lived long enough to know that my favorite flies in another's hands and on another's stream may not be worth a tinker's cuss; while my particular abhorrences in the same man's hands may not only prove successful, but best flies.

I remember some years ago slowly mounting "my" river one bright August forenoon, casting right and left, circumspectly, seldom, taking some good fish at that. It was a perfect midsummer trout day, hot, with a gentle breeze from the south-west and a few fleecy clouds floating across the sky. The water was low and very clear, consequently the trout were utterly shy and wary. Just the same, as before said, I took my share of fish. At noon I had three splendid specimens, and four medium sized ones. Enough for the day, four for my stream-side lunch and three to take back to camp. I set about preparing my lunch in a leisurely manner, boiling a kettle of tea and frying two of the small trout in my folding pan. While I sat eating I noticed a fellow-fisherman approaching, mounting upward in a highly irritated manner, as though all the world were out of joint.

"Hello," he said, and not waiting for my answer, asked, "Get any fish?"

"A few," I replied, studying him.

"Don't believe it," he snorted, "for I am an old hand at the fly-game and I have failed to connect up with a single good specimen. Maybe you don't know me, but I am Mr. ———, from Blank, an authority on trout fishing."

"So-o-o," I replied slowly, for I knew just how he felt, "glad to meet you."

"What you got in that basket there?" just spying my creel lying back in the shade, and without waiting for an answer or for me to open the creel, he strode over and snatched it open. I sat munching bread without looking at him.

There was silence, deep and meaningful for fully three minutes, then he asked, humbly enough, "Would you mind telling me how you got 'em? I am as I said, an old hand at the game; but when I failed this morning I must confess to having dug some worms and they failed. What's the answer?"

"You are too slow," I replied, "too slow for this stream in midsummer, but sit down while I fry you a couple of trout and I'll demonstrate after you have eaten."

Now the gentleman proved not a half bad sort, once you got to know him, but awfully cock-sure, though somewhat doubtful of himself just the same. It is as easy for the leopard to change his spots as for a dyed-in-the-wool trout fan to admit an error. Well, lunch disposed of, I showed him that to wait to see a trout—rainbow—come to the fly was to fail to hook nine times out of ten. The fact is, on "my" stream, in midsummer when the water is low and clear, one must place the counterfeit presentment with care, and strike as though a trout were there, and it is dollars to doughnuts one will be. It was a very chastened fly-man who left me half an hour later, though by now I suspect he is telling all and sundry just how it should be done. Later on in the day, I met him again and he had a catch of good fish such as any man might well boast of, caught as he put it "unsight and unseen."

I think I have touched upon an important point in fly fishing for rainbow especially, when streams are low and exceedingly clear. Don't wait to see your fish, or, if using any length of line whatsoever, the fish will reach the feathers, detect the fraud and expel them before you can send home the steel. More depends upon proper placing under such conditions than upon any single item. Trout do not lie anywhere, and you can not tell on paper, or with photographs, just where they will lie. One comes to have a "feel for fish," if you get what I mean, to know almost instinctively, just where a bit of finned lightning will lie.

I have found that rainbow like to lie just above a rapid or small fall, where the water begins to ripple as it breaks toward the downward shoot. Time and again I have taken a good fish from such locations, which is contrary to all rhyme and reason. Just why he elects to lie in such a place is hard to determine, except that it gives him a good chance at flies coming down from above, or maybe he has been driven out of the lower pool; whatever the cause or reason, I know he is apt to be found at the lip of the swift water, so don't neglect such places.

Of course the preferred spot is the pool below, well up to the incoming torrent, but just one side, head against the current. One must be intimately acquainted with the stream, know the direction of every current and counter current, placing the fly just in the right spot. Sometimes to cast the feathers right into the down-pouring water, when there is a small fall, allowing the feathers to be borne along, keeping a taut line of course, will result in a surprisingly good fish. Usually in swift water the angler need not worry about hooking the fish, for the fish hooks itself; but where there is little or no current, as is true in all the pools on "my" river, there one must strike on the cast, as it were, or he will miss many a fish.

Having said all this, let me add, always there is the adventitious fish, the one knowing no rule or precedent, lying where you least expect it. I remember on a con-

A good place on "my" stream.

fluent of "my" river, itself a real stream, there is a tumultuous fall, the river plunging down some ten feet in a sheer sliding plunge. The rock is sandstone, and for ten rods above the fall the cold water slips over a flat ledge of stone. I had fished the stream for years before I discovered that there was a narrow fissure or crack in the stone floor, just above the fall, a crack some three feet deep. Understand, elsewhere, and for many feet, the floor is smooth and even, with something like six inches of water slipping silently along. Now, always is there a good fish in that fissure. I have never failed to have a real fight and I have fished it for three years. Mounting from below, I cast above, allowing the current to bear the counterfeit presentment down into the "hole." Fortunately, nine times out of ten the hooked fish wallows upward, for when he turns down stream, he is flung over the fall, and, well, that ends it.

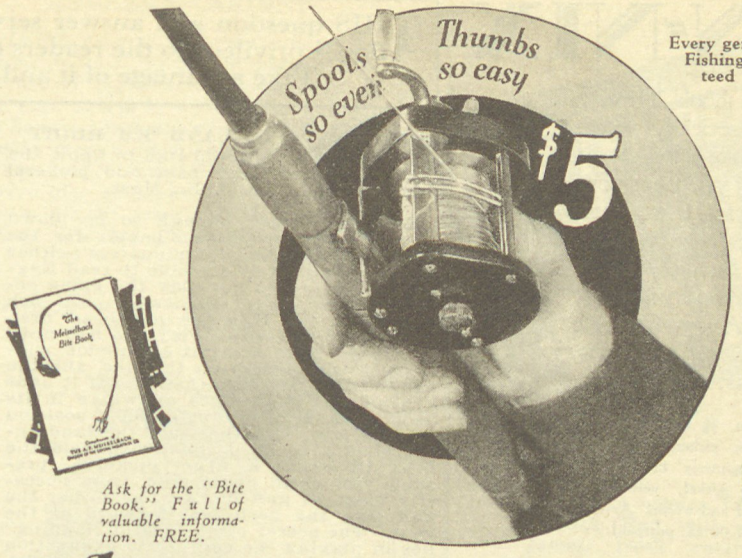
I hardly dare confess to the heresy, but I am not half so cock-sure about the "best fly" as I was ten years ago. More depends upon the angler's skill and understanding, than upon the particular fly, I suspect. For years on end I swore by the Royal Coachman, and it *is* a good fly, in spite of the fact that there is no natural insect which it resembles in the slightest degree. In lazy, open streams, there the artificial fly should duplicate the counterfeit presentment as nearly as possible. The lower and more clear the stream, the smaller and less assertive should be the fly, is a fairly good rule. I used to be more closely wedded to the colorist's theory than I am today. I almost say the fly takes that takes, and let it go at that. We do not require the numerous patterns we carry, but we need more complete understanding of the trout's ways, how to place the fly.

Just to refute all that, let me narrate an experience I think I have told before. One afternoon on "my" river, nothing would inveigle the fish to take, though we could see them rise. I ran the gamut of my well stocked fly-book, through and back, back and through, all to no purpose. Now in the last pocket of my book there reposed three Yellow Sallies, those all yellow counterfeit presentments we carry "just for pretty." I put one on and was promptly in a fish. I caught three trout before I lost the fly, when I divided the remaining two with my companion. We took a fine mess of fish, took as long as the old flies stood the grief. Now explain to me why. Since then I have tried out the Yellow Sally many times, but to the best of my recollection I have not taken a fish with one since that evening. Just the same, always a couple of Yellow Sallies grace the page of my fly book.

And that is the great attractivity of fishing with fuzzy-wuzzies, you never know, no one knows, the cock-sure theorist last of all. What I don't know about trout fishing with artificial flies is a whole lot, but I am learning each season, becoming more convinced that patterns of flies and skill with fly-rod are not so important as intimate stream-knowledge. Know your own stream. We would catch more trout if we fished a single stream until we knew its every back-wash, ripple, fall, rapid and pool. I catch trout on "my" river, which long ago was "fished out," not because I am a better fisherman than others, only because I know the stream. It is a fact that the stream withholds few secrets from me. And that, too, is the wonder of fly-fishing.

ASK OUTDOOR SMITH

Questions and Answers follow on next page.



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Dardevle Wins 1st Prize in Lake Trout Class— Field & Stream Contest!

Dardevle—"The Old Boy Himself" 3½ in. long, 1⅜" wide, 1 ounce. Price $1.00

"It was on the morning of June 2nd (at Lac La Croix, Minn.) about ten o'clock, that I had the thrill of catching the 28½ lb. Lake Trout for which I was awarded the first prize. The lucky lure was a Dardevle spoon. I was trolling when the big baby hit. And hit he did! It took me more than a half hour to land him. About fifty feet away he broke water—the entire fish was practically out of water at one time. My partner helped me gaff him."

J. F. Cubberley in May Field & Stream

MR. CUBBERLEY'S prize Lake Trout adds one more to the rapidly mounting list of notable fish who have fallen for the old Dardevle!

The Dardevles come in 3 sizes: Dardevle, 1 oz. weight, $1.00; Dardevlet, ⅜ oz., 90c; and Dardevle's Imp, ⅜ oz., 80c. Anglers the country over swear by these lures.

Try the Mousidevle, the latest of the Dardevle clan. Combines the proven Dardevlet spoon with the attraction of a mouse bait. $1.00. A complete range of Osprey lines for bait and fly casting. Among the best lines in the country—and the price is right!

Send the coupon for "Fisherman's Luck" and catalog. See these lures at your dealer's.

Lou J. Eppinger

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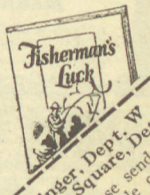
"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game"



L. J. Eppinger, Dept. W, 131 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich.
Dear Sir: Please send me "Fisherman's Luck" and tackle catalog.
Name.....
Address.....

MIN-NIX

THE single hook Min-nix Crab is practically weedless. It casts like a bullet. It retrieves easily yet keeps your line taut. You feel every dart, every dive, every wobble. When a fish strikes, he is hooked. Once you try it you'll be a booster. Ask your tackle shop. If you can't get it, then send to us.

Metal crab shown, ⅝ oz., 3 in., cast or troll, bass, pickerel, muskies, 5/0 O'Shaughnessy or 1/0 treble. Bright nickel, yellow, oxidized bronze, red and white. Assorted Bucktails. $1.00 ea. postpaid.

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It's Hard to Fool the Big Ones—Use Live Bait!

They'll take minnows when they're not even interested in anything else. No fishing equipment is complete without a King Minnow Net.

Compactly designed—durable—easily handled—the King Minnow Net is unconditionally guaranteed for one year.

KING MINNOW NETS

Size	Price
2x2 ft. sq.—21 inches long folded	$2.25
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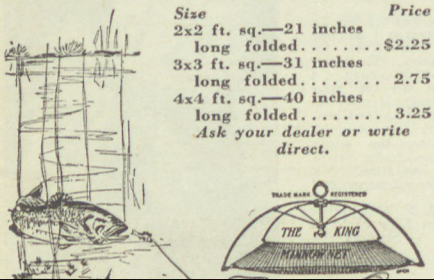
Ask your dealer or write direct.



THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

HE WANTS TO LAND 'EM RIGHT

Dear O. W.: I would like to know the correct way to land bass and pickerel after hooking.—L. J. K., Mass.

Sir: It is easy enough to lay down hard and fast rules—on paper—for the landing of fish; but unfortunately neither bass nor "pickerel" are able to read English, therefore do not play the game according to rule. Generally all fish should be led into the net head first. You easily see why. Play the fish until exhausted, then bring it along-side, suddenly relax tension on the line, and the fish heads down, into the net. If it finds a modicum of strength anywhere in its body, it is in the worst possible position to leap free. By the way, the landing-net should be deep enough to **hold** the fish. Of course a large "pickerel," presume you mean great pike, from necessity must be gaffed. Always thrust the gaff into the flesh just forward of the vent. The secret of successful "landing" lies in playing the capture to exhaustion before attempting the finishing stroke. With a big, great pike, it is a good idea to administer a lead pill between the eyes before attempting to gaff, either that or a swift blow from a thick club. —O. W.

A REAL BROOK TROUT

Dear O. W.: We are catching a fish here which I would like to have you name. Very dark colored but with ringed spots, some red and yellow ones. The flesh is pink. Very gamy, are they.—J. G. P., Pa.

Sir: There is little doubt but that your fish is the native brook trout, **Salvelinus fontinalis,** which of course is not a true trout, but a char. It is quite common for the red fleshed fish to be called "salmon trout," though the color of flesh depends entirely upon environment—food conditions, light, etc. There is a feeling on the part of some anglers that the "red meated" fish are more tasty, though I rather suspect that is all imagination. As a rule, the dark colored fish, such as you describe, are red or pink fleshed.—O. W.

BLUE-GILLS AND RAW BEEF

Dear O. W.: I certainly enjoy your writings and inasmuch as we have fished and hunted the same territory it brings back the past most vividly. Noticed some time ago that a correspondent asked what to use to take blue-gills. Why didn't you advise raw beef? It works fine. The round beef, perfectly fresh. As long as it remains red the fish will take it with avidity. I have taken a dozen on a single bait. When the color is soaked out, change. Good for crappie too.—J. G. W., Wisc.

Sir: Glad to get your letter, not only because of the information it contains, but because there is just human nature enough about me to enjoy a word of praise. An angling editor gets so many kicks, that a word of praise sets him up

Sir: You certainly can "keep worms" without much trouble or difficulty. Simply set a box, size depending upon the number of worms, two-thirds of its depth in the earth on the shady side of some building. Have one end a bit lower than the other, and in the bottom a hole covered with fine screen or punctured tin. Put in the bottom a good sized sod, as large as your two fists, and fill box with rich earth to a level with the surface of the ground outside. Change the contents of the box once a month or so. Feed sparingly with coffee grounds, bread crumbs, lettuce, milk. Don't over-feed. If weather becomes dry, throw in a pail of water now and then: the hole in the bottom will allow excess to escape. Have a screened cover to discourage lazy birds. —O. W.

HE WANTS TO CATCH CATS

Dear O. W.: Will you tell me about how to catch catfish, channel-cats and blue?—D. E. C., Kans.

Sir: There have been a number of letters relative to cat fishing, and if I remember correctly an article on the subject. The most successful method is probably with set lines, though quite a few are caught with rod and reel. Because fishing for cat is a waiting game, few have patience to sit it out. The channel-cat is a different breed from the blue, comes close to the game-fish class, indeed has been known to take an artificial fly. I use my regular casting outfit, long snelled hook, and bait either with a live minnow, frog, or chunk of chub or beef. I have found in swift water that a live-bait hook to which a trolling spoon is attached will sometimes turn the trick when one unadorned will prove utterly valueless. There are anglers who use chicken "innards," but I like the chub meat, especially if a bit "high." The blue cat is seldom taken on a rod, better set for that fellow.—O. W.

ATTACHING EYED FLIES

Dear O. W.: How shall I attach eyed flies to tapered leader? Have thought of making short loops of gut to attach to each fly.—A. C. J., Wisc.

Sir: The best way for attaching the eyed fly—dry-fly—to the tapered leader is with the "turtle knot." Simply insert the end of the leader—has no loop of course—into the eye of the hook: tie a simple knot in the gut, thrust the fly through the knot, draw down tightly. If you attach small loops of gut to the fly and use a loop at the end of the leader you will find that whatever advantage the tapered leader gives you will be lost.—O. W.

DON'T GROW UP

Dear O. W.: We have here a number of rather large creeks and streams which are fearfully polluted, so much so that no fish life is found in them; but the branches, small creeks, have been continuously stocked with speckled trout.

CAN'T CATCH 'EM

Dear O. W.: I run across a new lake last summer up in Michigan which is deep and cold and contains lake trout, rainbow, bass, rock bass and perch. The rock bass are always small while the perch are large and fat. Now and then a rainbow trout is taken by bass fishermen using live minnows, and one old fellow tells of taking them on flies late at night. Would you advise how to get the trout, especially the lakers?—J. C. R., Ind.

Sir: You certainly have an interesting problem in your unknown lake, one I should like to undertake to solve. As to why your rock bass do not grow larger would suggest undoubtedly that there is a lack of proper feed, or that they have unfavorable water conditions. The fact that the perch grow large would seem to indicate that they find enough food. As you know, small sunfish prefer, must have, minute forms of crustacea. Undoubtedly the number of trout in the lake is greatly exaggerated, which is the way generally under such conditions. I would suggest deep trolling, using a tandem spoon and hook baited with a large worm. Night fly-fishing with large dark colored, even black flies, might work well: bass bugs have been known to turn the trick.—O. W.

KEEPING LIVE BAIT

Dear O. W.: In your column in the May issue of "Outdoor America" I noted what W. C. B., Iowa, had to say about his inability to keep minnows in a twenty-gallon galvanized tank, and your answer. I may be wrong, but I believe that W. C. B.'s problem is not so much one of oxygen as it is one of temperature. He supplies his tank with water from the city mains, which are buried deep in the earth and maybe the water itself is pumped into the pipes from drilled wells, at any rate this water is considerably colder than that of the streams where W. C. B. catches his minnows. He very likely takes them home and immediately plunges them into the colder water in his tank. Of course they are chilled and most of them soon die. Only the hardier ones survive.

I, too, was unable to keep minnows in a tank in my basement for the same reason. One day I read an article which told how baby trout are "tempered" while being transferred from the hatcheries to the streams. I took the hunch and my problem was solved.

Keeping minnows in a basement tank is a comparatively easy matter if you have good, pure water in your city mains. And how nice it is to have your minnows ready if you can steal away for an hour or two to your favorite stream.

I have a home-made concrete box, the inside dimensions of which are three feet long, eighteen inches wide and fourteen inches deep. At one end and about three inches from the top is an outlet for the overflow. Using a shut-off valve, a half inch pipe leads from the water pipe along under the floor above to a point above the end of the tank opposite the outlet and near the front. Then a reducing elbow is used to drop a three-eighths inch pipe straight down to within six inches of the top of the tank. To this is attached an ordinary swinging gas bracket which has a needle-point opening. Regulating the pressure with the shut-off valve, I can easily "shoot" a thread-like stream of water to about six inches below the surface of the water in the tank. This not only keeps the water moving and fresh but also supplies an abundance of air.

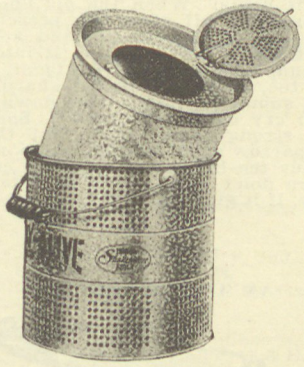
Now all I need to do when I come home with a fresh supply of minnows is to set a tub on the floor in front of the tank, empty the minnows and water (in which they were brought home) into it, then swing the gas bracket around so that a little stream will run into the tub instead of into the tank. In this way the temperature of the water from the stream, where the minnows were caught, is slowly lowered to that of the water in the tank. I usually wait until the tub is about two-thirds full before I transfer the minnows to the tank and they all live. Of course your tank and also your tub should be covered with a screen as the minnows just will pump out where the stream is shooting in.—G. T. M., Ohio.

Ask "Outdoor" Smith

ANGLER'S CABINET

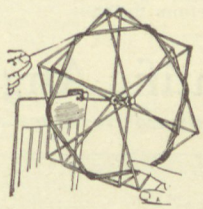
(HERE is a new departure! From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—EDITOR.)

ANOTHER KEEP 'EM ALIVE MINNOW BUCKET



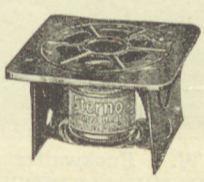
Speaking of live-minnows, reminds me that we have another live-bait pail, a simple, no-attention bucket, which does its stuff. The outside pail is perforated so that air can get at the inner pail, composed of a special new material or substance which while "waterproof" is yet "airporous." Sounds like a fish-dream, but just watch the minnows inside the container, see them with their heads pointed towards the sides of the pail, "drinking in" the oozing air, and be convinced. Has been on the market long enough to prove its worth.

DRY THAT CASTING LINE

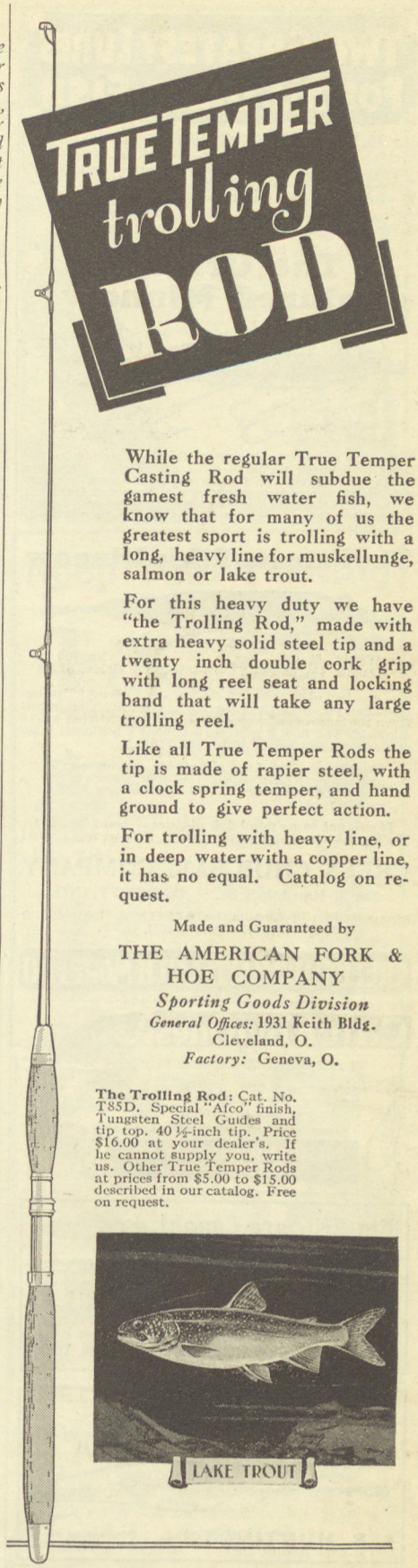


Here is a little article that should be in every caster's outfit, for as all know, the line must be dried thoroughly after each morning's sport or it will rot. Well, this little tool slides together and stores away in the tackle-box most conveniently. Is made of aluminum, therefore is light but rigid. Clamps to a table or board, and when opened, locks. Simple matter to run off the line from the reel onto the dryer. No danger snarling the line, as one does when heaping it on the floor, or rusting it from contact with nails. Now, here is something for every caster.

FOLDING PORTABLE STOVE FOR A DIME



Heats, boils, broils, fries without smoke, sparks or cinders. The hungry fisherman will appreciate this device for use with canned heat—clean, convenient, safe, solid-burning. Stove folds flat, smaller than a pie-plate—just the thing for fishing trips and other outings when you get that hollow feeling.



While the regular True Temper Casting Rod will subdue the gamest fresh water fish, we know that for many of us the greatest sport is trolling with a long, heavy line for muskellunge, salmon or lake trout.

For this heavy duty we have "the Trolling Rod," made with extra heavy solid steel tip and a twenty inch double cork grip with long reel seat and locking band that will take any large trolling reel.

Like all True Temper Rods the tip is made of rapier steel, with a clock spring temper, and hand ground to give perfect action.

For trolling with heavy line, or in deep water with a copper line, it has no equal. Catalog on request.

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Sporting Goods Division
General Offices: 1931 Keith Bldg.
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The Trolling Rod: Cat. No. T85D. Special "Afco" finish, Tungsten Steel Guides and tip top. 40 ½-inch tip. Price $16.00 at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, write us. Other True Temper Rods at prices from $5.00 to $15.00 described in our catalog. Free on request.

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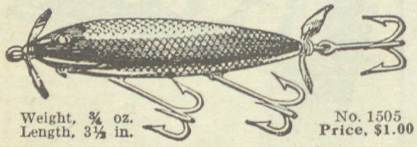
TWO GREATEST LURES FOR ALL GAME FISH

Big Game Fish—are NOT easily fooled—that's why they're Big! But when you toss them a life-like, wiggling, swimming, True-to-Nature Creek Chub Lure—WHANG—they strike to kill it!
If you want to Catch More Fish and Bigger Fish—especially during hot weather—you'll need both of these famous surface and under-water lures!

The Original Injured Minnow



Weight, ¾ oz. Length, 3⅛ in. No. 1505 Price, $1.00

With slow short jerks this "Bass Getting" wonder represents an injured minnow—lying on its side—just able to make a little fuss on the surface—right up where you get all the fun—where you can see, hear and feel each strike! No other lure like it! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 1518, and new luminous day and night finish No. 1521!

The Famous Pikie Minnow

Weight, ¾ oz. Length, 4½ in. No. 700 Price, $1.00

The greatest of all lures—for salt water or fresh! Recognized everywhere as the most deadly killer of all game fish! Even the large old educated Fish can't tell it from a live minnow! And how it gets 'em is nobody's business! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 718!

Every Creek Chub Lure sold with a guarantee to be satisfactory in every respect— At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

If you get some good fish pictures—send 'em in! We'll make it worth your while if we can use them!

CREEK CHUB BAIT COMPANY
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Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT.

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

Catch Big Ones

The fastest running spinner in the world. Low in price, unequalled for results. Plain 25c; weedless 30c, 9½ in. long. At your dealer's or direct. Circular Free.
CHAS. H. STAPP, *Prop.*, Dept. A.
PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
PRESCOTT — WIS.

Big Fish are Caught with Peck's

Peck's Underwater Fly Rod Minnow

If you want lots of fish and big ones, order these: Peck's Underwater Fly Rod Minnow, 65 cents; Peck's Hopper, 50 cents; Peck's Cane River Fly, 40 cents; Peck's Dragon Bug, 65 cents. FREE—Peck's descriptive list of lures that catch fish.
E. H. PECKINPAUGH COMPANY, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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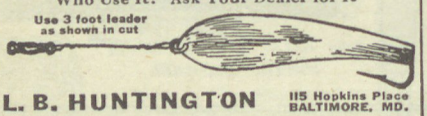
With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It
Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut



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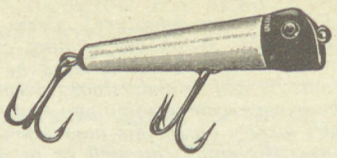
LIVE HELGRAMITE
FOR BLACK BASS

Shipped direct to your fishing grounds. Price $4.50 per hundred. Send money order or check with order.
GEO. O. STRONG, Willimantic, Conn.
P. O. Box 123

ANOTHER "PLUG"



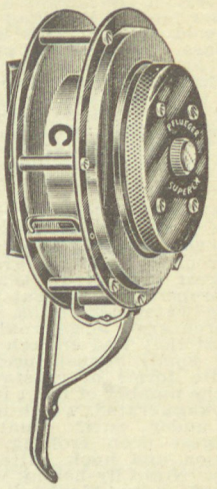
PLUNK, PLUNK, PLUNK!

Not all casters are familiar with "plunking," the new method of fooling bass, particularly successful in Florida. The cut well describes it, save that it comes in several finishes, and the angler can pick his color. The lure is allowed to rest for a moment or two after the cast is made, for, like all well behaved lures, it floats. When the old "he-one" has forgotten all about its presence, a slight jerk of the rod-tip, and a sharp turn of the reel-handle sets it into motion, and, oh boy, what motions! It is vocal, too, for when pulled sharply, so that it submerges, as it goes down, it is said to cry out, "ker plunk." Someone has a strong imagination, but then a song sparrow says, "Maids, maids, maids, put your tea-kettle-on." I don't care if the lure don't come up to expectations, vocally, if it gets fish.

AN ACTIVE "MINNY"

I suppose the last and perfect minnow-like lure will never be made; but one is inclined to think that in this number the ideal has nearly been reached. Has been very successful in the south, and properly manipulated, is successful anywhere. Length 4 inches, weight ⅝ of an ounce. Well made with extra strong hooks. It dives, darts and floats. Should be allowed to lie quiet on the surface after the cast, then by twitching the rod-tip, or whirling the reel-handle, set into motion. No lure of the sort should be retrieved steadily but jerkily, erratically, if you get me. It is a great lure and comes in various finishes.

A RELIABLE AUTOMATIC

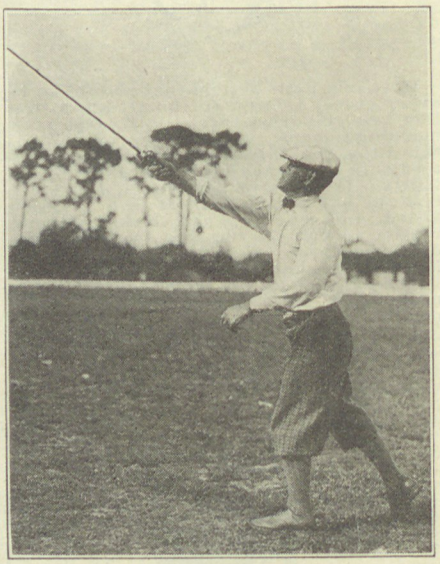


To the lovers of the automatic ree here is an old favorite much improve The fact that the maker has enlarged t spring-case, rendering winding eas commends it especially to anglers wh have cramped their hands in that oper tion heretofore. Made of Nickalum, a ne material as light as aluminum and strong as steel, dark in color and will n reflect the sun's rays. Has main sprin release which is easily operated. Has brake, with release, which does not thro the reel out of alignment when operate Has a Tungsten steel, swinging li guide, and an oiling system by whi every wearing part can be gotten without taking the reel apart. Bett look into this you lovers of the quick ac ing reels. Price, $7.00.

Let Outdoor Smith advise you how to fill your Anglers' Cabinet

Scientific Angling

(Continued from page 49)



W. J. Buckwalter

W. J. BUCKWALTER, President of the Cleveland Casting Club, "in action" in the plug distance at the Southern States Tournament at Orlando, Florida. Proof positive of "action" is indicated by his casts in this event which he won easily —243′-246′-246′-249′-251′, average 247′.

CASTERS' QUESTIONS

Several questions have been sent to t editor as listed below. Answers are ba on the rules wherever they apply. Anyo disagreeing with the editor's opinion urged to write his objections.

A novice in distance bait casting writ that when he casts he burns his thum What can be done about this?

Burning the thumb is due to too tig thumbing and can be most easily overcom by not pressing tightly on the spool as t cast is made. A good dressing with polish of aluminum bronze on a silk li will help. Avoid a hard line with kn in it. A very light touch on the sp will work wonders. Wetting the thu sometimes helps.

In the Accuracy Fly may a caster u false casts in changing from ring in pl of making the "shoot"?

Yes, the rules allow "not more than fi dry fly casts before dropping the fly at t next ring" when changing. The word of the rule is not clear. It should simp state that "contestant should lift his l at finish of his fifth cast, strip his line a 'shoot' for the next ring." Very seld does a tournament caster ever use fa casts while stripping his line preparato to his change from ring to ring. It dangerous, as an Accuracy Fly line is ways heavy, either "B" or "A." The pra tice is archaic. The line between rings from the "marker" to the first ring is accepted method.

In the ¼ and ½ oz. Accuracy Baits what line is generally used? I do not refer to the leader.

Most casters use surgeon's silk No. 2 or No. 3 for the ½ ounce and No. 1 for the ¼ ounce weights. If this cannot be obtained a light braided silk is used. Some use ordinary sewing silk.

L. L. Connelly

FOR those who have met the gentleman in the above picture, it will not be necessary to take a second look to know who he is. But to those who have not had the pleasure of meeting him, we introduce him as our National Comedian, Mr. Leo L. Connelly, of Columbus, Ohio (formerly of Cleveland).

In recent months, most everyone of note has offered his suggestions for the improvement of our game and "Con" opines as how he, being our National Comedian, would not feel quite right if he did not do his bit toward this worthy cause. Therefore the new plug pictured herewith is his contribution. We regret that we are sworn to secrecy regarding this new device and the accomplishments which can be attained by its use. You will have to wait till the National Tournament rolls around. At that time, Leo will not only show you the new outfit but will give you a thorough demonstration, and he says he feels safe in predicting that his demonstration will cause a complete revolutionizing of the casting game. Just wait and see.

No picture would be complete without a young leading lady and the one here receiving the loving embrace is none other than the Connellys' young daughter, Miss Martha Ann. We do not know what Martha Ann's thoughts were at the time of taking this picture but judging from her studied expression, we surmise that the new plug has her somewhat bewildered and that she is no doubt wondering whether her daddy is really himself today.

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With Names and Addresses of Secretaries

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Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Shot Gun Cartridges

TO the best of my knowledge paper shot gun cartridges were in use before the advent of the all brass case, and the first of these were of the pinfire variety. The primer was similar to the ordinary percussion cap used on muzzle loading guns, and lay sideways in a cup in the base of the shell, the pin was inserted from the outside, serving a double purpose, holding the cap in place and acting as a firing pin. This pin was struck by the gun hammer, and obviated the necessity of the firing pin which is in use on the modern breech loader adapted to the center fire cartridge.

There was an advantage in this old style cartridge, as it was more nearly gas tight than the center fire case of early manufacture.

France lays claim to the invention of the breech loading gun and cartridge, but English gun makers improved on the French patents, and as far as I can learn, Ely Bros. introduced one of the first pinfire shot gun cartridges in England.

In 1868 my father brought over from France one of the first breech loading guns that was in St. Louis, and with the gun he brought a thousand 12 ga. shells, some five thousand assorted wads and a few primitive loading tools.

The crimper was made of boxwood and was fashioned something like an old style barrel churn (though, of course, much smaller), the cartridge was inserted in the base and held in place by a metal slide, the handle grooved at the end screwed into the base, and it required about six turns of this handle to make a fair crimp.

Until long after the center fire cartridge was in general use, the manufacture of paper shot gun cartridges was confined to the European countries, and the demand was for those made by Ely Bros.

The first center fire case that I remember having been made in the U. S. was called "The Star" or "Star-Union" and was brought out by the predecessor of The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. Later The U. M. C. Co. changed the name to "Club."

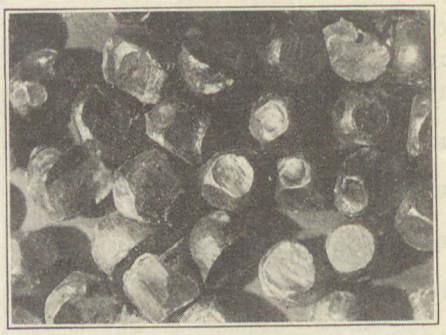
As the breech loader became more popular the demand for cartridge cases increased, and several companies were organized throughout the country for the sole purpose of making shot gun ammunition, but for lack of capital and proper advertising these small concerns were soon forced out of business.

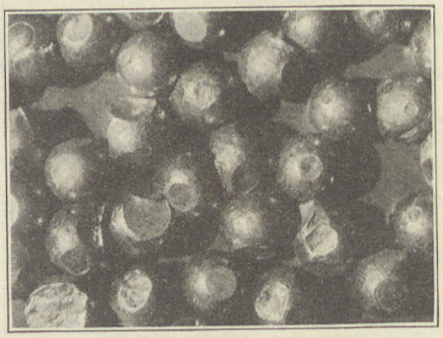
A number of prominent sportsmen of St. Louis organized a company and made a cartridge which was different from anything on the market at that time inasmuch as the base wad was the shape of an inverted cone, which suggested the name of "Conical Base."

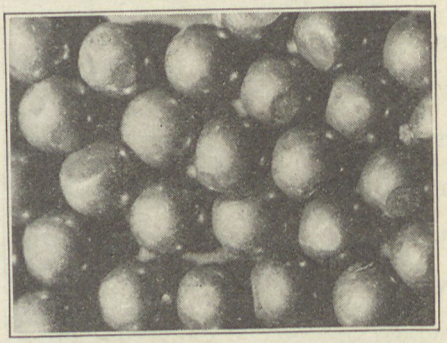
For a time the St. Louis sportsmen were loyal and patronized this home industry, but when the larger companies reduced their prices, the St. Louis company was obliged to quit and "The Conical Base" was soon forgotten. I feel safe in saying that less than a score of men living today know that such a cartridge was on the market.

As there was considerable demand for a brass shell, which could be reloaded several times, the ammunition companies began their manufacture, and these cartridge cases became quite popular, especially in the country where game was plentiful and the hunter only needed a dozen shells for an afternoon's hunt.

All the tools one needed was a rammer







These cuts show the difference in shot deformities which is quite interesting, as it shows decidedly just how badly pellets of soft shot are worn out of shape. These pictures were made (magnified many times) from pellets recovered after being fired into a tub of water at a distance of 30 yards. The loads were similar and the size of shot, number 4.

whittled out of a rake handle, and another piece like it, but fitted with a brad in one end to be used in shoving out the fired primer.

The boy who had a real "honest to goodness boughten" Remington re- and decapper was looked up to by the rest of us, and was envied a whole lot.

Brass shells cost about five cents each, primers seventy cents for a box of 25, felt wads twenty-five cents a package and cardboard wads ten cents, and as these brass cases could be reloaded hundreds of times, shooting was not very expensive.

I was hunting one day on property that is now the site of "The Bridlespur Club," ten miles west of St. Louis, and ran across a city shooter who had a dog and the finest gun I had ever seen, but he was not finding any game, so I told him I knew where we might find a covey of quail which seemed interesting to this chap, and he said, "If you can locate these birds I will give you a half dozen brass shells." I was lucky enough to find the covey (with the help of the dog) and we had some nice shooting, for we ran into another bunch in the next field, and my new friend was so well pleased that he gave me a dozen of his shells which were nickel plated, something that was new to me, and any of the old timers who remembers his boyhood days can appreciate my feelings.

Shortly after brass shells became popular, some inventive genius brought out a case which was adapted to the use of the ordinary percussion cap, which created quite a bit of interest among the sportsmen. The head of this shell screwed on and off, and the cap was seated on a tube similar to that on a muzzle loading gun, but the cost was prohibitive, and from corrosion and jamming of the threads from recoil it was almost impossible to remove the head after a few months' use, consequently the small company organized to manufacture this brass shell was obliged to quit.

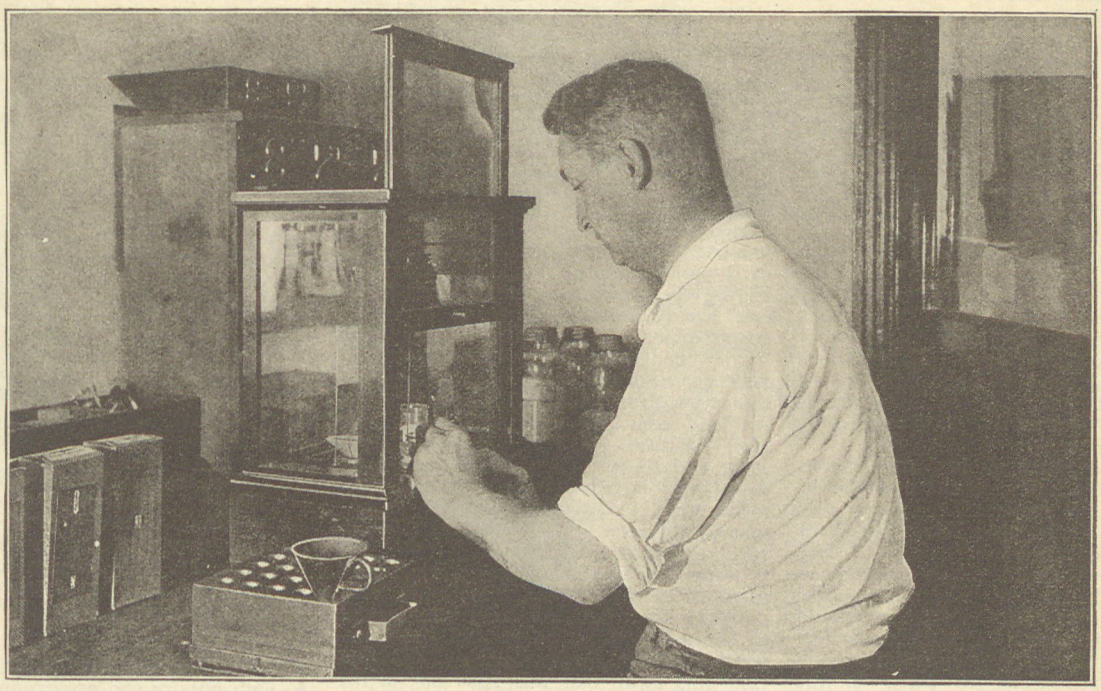
One bad feature of the brass cartridge case was that the top wad was apt to work out when the shells were carried in the pocket, and the shooter would find that he had a lot of blanks.

To overcome this, Kynoch of England made a case of very thin brass which allowed it to be crimped with a fluted instrument which was forced down over the top of the shell, but this case was very satisfactory, because, after being crimped fifteen or twenty times the brass would crack, besides this, if the chamber of the gun was a little large the shell would swell.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., which was organized to manufacture the Henry repeating rifle, realizing that ammunition was about as important as firearms and that other concerns were reaping a big profit from the manufacture of shot gun ammunition, woke up and got into the "game," still there was no such thing as a factory loaded shot gun cartridge, and every gun store had a loading department which was quite profitable as labor was cheap. Empty cases were about five dollars per thousand, and powder, shot and wads in a like proportion, so that the cost of loading was less than two dollars a hundred, and sold for four dollars.

(Continued on page 58)

No. 4 OF A SERIES OF TALKS ON AMMUNITION QUALITY



1

VIGILANCE

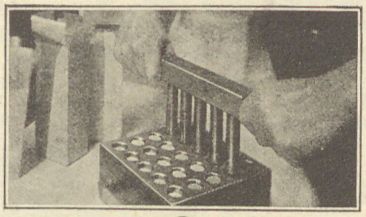
CONSTANT vigilance has to be exercised in preparing and making a proof test of all smokeless powders. Very slight variations in the loading of ammunition will introduce errors in the delicate measurements that are used to record the test results. The accompanying photographs are to illustrate the degree of accuracy which is followed in the loading operation.

Photograph No. 1 shows the actual weighing operation of each charge of powder for a series of a 20-round test. The powder is weighed on an analytical balance which is accurate to a hundredth of a grain.

Photograph No. 2 illustrates the care with which the wads are first loaded in the shells so that they will be parallel to the base of the shell.

Photograph No. 3 shows how each shell is measured for a uniform length of crimp.

Photograph No. 4 illustrates how the crimp is finally applied. Note that the machine is semi-automatic in operation—the loaded shell being forced against the revolving crimping head by a constant weight applied through a system of levers.



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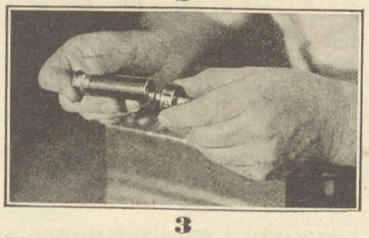

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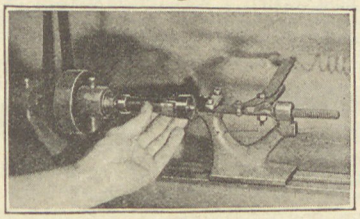

4

The ammunition is now ready to be tested.

Du Pont powders are used by all of the principal ammunition manufacturers. They have selected du Pont powder because its ballistic qualities contribute so largely to the superiority of the ammunition, and the consequent success of its users. To maintain these standards of excellence, the ammunition companies will continue to load those powders ensuring the best ammunition possible for a specified purpose.

The du Pont Company with its experience of 126 years and its present resources can supply to ammunition companies the type and quality of powders required to maintain the reputation of ammunition manufacturers and the confidence of the shooters.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., *Smokeless Powder Department*, Wilmington, Del.

DU PONT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Smokeless Shotgun Powders

However, there were a great many hunters who loaded their own shells, both as a matter of economy, and because we all enjoyed doing this the day before the hunt.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. kept up with the times and brought out many devices to facilitate the shell loading, the latest of these being the loading block, which was made in three sizes, holding twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred shells. In the better grade the holes were lined with brass terminating in a funnel-shaped top so that the wads could be seated easily and smoothly. Along with the block was a charger board with holes bored to match those in the block. The capacity of these holes was 2½ drams of powder, but there were extra plates to be used when a heavier load was desired. There was also another board for the shot charges. These boards were fitted with a sliding plate at the bottom which when pulled forward allowed the powder or shot to drop into the shells at one time.

The rammer was made in a gang of five, so that the wads in five shells would be seated with one motion.

Shot gun shells were being loaded by machinery in England quite awhile before the process was adopted in this country, and as near as I can remember the concern that is now The Chamberlain Target and Cartridge Co. imported a loading machine from England and placed on the market the first machine loaded shells in the United States; this was in the early '80's.

Shortly after this The Peters Cartridge Co. came out with their special factory loaded shell, which, instead of being crimped in the regular way, the top shot wad was held in place by indentations in the wall of the case, but this substitute for a crimp was not satisfactory, for these indentations would not hold the wad, consequently a sportsman would have a lot of blanks and a pocket full of loose shot.

The Winchester Company and The U. M. C. Co. soon saw the possibilities of factory loaded shells and installed modern loading machines, and in a short time had the cream of the business.

The United States Cartridge Company was the first to produce a water-proof shell, the "Climax," and this brand was quite popular with the shooters who continued to load their shells by hand.

After smokeless or nitro powders were thoroughly established, the several ammunition companies found that a stronger primer was necessary, so several new shells were brought out, and while the Winchester Co. have to this day retained their original brands, the other companies changed the names of their cartridges from time to time.

The Winchester Co. had the "Pigeon," which was made of green paper, and as the name implies was intended for live bird shooting, and was generally a three-inch case, and was loaded with 3½ drams powder and 1¼ oz. of shot. The next grade was the "Leader," of red paper, then the "Repeater," of yellow paper, but for some reason or no reason at all a weaker primer was used along with inferior wadding, consequently the original "Repeater" was not popular with the discerning shooter. Finding this to be the case the company decided to use the same strong No. 4 primer in all brands of nitro powder cases.

The U. M. C. Co. had their "Trap," which corresponded to the "Pigeon," the "Smokeless," afterwards changed to "Arrow" and the "Nitro Club"

The Peters Cartridge Co. were a little slow getting into the game, for the reason that for several years this concern loaded their shells with powder of their own manufacture when the demand was for the various other powders on the American market, but when their policy was changed the demand increased and Peters ammunition became quite popular.

The Western Cartridge Co. started in the '90's, but like all other makers of ammunition had "hard sledding" for several years, but this concern was progressive and determined, and it was not long till the shooting public was convinced that "Western" was as good as the best.

The Western Cartridge Co. is responsible for the long range loads of today, having, after years of experimenting, brought out the "Super X," using a progressive burning powder. The real secret of these long range loads is the shortening of the shot column, though now "Western" has added to the many improvements, copper plated shot, which, being so much harder than the ordinary chilled shot, the pellets are not worn out of shape by friction, consequently the load is held together.

I have seen a great many kills made at long distances with the ordinary duck load, and these kills were not just accidents, but in nearly every instance the birds were flying straight away, consequently the stringing of the shot was not such an important factor.

Many a shooter has spent a great deal of time experimenting with loads and wadding till he found something that seemed to be just right, as to pattern and penetration, only to be disillusioned the first time this ideal load was tried out in the field.

One of my experimenting friends would draw the outline of a full sized duck on a sheet of paper, and target his gun with various combinations and at different distances, but somehow these perfect loads did not come up to his expectations when he tried them out on real ducks, for a load that would show 25 or more pellets within the outline of his duck drawn on the paper would only show seven or at most ten, on a flying duck.

My friend Shaw said: "I cannot account for this poor pattern, for I know my lead is right, and the loads are exactly like those I have been experimenting with." Neither of us at that time thought about the length of the shot column, but after a week or two Shaw came to me, very much elated, saying that he had just discovered why he could not place as many pellets in a flying duck as he could in the outline on paper, and he explained to me that the charge of shot leaving the gun would string out at some length, so that when the forward end of this column reached a bird flying at right angles or quartering, the tail end of the load would pass behind the bird.

I believe that I was the first man in St. Louis to try out the first of the heavy long range loads, and I found that the claims made were not exaggerated, and I also found that this was the "kickenist" load I had ever tried, so I was a bit uneasy about breech pressure, and until I was convinced that the breech pressure of the 12 ga. "Super X" was no greater than that exerted in the old pigeon load, i. e., 3½ drams powder, 1¼ oz. shot, I was a bit leery about shooting many of these heavy loads.

The other ammunition companies have each brought out a long range heavy load, and as far as I know all of them have proven effective.

I think a great many shooters make a mistake when they insist on using these heavy loads on all sorts of game and under all kinds of conditions. For instance, when shooting ducks that are coming in close to the blind there is no sense in using these long range loads, nor can I see any reason why any sportsman should insist on shooting "Super X" on quail.

For a number of years after factory loaded shells were an established fact there were a number of sportsmen who continued to pin their faith to the hand loads, notwithstanding the fact that the factory product was cheaper.

While it is true that all makes of guns will not handle the same loads equally well, there are enough different combinations on the market to suit any gun, so that at the present time there is practically no demand for hand loaded shot gun cartridges.

Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT

This series of articles by Bob Limbert, crack revolver shot, is proving to be one of the most popular ever run in OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Address Mr. Limbert, care of* OUTDOOR AMERICA, *or Stanley, Idaho.*

PEACE officers are today confronted with greater and graver problems than ever before. Especially is this true of those in the big city and its adjacent territory. It seems a strange thing that the mass of the American public expects a police officer to make the "great sacrifice" at any and all times in the defense of their family and property yet they give him little or no co-operation except the paltriest salary they possibly can.

Not only that, but they are only too willing to condemn him as inefficient, a grafter if he does his duty and a crook if he fails in the attempt no matter how honest and sincere the effort. In the face of all this these men carry on often at the risk of personal safety and their lives.

It has been my pleasure during the past year to visit a number of the police departments of many of our larger cities and to observe first hand the problems they are called upon to confront and to see and to know personally many of the men called upon to carry out this work. I am glad to be able to say I have, in almost every instance, found them to be men of character and courage. In fact I have often wondered why they stayed with the work when there were so many opportunities to better their position and standing elsewhere.

Like every other business there are many tricks or rather I should say a knowledge of the trade which unless a man has he is naturally handicapped and may oftentimes sacrifice his safety, even his life. The large cities have courses of instruction more or less complete by instructors more or less competent providing too much politics has not entered into their appointment. In one large city which I visited this winter I found one remarkable instance of this kind. I had been booked under the auspices of the local chapter of the Izaak Walton League for a program showing my wild life pictures, bird whistling and my shooting. In course of our conversation the local secretary asked me if I would mind passing on a few of the things I had learned to the local police force. This city, and it was a large one, had an instructor on the pay roll who for reasons of diplomacy I am going to dignify by the name of "The Major." He at once informed us

that he knew all there was to know on the subject of shooting and he did it in such a boorish way that I felt my presence undesirable. One of the men on the force to whom I had previously talked, told me that "The Major" was going to give class instruction to a bunch of "rookies" the following morning and feeling I might learn something worth while to pass along from witnessing such a demonstration I went down to see it.

The least said about it the better except that a man of this type should not be allowed to draw down a salary of close to $300.00 per month and give instruction on subjects which, other than that on straight target shooting, was erroneous and even dangerous for the men under him to carry out. This is not said vindictively, but rather as a word of caution to those in other cities who may be in a position to appoint a man who might be of the same type.

It is going to be my purpose in this article and the next to go into the heart of the subject and to give information that will at least place the police officer on an equal footing with the man he is called upon to arrest. It is needless to say that the criminal element in our large cities is organized with recognized leaders and all paying tribute to a recognized "mouthpiece," which, in the jargon of gangdom, is a lawyer who makes it his business to hatch up alibis, aliases, and methods and means of getting his client free no matter how guilty he may be. I want you readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA to believe me when I say that our city gunman is far worse than the worst badman the west ever produced and besides that he has none of the ethics of fair play and meeting you face to face which the western badman had to have in order to keep his own gang from turning on him. I am going to ask that you call the attention of your local police officers to this series of articles because I believe that as a whole it contains information which many of them have the opportunity to get in no other way.

In previous articles I have discussed target shooting and the old western belt quick draw. In regard to police who carry their gun in a belt with a flap over it, I suggest that if they are called upon to take anybody whom they know to be "bad" that they unsnap the flap and bend it over between their belt and body so that if they should get in a "jam" as it is called in police parlance they will be able to get at their gun with the least possible delay. Don't take any chances. One life is all you have got so take care of it. Any time you face a known gunman with the idea of giving him an even break you are a fool no matter how brave you like to think yourself to be.

The big city officers are compelled every day to arrest men crazed with liquor and various kinds of dope, especially heroin, which causes them to fancy themselves invincible and capable of whipping a whole army of "cops" single handed and alone.

A revolver is carried both for offense and defense, but what good is it if it is where it is hard or slow to get at? Many plain clothes men carry their guns in shoulder holsters, some of them spring holsters designed for and capable of a very quick draw. The mere fact that you are wearing a spring holster does not mean anything unless you know how to use it. The "Major" I previously mentioned instructed his men to jerk down and outward as any novice would naturally do. This method is all wrong and a man who understood this draw could give his opponent using this method an even break and then shoot him all to pieces.

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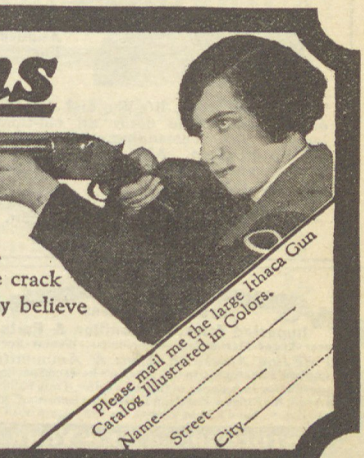

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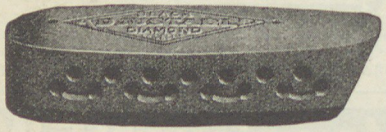

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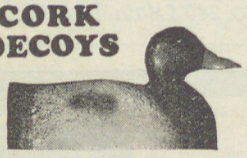

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The right way to make a suspect lean against a wall to be frisked, but the wrong way for the officer to hold his gun.

If you are wearing a spring holster or a "half-breed" and are expecting trouble, stand with your coat unbuttoned and with your hand grasping the lapels. When you go for your gun the left hand jerks open the coat and the right grasps the stock and instead of jerking down and outward, lifts slightly up and the instant the bottom of the cylinder is free of the spring, this hand slips the gun forward so that the barrel *passes* thru the spring opening as the elbow of the hand which is holding the weapon is slightly lowered backward throwing the muzzle upward and into line at an angle of about 45 degrees to the left, which should be the angle at which you are facing your opponent. The spring should not be so tight but that it allows the gun to slip easily upward.

Another thing well to remember in making a shoulder holster draw is that the hammer is apt to catch in your shirt or the armhole of your coat as it clears the scabbard. For this reason it is well to have a piece of leather sewed onto the back of the arm holster with the flap turning upward and just big enough to cover the hammer and about a fourth of the grip. It must never, never cover all of the grip as it does in a regulation belt holster as it would be impossible to grab the gun stock quickly. When you pull the trigger the first time the grip of the gun should rest almost against the right breast. This is, of course, speaking with the understanding that you are close up and that it is not necessary to extend your arm and take aim.

A little practice at this draw will enable you to hit a target the size of a large dinner platter at a distance of ten feet which is mighty good shooting. For detectives who are called upon to go into a crowded room and get a "bad actor," the proper knowledge of this draw is invaluable. You may never need it but if you do it is many times worth all the practice you can bestow upon it.

In searching a man whom you suspect of having a mean streak, don't walk up to him with your gun in front of you and let him raise his hands in the air in a half hearted way. Make him get them all the way up and just as high as he can. Remember this, any time you allow a man to get his elbow straight out from his shoulder he has far better than an even chance of disarming you.

The best way of searching a man whom you suspect to have a record and of being a possible gunman is to cover him and make him walk up to a wall facing it at a distance of about twenty inches and then compel him to lean against it with his hands raised over his head and at least a yard apart. Remember I said a yard apart and with the hands held high. In case of necessity it may be well to prod him in the back with the muzzle of your gun in order to keep his hands up, but don't hold it there because that gives him the opportunity of knowing just where your gun is and if he once gets his elbows level with his shoulders he has better than an even chance of disarming you. I will explain this stunt in detail later on. Keep your own gun close alongside of your body as you are so close you can't miss and holding it in this way gives your opponent no opportunity to grasp it or knock it aside.

If you are called upon to go and get a man whom you know to have a bad record and of being wanted for a major crime you can figure that if he has the least chance he will make a break and get you rather than do a long "stretch or burn" as crookdom calls long term imprisonment or electrocution. In a like position you would probably do the same thing. In large cities two or more men are always detailed to make an arrest and it is only in the small towns where the officers lack experience or have been newly appointed that they go alone, oftentimes to the sorrow of the relatives they leave behind. Remember this, you small town officers, the crooks and gangsters are rapidly moving toward the small towns to commit their crimes because of the feared efficiency of the well handled and organized city police forces and you never know when it is your turn next.

In taking wanted men who are in a room and often badly dope crazed it is suicidal to walk boldly up and knock on the door and command them to "open in the name of the law" as so many do. It would surprise you to know how many well meaning police officers have been killed by a reply which came thru the panel of the door in the shape of a bullet. Stop for a moment and place yourself in the wanted man's place. If you were of his mentality and type and knew that if taken you were sure to hang or do life would the life of one police officer more

or less mean much to you? It positively would not. Many times officers in a situation like this are confronted with a "come in and get me, you blankety blank." How many times have we read of officers who have attempted to do this very thing and have been buried three days later.

Today a very effective remedy for a situation of this kind exists in the tear gas cartridges, which can be fired thru a key hole, under a door sill, or over a transom and which will effectively drive a man out, no matter how bad he fancies himself to be, with his hands to his face and crying like a baby. They are perfectly harmless as far as lasting injury is concerned and if I were a police officer of any rank in any place in the world, I never would be without several of them even if I had to buy them at my own expense, which unfortunately is too often the case. You may never need them but if you ever do you will need them—badly.

It is a regrettable thing that most of our police departments compel their men to furnish their own ammunition for target practice and I hope that those of you who read this and are in a position to do so will see that such ammunition is furnished at city expense and then see that the men are compelled to use it under competent supervision. Men who rate in scores should merit an increase in salary.

Police departments have almost universally adopted the .38 Special either in a Colt or a Smith & Wesson as standard equipment. Individual competition among the men and also the different stations should be encouraged as much as possible. Unfortunately police are in much the position of the man who was bitten by a dog and nobody paid any attention to it, whereas if the man had bitten the dog it would have been news. So it is with the policeman who, in shooting at an escaping criminal, hits a spectator in a crowded street. The papers immediately begin to howl and cases are even known where they have advocated the disarming of the police force except for their clubs.

In case of an accident of this kind the personal regrets will be enough to contend with and the officer in charge should not allow his men to have the heart taken out of them by the ravings of the local scandal sheet or yellow journal newspaper. The least said is the easiest mended in an instance of this sort.

In my next article on revolvers as applied to police departments I am going to describe some of the disarming stunts, the danger of taking a gun from a man who hands it toward you laying across his hand with the grip towards you, the handling of guns for the preservation of finger prints, shooting in the dark and what to do in case of a gun battle, also a few hints on handcuffing.

Questions and Answers

What are the laws regarding hunting with a revolver?

As to that I cannot say because different states have different statutes. Out here in Idaho where I am you can hunt with anything. Although I have killed deer with a .22 revolver I do not want it understood that I am in favor of hunting with .22 caliber guns be they rifle or revolvers. Unless one is a most expert shot and close up it would be downright cruelty because more game would be wounded and get away to die a lingering death.

(Continued on page 68)

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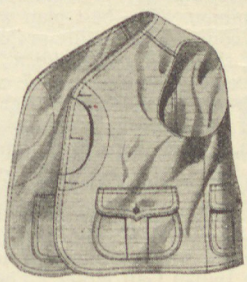

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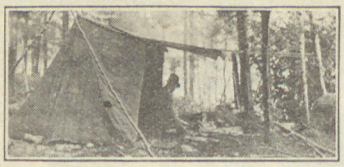
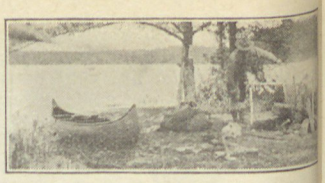


Camping

Where When How



THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

Month's Motor Trip

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

What equipment and supplies are necessary for two people on a month's motor camping trip through the national parks of the West? We are traveling in a large enclosed car. Would you advise an auto bed or a tent and cot? Would there be any conflict with the law if we carried a Colt 22-cal. target automatic in the car unloaded, with clip removed? Would it be possible for you to send me a list of recipes for quick meals?

Henry F. Meisinger, Jr.
Cicero, Ill.

As to equipment and supplies, the range is determined almost entirely by the desires of the campers. You can use anything from a completely equipped trailer to a folding stove and a couple of blankets, depending on how you want to camp, and where and whether you intend to stop at hotels part of the time. What is necessary for one person is not necessary for another. In a general way, you need a small folding gasoline stove, a set of cooking utensils and dishes, a tent (umbrella style), two cots, two light, comfortable mattresses—kapok is best—and blankets. That is what is actually necessary. Beyond that you have before you for choice the widest range of equipment that is available for any form of outdoor camping sports.

You should use a tent and cot instead of sleeping in the car. Many times you will want to leave the car near the road, and camp on the bank of a stream nearby. And the tent will be cooler and mosquito-proof. In hot weather the car gets pretty warm.

The laws as to carrying firearms vary with the states. But surely if you carry a gun in the manner you mention there will be no trouble any place. Sorry we can't oblige with the recipes for quick meals. In a general way, they're the same as those for quick meals any place else. Write to the makers of camping stoves for small cook books adapted to camping fare.

RICHARD ROWLAND

NOTICE

This department cannot undertake to give detailed information on motor touring routes, stopping places, roads, etc. It is limited to the scope indicated by its title and shown by its contents. For touring information write to the chambers of commerce of any towns or cities or states or to the National Park Service at Washington.

Where to Camp

Southern River Trip

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I will greatly appreciate any advice you can give me about a river in Virginia, Tennessee, or Kentucky suitable for a seven days' canoe trip which I propose to take alone this September (downstream, of course). I plan to stop over night in farm houses or towns. What sections are suspicious of strangers?

Donald L. Campbell.
Newark, N. J.

Get a map of eastern Tennessee from Secty. of State, Nashville, Tenn. And then look over the eastern part, particularly the Cumberland river, or the Emory. Either one, especially the Emory, in my mind will provide you a wonderful canoe trip in the most beautiful scenic, mountainous environs, where you will have good fishing, too.

Since prohibition you are likely to excite suspicion most anywhere in those parts, but there is not much to worry about if you mind your own affairs, and be right open in your actions.

OZARK RIPLEY

Great Smoky Mountains

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am very much interested in a camping trip to the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina late this summer or early in the fall. Will you kindly give me information on the following: 1. Where to camp. 2. When. 3. What fishing is to be had. 4. What tackle.

Alva Schooley.
Marion, Ind.

There are many excellent camping places in the Great Smoky Mountains, where a National Park is now being established. It is a bit difficult to advise you by mail just which section of the Park area is best, because there is plenty of room for differences of opinion. The best plan would be for you to come to Knoxville prepared for a camping trip, and not make a decision as to the exact camp site until I can have a little talk with you. After such a talk, in which I can learn something of your preferences, I can then direct you to almost any type camp site that you may desire.

My personal preference would be to camp on the West Prong of the Little Pigeon River, some three or four miles east of the Indian Gap Hotel. The closest home to the site I have in mind is almost three miles away. A new highway is now being built near this camp site. The spot is surrounded by high mountains and has numerous creeks and branches feeding into the river. The elevation is about 2,500 feet above sea level, while many of the surrounding peaks tower to an elevation of over 6,000 feet. Incidentally, this great range of elevation, along with suitable climatic conditions, gives this section the world's greatest variety of trees, flowering shrubs and wild flowers. That hasn't much to do with a fishing trip, except that it does add greatly to the beauty and charm of the mountains.

In the Little Pigeon River you will find black bass. As you approach the headwaters and along the lower reaches of the creeks, there are the most beautiful of all game fish—the rainbow trout. Higher up the creeks are the speckled or brook trout. Light-weight fly tackle is best suited. Being a hiker rather than a fisherman, I cannot give many details along this line, but I will gladly put you in touch with some of our veteran fishermen upon your arrival in Knoxville.

If you will let me know a few days in advance of your arrival, I will meet you at the station and get you started off on the right track.

CARLOS C. CAMPBELL

Northern Canoe Trip

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Gentlemen:

I want to take a canoe fishing trip this summer and I am considering the Northern Minnesota country. I am considering either Ely, Gunflint Lake, Clearwater Lake or Sea Gull Lake to start from. Which one of these points would afford me the best trip with the shortest portages and good fishing?

Gordon Matthews.
Jonesboro, Ark.

Of the two starting points you mention, Clearwater Lake and Ely or Winton are the only practical ones. I recommend the western end for your start. There are several outfitters at Winton and Ely and I believe you can make a good start there, although the outfitting facility at the Clearwater end is perfectly satisfactory. But in a general way I advise you to move from west to east on your trip. There are about a dozen good trips out of Winton. The fishing is equally good on any of them, and the portages are about the same. You will find good bass, pike, northern pike and lake trout fishing. Camping places abound, and the country is beautiful to canoe through. You are wise in planning to outfit there. You will be assured of the proper kind of equipment peculiar to the requirements of that country. I advise you to write to the Commercial clubs of Ely, Winton, and Grand Marais for names of outfitters.

DUSTY WATERS

(Continued on page 64)

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MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER

From the Wilderness

DEAR Waltonians:

In this month's letter I intended to describe my summer camp ground, but the first week of June has already passed into history and I am still using the balsam-bough bunk I built on the 25th day of last October.

Shortly after navigation opened, I took down the big tent, in which I spent the winter, and moved the stuff into a small one that serves as a storehouse. Then I went to Kenora, where I stayed six short days and six long nights. The nights seemed long because, even with the bedroom window wide open, I felt stifled for lack of air.

Among the many letters that awaited me was one from Hawaii.

Its writer was a business man who loved his island home and hoped to live there the rest of his life. But he was homesick for the mountain country of his boyhood. While fully aware of the wonderful beauties of Hawaii, he sorely missed the rugged grandeur, the crisp, stimulating air, the unforgettable fragrance of our coniferous evergreens and the eternal snows of our western peaks.

He and his wife were planning to spend a month of their next holiday in the mountains of Oregon and both were reading up on woodlore and practising with their fishing rods. He was looking forward with evident eagerness to the time when he could watch his wife hook, play and land her first, big gamy cut-throat trout.

I can readily understand his longing, both for the familiar region and for the trout streams. Most of us, I think, have an affinity—it is much stronger than mere preference—for a certain type of country and can never feel entirely at home in any other. This, of course, does not prevent us from admiring and appreciating the beauties and advantages of other types, but admiration and fondness differ, vastly, from love.

Between the lines of his letter, I read the impelling urge to make a pilgrimage to that region, with whose Spirit his soul is in harmony.

After three days in town, I was ready to return to camp, but my canoe had disappeared from the dock on which it was parked. It had *blown* off the wharf, landed right side up and sailed away on an independent cruise among the numerous islands across the bay.

What adventures it had, during its thirty-six hour absence, I do not know. If canoes have souls, I can easily imagine this one's rapturous thrill, when it realized its freedom and felt the buoyant exhilaration that only carefree, irresponsible, destinationless wanderers know. But, like everyone and everything in this world, canoes are sometimes victims of adverse circumstances. Next day, the wind changed and wafted the truant back to within a hundred yards of the spot from whence it had escaped.

Because I really enjoy a moderate amount of paddling, and can always observe much of interest, while cruising along the wooded shores, I seldom accept a "lift" from passing motorboats. But, on the morning of the day I intended to leave town, a stiff, steady breeze was blowing from the south and I rather dreaded buckling it for the fifteen miles that separated my camp from town. Therefore, I was not at all sorry to meet Mr. Stone, of French Narrows Camps, and to learn that he was leaving for home, in his gasboat, and would land me at my camp before supper time.

On Bare Point (about six miles from Kenora) several hundred Indians were encamped. Tents, new and old, tepees, wigwams and wickiups were crowded together in a large, open clearing. Brightly illuminated by the ardent rays of the afternoon sun each habitation stood out in high relief against a distant background of forested hills. One could hardly imagine a more picturesque scene and I very much wanted to secure some good photographs of it. We veered from our course and passed as close as we dared to the point, but this put us in the trough of the swell and caused the boat to rock so much, I was unable to get a clear picture.

Before six o'clock, we landed at my dismantled camp. It seemed good to be back "home."

Having in mind the stuffy nights in town, I decided to leave the outfit in the small tent and spread my blankets on the old—and, now, uncovered bunk. There being no threat of rain, and no mosquitoes in evidence, I didn't bother to pitch a fly over it. I wanted to lie there in the darkness, look up at the stars, listen to the night sounds and inhale deep draughts of clean, cool, lung-purifying ozone.

Well; I did lie there, and I must have inhaled a good deal of pure air, but there was little star gazing or listening, because the next thing I remember was averting my face from the sun, stretching luxuriously and noting that my watch registered eight o'clock.

That was nearly three weeks ago. Even then, I was surprised at the unaccountable absence of mosquitoes and biting flies, and thought it a matter of but a few days when they would force me to move to another camp site. But here I am; unpestered and taking full advantage of the many advantages of the locality and the convenience of my crude, but serviceable, furniture.

In closing, I would ask the reader to reflect, for a moment, on the fact that it is more than ten weeks since the snow disappeared and, since then, the forest floor has been quite dry enough for the wearing of tennis shoes. There has been no insect problem and I have basked, nude, in the sunshine, nearly every day. If Old Spring is not yet popular with campers the fault is not in climatic or other local conditions. In the northern United States April and May—in man-infested regions—are often disagreeable months but, outside of civilization, in the shelter of a virgin forest, lovers of the outdoor life must soon learn that Spring, in the north woods, has fewer disadvantages and offers more of interest to Nature students than any other season of the year. Try it.

Camp Cooking

Edited by Betty Benton Patterson

BETTY BENTON PATTERSON, through years of experience in camping might almost be called a professional camper. She is famous for her superlatively good camp cooking. She will conduct this department throughout the camping months and we advise all campers to keep a scrap book and preserve the recipes that will be found here.

Others who have favorite and tried recipes for camp are asked to send them in.
Editor.

WE are home from an entrancing month in camp on Devil's river. Just my camping partner and I and the occasional guest for meals. Whole wheat bread baked three times weekly in our small folding oven with beans in the pot made the end of a long day's fishing—perfect.

Canned corn added to our pancake and muffin batter was another favorite, especially for breakfast. Egg and milk powder served for those usual fresh commodities and we enjoyed again perfectly fresh butter in one-half pound tins.

Of course we had no ice or any of the urban luxuries and we missed none of them. Fried and baked bass gave way to this delicious fish broiled with strips of bacon.

We used the wire broiler greased with bacon fat or shortening. Strips of bacon were laid on one side, then the bass which had been split open and laid flat. More bacon on the fish and then the broiler was closed and laid on the grill under which glowed a fine, deep bed of coals. We arranged to finish the boiled dishes before broiling time came round.

"Turn frequently" is our admonition to those broiling. The canned butter was combined with a tablespoonful of water for every two of butter and a teaspoonful of vinegar for this amount. Lemon juice is our preference. We heated this and kept it very hot and added salt and pepper to taste and basted the bass during the broiling and poured the remaining sauce over the golden brown fish after serving.

In hiking or light back-packing the wire broiler would be rejected as excess dunnage. But experienced campers realize that identical cooking suggestions are not practical for still and pack camping. William Caughey of Toledo, Ohio, an enthusiastic back-pack camper, sends us his recipe for bean powder along with kind words for our department.

BEAN POWDER

Bake large pot of navy beans until nearly dry. When done and cool, spread them on a piece of paper to dry in the hot sun or warm oven. Next powder them with rolling pin on bread board and pack the powder in waterproof bags.

Mr. Caughey suggests uses for bean powder. It is good used for thickening in soups or stews. Add a small amount of water to this powder to make a thick batter and fry in cakes or with water and seasoning added the powder may be heated to make a quick lunch.

Obviously the powder should be prepared at home before setting forth on a back-packing trip.

TURTLE

John A. Erikson of Fertile, Minnesota, wants to know how to prepare and cook turtle. Every camp cook stresses some pet theory concerning this subject.

(Continued on page 69)

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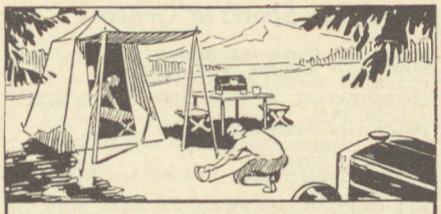

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

THE BEAUPORT ROAD, *Tales of Old Quebec by J. E. LeRossignol—Decorations by Franz Johnston—291 pages $2.50—McClelland and Stewart, Limited, Toronto—1928.*

SOME stories are like city streets or main highways, thronged with characters, dramatic with action, vital with significance, yet exhausting. You rush from the first page to the last, and when you lay the book down you have had your thrill, but you are even further from rest and refreshment. Other stories, a choice few such as those composing *The Beauport Road*, are like country roads, friendly, exhilarating rather than exciting, they charm you to follow them at your leisure and while you loiter along their alluring stretches they reward you with the gift of peace. You wonder what is around the next bend, your curiosity is held from page to page, but your wonder does not prevent your enjoying to the full each view, each character you meet and pass the time of day with, each incident and roadside flower. Such stories win real friendship for their authors. Accordingly, the friendship of the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA goes forth to J. E. LeRossignol as he has enriched before the pages of this magazine with his friendly stories. This very issue carries a story by him, *A Question of Veracity*. Read and enjoy it.

Better yet, read his Tales of Old Quebec gathered in this book. He knows his French Canadians and he introduces and interprets them to you so charmingly and understandingly that you know them, their problems and passions, loves and loyalties, and come to be fond of them and regret finishing the book. Moreover, do not let the emphasis this reviewer has placed on the spirit of peace which broods above this book and the mellowness in which its pages are steeped lead you to think there's not plenty of suspense and drama, flaming action and fascinating plot. Piracy and arson, storms within and without, combats of many kinds, a *loup-garou* (werewolf), romance, wooings and winnings and much else to keep you guessing you will find on the Beauport Road. A good journey to you!

R. C.

STATE RECREATION, *a reference volume on state parks, forests and game preserves, by Beatrice Ward Nelson—436 pages—$1.00—Published by the National Conference on State Parks, Washington, D. C.*

HAVE you ever wished for a reference book from which you could learn all about the state parks and other state recreational areas in every state in the Union?

Beatrice Ward Nelson, for a number of years the efficient Executive Secretary of the National Conference on State Parks, appreciated this need; and with the aid of her associates she undertook the only comprehensive compilation of its kind ever made.

Recognition of the necessity for park, and public forest, and wild life refuge areas has been slow, but determined. Gradually the American people have appreciated the value of such areas, and have insisted upon their creation in ever-increasing numbers.

Mrs. Nelson has collected for the lovers of the outdoors—campers, hunters, tourists—full information concerning the areas so set aside in every state as well as how to reach each; what type of camping is permitted within the area, and where; and the type of scenery or type of development for which the area is best known.

It is a most commendable piece of work, the publication of which was made possible through the co-operation of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial.

S. G.

SCIENCE OF THE SEA, *An Elementary Handbook of Practical Oceanography for Travellers, Sailors, and Yachtsmen Prepared by the Challenger Society for the Promotion of the Study of Occonography, Originally Edited by G. Herbert Fowler, B.A., Ph.D., Second Edition Edited by E. J. Allen, D. Sc., F.R.S.—220 Illustrations, 11 Charts—502 Pages—Oxford University Press—1928—$6.00. Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THE title of this scientific symposium and the names of its editors and publisher are in themselves an adequate review for they indicate not only the subject of this fascinating study, but also its authoritative nature and the attractiveness of the book itself.

If you are familiar with the ocean, this book will interest you with its information concerning ocean air, water, tropical shores, floating animals, sea floor, animals of the sea floor, fishes, whales, seals, sea-serpents (Oh, yes, there *are* sea-serpents—and cuttle-fishes 50 feet long!) If you are not familiar with the ocean, this book will interest you by telling you what it and its denizens are like.

Chesterton tells of an old lady who was asked what the sea was like and answered that it reminded her of a cauliflower—that's one answer; this book provides another and better. Neither gives a wholly adequate idea of the mystery and the majesty of the heaving, lonesome miles on which men adventure in little ships.

R. C.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS ON INSECTS, by *James G. Needham, Ph.D., Litt.D.—Profusely Illustrated — 206 pages — Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Illinois—1928—$2.12. Buy through* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

THOSE to whom bugs are only bugbears and bugaboos may prefer, on simply hearing of this book, to leave it to students and scientists who make a sect of insects. But if you once see this book from its handsome front cover through its attractive, interesting illustrations and you read enough of it to note its range and clarity of style, you will want it for yourself. For it is a *live* book with a minimum of technicalities and necrology and a maximum of practical knowledge and attention to living material.

It is so good a text book that it should appeal to many nature students, amateur insect collectors and outdoor enthusiasts of all ages and not only to entomologists but to all who wonder about the habits and hobbies of the worm they bite on in an apple, the mosquito that bites them, the ant that gets into the picnic pie and all these creatures' brothers and sisters. It is a good thing that for once our attention should be called to these folk in a way that is not unpleasant!

R. C.

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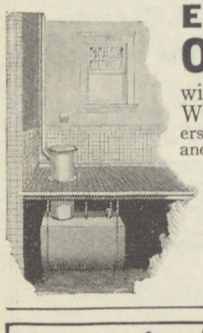

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L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dak.

Revolver Shooting Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 61)

Do you advise mixing one's own nitro solvent?

Absolutely not. The trouble with most people is they use too much of it at a time, thereby wasting it. The rag does not require to be dripping, merely wet.

Many inquiries have been received regarding the carrying of a revolver by automobile tourists in different states.

It would be impossible to answer this question in a satisfactory manner unless a whole issue of the magazine were taken for it because different states have different laws and what would apply in one state would not hold good in another. Generally speaking, however, you will find police officials very lenient on this subject, unless you be shifty eyed and of a type which naturally incites suspicion.

Do you use single or double action in your revolver shooting?

In shots requiring only one shot to accomplish I use the gun as a single action. If it is a two shot stunt I use the first shot single action and the second as a double. My guns have a click just before they are ready to fire on the double action and I have memorized just the amount of double action pull necessary to hold the hammer at this point, so to all intents and purposes it is the same as using a single action except that it is easier and quicker to pull the hammer back to this point by means of the trigger than it is to cock it with the thumb.

Where can I get standard American sized regulation match targets?

Try any of the various arms or ammunition companies.

Which do you consider the best kind of holster for all around use, an open or a flap holster?

A flap holster is probably the best for the average person for all around use, because it protects the gun from falling out and especially from the rain if one be on a camping trip. If you want to practice quick draw shooting all you have to do is to bend the flap up and down between the belt and the body.

Is the .38-.40 as good a caliber as the .38 Special?

No, it isn't as regards to accuracy and when it comes to power it is my belief that the new super power loads now used in the .38 Special far surpass the .38-.40.

How do you like the automatics as compared to a revolver?

I don't like them at all. As to accuracy for slow fire they are fine, but for rapid fire at moving objects they are not so good. To me the grip is not set at enough of an angle. This seems to make natural or instinctive pointing shoot into the ground about 60 feet ahead.

For a big gun the Luger, and for small caliber guns the Colt Automatic or the old Reising now made by, I believe, the Hartford Arms Co., are the best in regard to grips. The Colt Woodsman Automatic, especially, is a very fine natural pointing gun. By that, I mean you do not have to crook your wrist slightly upward in order to see the sights when you extend your arm and wrist naturally.

Of what are the so called "glass balls" used in exhibition shooting made?

A composition of half resin and half plaster paris. Melt the resin and add the plaster and after mixing add enough lamp black to color the whole black.

What is a good book on the early history of revolvers and revolver shooting?

"Pistols and Revolvers" by Major Julian S. Hatcher is one of the best. It can be secured through the book department of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Where can improved stocks or grips be obtained?

I know of no firm making a business of this. The ones I use were made by Mr. Joseph F. Galloway of the Carnegie Steel Co. of Buffalo, N. Y., an ardent gun crank and a personal friend of mine. They are the best I have seen but unfortunately Mr. Galloway tells me he wouldn't make them commercially at any price. I expect to use cuts of them in this series of articles later. The Colts Arms Co. quoted me a price of $10.00 per set for making up a set according to my measurements.

Where can the rules and regulations for revolver shooting be obtained?

They may be secured from the National Rifle and Revolver Ass'n of Washington, D. C., the Colts Arms Co. and the Smith and Wesson Arms Co., also in any of the books on revolver shooting which are obtainable in your public library.

Which is the best, the Patridge Sight or the common regulation Military Sight for all around use?

There is very little difference. The Patridge Sight is best for straight target shooting. I use a Patridge Sight with the front bead slightly rounded and with the rear notch widened to nearly twice the size it was originally.

If one can afford but one gun what is the best caliber to get and what make?

Again I say as man to man, just between us "Ikes," get a .22 caliber in either the Smith and Wesson or Colts make. Then you have something and using the N. R. A. long rifle cartridge you have a very powerful weapon.

How do you control the corrections of revolver sights?

The adjustment screws on both the Colts and Smith and Wesson revolvers are so self evident they need no explanation. Just take the gun, a small screw driver, a little common sense and sit down and think.

What is the choice between a 38-40 and the 44 W. C. F.?

Both are good. The old 44 as used in rifle has probably killed as much big game as all the modern high power rifles put together. However, when it comes to making a choice of a revolver I still say the .38 Special is "the gun."

What caliber guns do you use and recommend?

Again I want to say if you can only have one gun get it in the .22 caliber using either shorts or long rifles and if a large caliber gun in the .38 Special and as S. makes either Colts or Smith & Wesson. Beware of cheap guns for continuous performance or the foreign made imitations of American guns.

Again I want to thank the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA for the many wonderful letters of appreciation, totaling several thousand which I have received.

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Camp Cooking

(Continued from page 65)

We give suggestions which we have demonstrated to the satisfaction of numerous friends and our camping partner.

Heads off is the first step. The river turtles usually offer their heads as tempting targets. Hang neck down to bleed. Wash in cold water, then drop into a pot of scalding water for a few seconds. Next remove the outer scales and skin. Then lay the turtle back down and cut on the line down the middle of under shell, then across and remove entrails, head and claws and all possible of the butter colored fat which mars the flavor of the meat. Boil a short time in the shell. Great care must be taken in removing entrails as the gall bag is large and if broken you will have to start all over again, on another turtle.

Remove from water when meat has cooked free from the shell. In cutting out the meat remember the choice tenderloin lies on either side of the backbone.

Turtle stew is made by dicing salt pork and frying out in pan. Add thickening of flour, a tablespoonful for every two cups of liquid to be used. Add the turtle cut in pieces, brown slightly, then add liquid which may be water in which turtle has boiled combined with canned tomatoes and onions. Cook for three or more hours. Slow cooking is necessary for all stews.

We usually brown sliced onions in the pork fat adding one tablespoonful of sugar to the amount necessary for cooking a medium size turtle.

Green Turtle Soup

From New Orleans comes a superlatively excellent recipe for green turtle soup, which we are glad to give. Just one thing we balk on is the suggestion that "all entrails be cooked with meat to add flavor."

This delicacy demands two pounds of turtle meat, two large onions, one inch cube of ham, six cloves, six whole allspice, two garlic cloves, two tablespoonsful of flour, one half of lemon, two cooked eggs, thyme, parsley, bay leaf, salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. This recipe may be multiplied as desired.

Chop the onions very fine, add one tablespoonful of sugar, mix with the ham also chopped fine, and brown in a rounded tablespoonful of butter. Have the spices and the herbs for seasoning mashed and the two pounds of choice turtle meat chopped in one-inch pieces. The turtle is added first to the onion-butter mixture, then the spices and herbs and cloves of garlic chopped. Stir to avoid scorching, then add two tablespoonsful of flour and stir constantly. Measure three quarts of water from the stock in which the whole turtle has been cooked. Add a little of this to dissolve flour. Then turn all into heavy soup kettle, add the remaining water of the measured three quarts, cover closely and allow to come to a boil. Reduce flame and allow to simmer for two hours. At that time taste for flavor and add what your palate demands in the way of salt, pepper and cayenne. If you have one-half lemon chop it into soup. But in camp one teaspoonful of vinegar makes a creditable substitute. Let soup continue to cook until desired thickness and turtle meat is done to your liking. If available, serve with two finely chopped hard cooked eggs.

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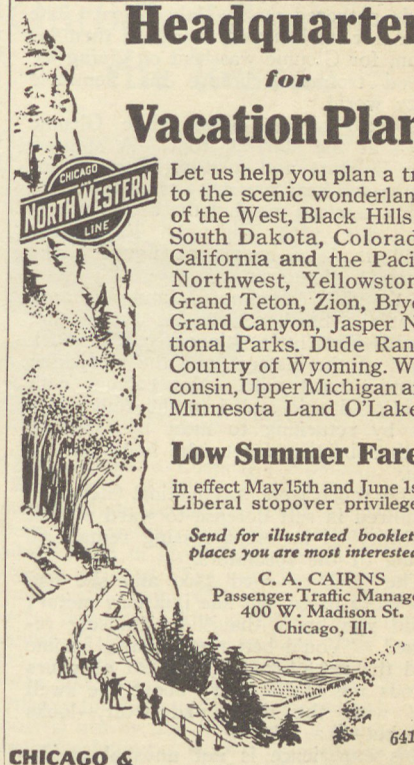

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CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

By PAUL BURRESS

More Speed!

IT seemed like easy money to accept the challenge of a sixteen year old boy to a three mile race across lake Jessup, which was a bit choppy that morning. Glennie Brown was sole owner, builder and navigator of his craft which was about nine feet long with a yard and a half beam. In anticipation of the race he had managed to out talk and out trade the local sporting goods dealer out of a new motor which had cost him his old motor, a practically new rifle and his vacation money totaling about forty dollars. I had not expected to compete against a new motor and Glennie kept this fact in mind during the preparation for the race. Mine was a boat borrowed for the occasion, a twenty-two footer powered with a smooth inboard four motor that nosed her streamline body into the air when she got the gun. I judged that the boat would do about twenty-five miles and would be an easy win against Glennie's pumpkin seed craft and his antiquated outboard motor.

My camp on lake Jessup is by choice a rather backwoods location and its sandy, shady shores are a pleasant meeting place for the inhabitants of that sparsely settled territory. Fourth-of-July had arrived and with it came the merry-makers with their lunch baskets, children, Fords and horseshoes. Glennie was the favorite thru age and constant association with his neighbors who had gathered there. It was a case of favoring the under dog, for, by sight comparison, my craft was shiny and trim, nosing smoothly over the choppy waters that holiday morning. Glennie came out with his darting, bouncing shell of a boat, cutting sharp turns and showing short spurts of speed in front of our friends gathered on the lake shore. The new motor misbehaved, I believe thru intention, for Glennie was bent on giving me a good trouncing before his Seminole county world.

I waited at the start while Glennie yanked at the starting rope. A sputter, a pop, a start and a stop. I could see gestures and hear murmurs from the shore which convinced me that the audience was sympathetic with Glennie. Finally he started, made a couple of figure eights and motioned me on.

"Let's go!" he shouted, and *he went*. But at the finish it was he, not I, that waited. That little skipper beat me back a third of the distance and the picnicking spectators went wild. Not content with winning, Glennie added to the embarrassment by returning to meet me, circling and then beating me to the home stretch again.

"How much were you making, Glennie?" I inquired in self defense to ward off the possibility of an embarrassing remark in hearing of the spectators.

"The 'tack' showed 3500 and she had a lot more to go, but she is a new motor; or did you know that?" he chidedly remarked. "You'd better get yourself some speed the next time. That boat of yours reminds me of the story about the swell duke with the dirty underwear,—looks good but—"

This experience is not unusual in the field of outboarding. The sight of these small utility motors turning up a speed of thirty-five and forty miles an hour has caused many seasoned boatmen to lose their prejudice and investigate the possibility of their reducing initial and operating boat cost and to seek their share of the new national sport of outboarding.

Many and important changes have taken place in the construction of these motors every year since their inception. The first major step was the production of twin outboard cylinders. Piston displacement was enlarged. More cylinders were added and today we have three manufacturers of four cylinder outboard motors. Costly alloys replaced cast iron and common steel. Sealing of coils and condenser casings made magnetos nearly waterproof. Solid units took the place of many parts, particularly at the propeller end. Slip clutches and other shock absorbers protected propellers and saved sheer-pins. Separate feed pipes and cooling system tubes prevented water mixing with the lubricant. Removable cylinder heads and underwater exhaust have added to the pleasure of conditioning and operating the outboard. Elimination of brass underwater parts did away with salt water corrosion. The slow, stubborn, noisy motor has disappeared and today the word "outboard" is synonymous with "reliability and speed."

From an official 1925 record of about thirteen miles an hour, outboard speed has reached more than forty-four miles an hour. One enterprising motor manufacturer has offered a $500 prize to the driver using a particular make of motor, who will attain a speed of fifty miles an hour or better. So carefully did outboard engineers determine the best bore and stroke ratio, compression pressure, intake and exhaust design and minimum weight commensurate with service that outboard motors have developed in some cases more measured brake horsepower per cubic inch of displacement than airplane engines.

One of the new light weight twins weighing 39 pounds, smoothly develops three horsepower at 3000 revolutions per minute, a one hundred per cent increase in the r. p. m. over the old style motors. The lightest motor this year is a single cylinder weighing 27 pounds which develops sufficient power to push the average small fishing boat along at a comfortable speed. There are many intermediates between these peppy little motors and the fast and powerful four and five cylinder outboards. There is a type for every need and purpose. The new four cylinder motors turn up from 600 to 4500 revolutions a minute, which accounts for the rapid succession of late world records.

Quoting from a recent letter by J. Sheldon, who keeps his finger on the pulse of the new speed motors,—"In the outboard racing game, a record made last month is as old as yesterday's newspaper. On March 30, 1929, a new world speed record for outboard motors was set. It was 43.76 miles per hour. At Worcester, Massachusetts, May 30—a short sixty days later, that record was broken. It is now held by Julius Herbst of Wilmington, N. C., who averaged 44.54 miles per hour. Will outboards do better than 50 miles an hour this year? From the way records are going by the boards, we believe they will." It is quite possible and probable that by the time this story gets to you, Herbst will be trying to regain his title or will have increased his margin of safety.

There is a big treat in store for the fellow who has gotten his thrill in outboard racing from the dock or judge's stand. Eighty miles an hour in a car or one hundred and eighty in a plane will not touch the thrill of forty ahead of an outboard motor. I do not expect to ride eighty miles an hour in an automobile,—merely guessing at the sensation—but the next time you have an opportunity, you ask the man who owns one to take you for a little turn in his outboard craft at even thirty and remember my comparison.

Boat design is as important as powerful motors in attaining speed. Many experiments showed that no matter how power-

Yesterday's world speed records in this outboard racing game are about as out of date as yesterday's newspaper! On March 30 a new world speed record for outboard motors was set in Florida—43.76 miles per hour. On Memorial Day—only 60 days later—that record was smashed by Julius Herbst, Wilmington, N. C., who attained a speed of 44.54 miles per hour.

ful the motive force, an ordinary displacement hull could be sent ahead only so fast, for the increase in power made it dig deeper into the water. Many new model boats are offered this season designed for the latest motors. They incorporate speed, safety and genuine comfort. Cabin cruisers are becoming popular because of small cost, shallow draft and operating economy, the three most common drawbacks to the inboard cruiser. Manufacturers have offered many new and lighter models in the style of baby hydroplanes and flat bottomed craft that at high speed rise and skim along the water, offering little if any water resistance. Single hydroplanes have one continuous bottom, without a break from stem to stern. Step hydroplanes, which are often faster, have a break across the bottom either amidships or towards the stern. Still others have two steps, generally near the middle. All steps are at right angles to the keel line and are seldom more than three inches high. The form of bow and stern is not so important because only a few inches of the stern is in contact with the water while the boat is under way. Most outboard enthusiasts get their pleasure from the utility class of boats. The canoe, light row-boat and hydroplane are the all-purpose boats for fishing, shooting, commuting and camping use.

Spectators are thrilled by the antics of the bucking, kicking and plunging miniature boats, but the navigators get much more fun. When sixteen year old Glennie Brown fashions and fastens a few ribs and planks together with common tools in his own back yard, names it P. D. Q. after his father's print shop service slogan, steps out and scalps the outboard boat editor, who is supposed to know something about it,—then we class outboarding as one of the most democratic, non-sectarian, age deferring, thrilling and inexpensive sports on the calendar.

Regatta Ills

Is it fair to the outboard owner who spends considerable time and money getting his boat and motor ready, besides the expense of shipping the outfit to the race, NOT to let him know beforehand what are all of the conditions of the race?

Officials who specify the use of stock motors in a race, should call for an inspection of motors after the race. This has been neglected.

If you are running a sanctioned race, comply with all of the requirements. A world record may be made on your course and, to be recognized, the judges and course must comply with regulations. Obtain competent surveyors and judges.

Fairness is above the knowledge of boating or any three star insignia.

The popularity of speed requires that the outboard motor and boat manufacturers fortify their advertising campaigns with several wins over the season. There is no law against lobbying that I know of and I suppose there is no objection to manufacturers' representatives assisting the race committee if such representatives are impartial to all drivers and equipment. One usually finds the healthiest growth of the sport in localities where the best man is permitted to win.

Like the piano mover—while I'm growling, might just as well get it all off the chest. If your race committee and your town want to create favorable publicity during the next meet, notify the contestants beforehand exactly where the course is located, when the race in which he is to run will start, how many laps he is expected to make in each event, who is in charge of outboard entries and where he can be located. The visitors will pay you a big dividend for a cool head and an honest and warm heart.

The Press, representative of the people, should be given a carbon copy of the results even if it is the blurred seventh copy. If the events are held on the lake back of Jones' pasture, be thoughtful enough to provide at least sandwiches.

It is easy to find fault and—quite unnecessary if one good man is permitted to assume the full responsibility of the outboard events. One man can not handle all of the details but as long as he feels the entire responsibility of the affair, he will pick his own able assistants. Where the responsibility is divided the regatta usually ends up in a blaming contest in which the contestants, starters, timers and other officials are blandly referred to as lacking common sense.

ALBANY-NEW YORK MARATHON FACTS

Start—6 A. M. from Albany Yacht Club pier, Albany, April 20th.

Finish—Colonial Yacht Club pier, 152nd Street, Manhattan.

Length of Course—136 miles.

Number of Entrants—160.

Number of Starters—130 (the largest field in the history of motor boat racing).

Winner—Jacob Dunnell, Boston, with "Miss Eastern."

Time of Winner—3 hours, 36 minutes, 40 seconds.

Speed of Winner—37.4 miles per hour.

Last Year's Record—Broken by 51 minutes.

Second to Finish—Julius Herbst, Wilmington, N. C., with "Spirit of Atlanta."

Third to Finish—R. Pregenzer, driving "Oh My."

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If you are considering the purchase of a boat, it will pay you well to investigate the complete line of Kidney water craft. Over 45 years of experience gives this company an excellent technical knowledge of boat essentials. Specially selected and seasoned lumber is worked by skilled boatmakers to produce the utmost in service, long life, and speed. Our 16-foot V-bottom boat easily makes 27 M.P.H. with outboard motor. A complete variety of styles and sizes of boats available.

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Chicago: Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 S. Wabash Ave.
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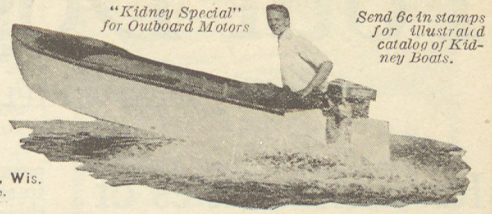

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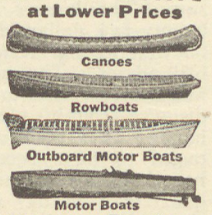

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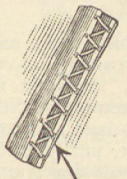

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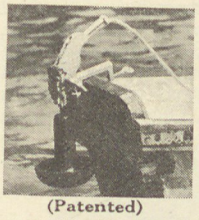

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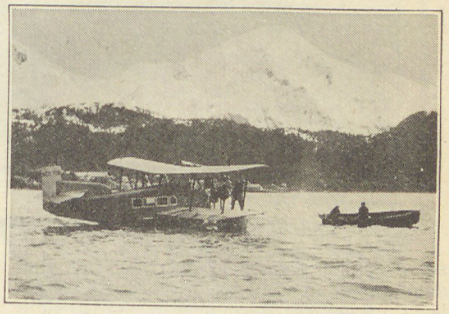


THE plane, a Loening Amphibian, was the first of its type to make a commercial flight across the Gulf of Alaska. Being unfamiliar with the territory, the pilot landed in Orca Inlet, on which Cordova is situated. The inlet is exposed and considerable chop was on. The aviators were faced with the problem of getting ashore or to the dock to land their passengers, and were being carried away from shore and wharf by the strong tides. Fortunately the Bureau of Fisheries vessel was moored nearby and it was but a matter of moments before a skiff equipped with the 5-7 H. P. Elto was launched and speeding to the helpless plane. Equipped with this power, it was no job at all to land the plane safely.

Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY — *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Responsibilities of Trainers

THE public—the dog public, to be exact—and professional trainers have, from time immemorial, indulged in sarcastic repartee, though seemingly they conform to the Hiawathian adage and are useless one without the other, particularly when the owner has no aptitude for training, nor time, nor the proper birdy environs for such purposes. That the professional bird dog trainer is indispensable no one will deny, though, if he happens to make a mistake, he gets everything but a blessing from the sporting public.

When summer gets fully under way, sportsmen who have pointers and setters begin to think their youngsters ought to commence to do something; to absorb the fundamentals of training and derive sufficient amount of bird work so that when the shooting season comes around they will be well able to perform the glorious task for which Nature destined them. Most men who have field trial aspirations leave all development to the trainer, even many men who run their dogs in presumably amateur stakes and handle them themselves make use of professionals, though they themselves have just as much ability. While some carp a great deal over the fact that dogs run in amateur stakes very often have been previously developed by pros, right here it might be well to declare that, were this not the case, many valuable performers would be missing from such stakes because the owners are unable to devote enough of their time to the training of their animals nor have they near them any of the facilities for such purposes.

The average man expects too much of trainers, and imagines that, for a small sum, varying from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a month, he ought to give stupendous services and accept unwarranted responsibilities. I once talked with a doctor, a lawyer and a plumber on the subject of how much work they expected a trainer to devote to their dogs each day, personal work, since they were paying twenty dollars a month each for that purpose. The three said anywhere from four to six hours a day ought to be devoted to their shooting dogs, and seemingly, measured by the standards of labor, they imagined they were paying a pretty big sum. The lawyer had just charged me twenty-five dollars for fifteen minutes of his time giving me what later proved to be bad advice. The physician had paid ten minutes sick visit to my home but a short distance from his office. The plumber sure handed me a plenty for a little work that ought to have been accomplished in an hour but on which his men expended three-quarters of a day and for which I was charged accordingly. They actually expected, each, one hundred and twenty hours work on their dogs a month, for an insignificant sum, and for which they would pay the most unskilled laborer sixty dollars without hesitation. Yet, they expected a more exacting job from a trainer at a much smaller sum, assuming, too, that he was under responsibilities beyond those which can be claimed as reasonable.

Personally, it is my belief that professional trainers are the most maligned and the most poorly paid professional men in the world, considering the services required of them. They must live in a bird country, providing the best food for their animals, which, obviously, at times is very difficult to obtain in remote regions where game is exceedingly plentiful. They must have a helper, and that means they also must train and develop him. Furthermore, they must have horses, if they handle trial dogs or dogs for Southern shooting as lots of the shooting is in the big, open regions.

Although dogs coming to a trainer are subject to ills, just as they are elsewhere, the public makes no allowance for this, nor that their opportunities for coming into contact with disease are possible. They think that because they pay twenty or twenty-five dollars a month, diseases and accidents, such as occur frequently at home, or death, ought not to occur in the trainer's hands. If a dog dies, the trainer is labelled as dishonest, for he surely sold the animal for a princely sum to someone else, according to their way of telling it. If the dog gets lost, as sometimes happens in their hands, charges are heaped on his head.

When dogs die from disease or accident in a trainer's hands, or the animal somehow is lost, the average owner begins to tell everybody he meets how dishonest the pro is. He disseminates this calumny continually until he is thoroughly and irrefutably convinced that the man is innocent. Yet, the damage to the trainer's reputation has been done and still the owner takes no pains to clear away the falsehoods which his idle talk has created.

Not only are many handlers' businesses ruined in this manner, but the value of the dogs in question immediately runs up into tremendous sums, though they were mere prospects and had shown only fair ability up to the time of their demise.

For several years I have discussed this matter with well known trainers and they do not yet seem to know how best to get around it, except through libel suits, though this is impossible at times on account of the location of the trainers and the evidence being only say-so in many instances.

It would startle the public to learn that, with the majority of trainers with whom I investigated this subject, only twenty per cent of dog owners ever pay for the work on dogs which died in the pros' hands, or on which they had expended time and care while sick. Think of it, only twenty per cent pay what they owe—professional business men of high repute—because the animals died. Some were physicians who exact the Shylock pound of their own accord when a patient dies.

I remember well during the early days

A difficult point in the snow.

A world famed winner and sire, Eugene's Ghost, owned by W. D. Albright, Jefferson City, Tenn.

when extreme, so-called class dominated a certain coterie of dog men. Speed and range at the sacrifice of everything was the habit without mitigating influences, and to produce it risky breeding was indulged in considerably. The unappeasable man I have in mind was certainly a bug on the subject. "Go" was what he wished his dogs to have at all hazards, and he certainly had some that did go, though they were inferior in the more important qualities. He sent two to a trainer I knew. Shortly afterward, the trainer reported they had gotten lost after having bolted from him when put down afield. A month transpired, and he could find no trace of them.

The owner of these going youngsters maligned the trainer from top to bottom and to every dog man with whom he came into contact. Repeatedly he declared the man had disposed of them dishonestly for a huge sum, though, like his ilk, he could not cite to whom, nor imagine anyone who would pay the huge sum he mentioned, without certified papers.

I was visiting the irate owner one day and to me he told the story of the trainer whom he besmirched as usual. He had at the time two likely-looking, high strung prospects whose excellencies he had to exhibit to me, and that he did very soon. Five minutes after he put down that fast going pair, they bolted and he has never since learned their whereabouts.

A year elapsed after this episode when I moved within two counties of the trainer who had lost all his patrons due to the publicity given to the incident of the lost pointers. From down in the swamps one day an old trapper visited me and told me he had two half breed black and white hounds of which he wished to be rid, because they fooled with quails more than fur bearers. They had come to his shanty from God knows where a year previous and nobody had ever claimed them.

Closer investigation revealed that they were the two bolters which had been in charge of the trainer. I was the means of recovering them for the owner. Their markings refuted any chance of mistaken identity. I was sorry afterward that I ever recovered what afterward proved to be a valuable pair of dogs, because the owner never took pains to retract any of the statements he had made about the trainer, nor did he pay him a single penny for his care of them, or for the time and money he had expended in diligently searching for them.

Very frequently a trainer is unjustly charged with having accepted more dogs for training than he can, with his help, handle well. This is not meant to excuse pros who are actually guilty of this, as, at times, some indubitably are. But occasions come when public handlers are unwillingly carrying a great number of dogs, while they are deriving money from only a few. An owner visits his place and immediately, without knowing the situation, spreads the news about diligently that the man is gouging the public by taking on a big bunch of dogs, far more than he could ever ably train.

As things appear on the surface, the thing stands out as a strong case against the trainer. But the public forgets something—that many men send dogs to trainers and that is the last they hear of them. A trainer is a nice person upon whom to wish a pointer, setter, spaniel or hound that you do not want and do not want your friends to have. Many such dogs a trainer accepts in good faith and can get no connection with the owner thereafter. When such things happen, they happen in big doses. Those dogs require room, attention, work, and money expended upon them and, though they are not earning anything, the trainer does not dare to sell them and perhaps, on that account, has to keep them a year or so, without being able to make any disposition of them, because he feels he has no right to do so without the owner's consent.

Years ago I was the victim of such an incident, when I trained professionally. A man who had been running a big number of dogs spasmodically in trials wrote me while I was away from home that he was having his former trainer in East Tennessee deliver his entire string into my care for future work. The unsophisticated helper I had at the time received the fifteen animals literally dumped in my kennels. They were in a fearful condition from mange and, before I overcame all the evil results, I was subjected to a loss of $1,500. The owner never answered the letters I wrote, nor could I get a word from him for a year. Finally, a command came from him to sell each of his dogs at a figure of his own, though he had never seen them work, and he wished this to be done immediately.

As my mind goes back to the years of the past I realize I have an intense sympathy for professional trainers. There are some who fail in the matter of honor; very few. You can count them on the fingers of one hand. They surpass the average public in this. And when it comes to trainers disposing of dogs illegally, not one case have I ever been able to trace. The only sportsman whom I knew who ever tried to have a trainer do such a thing is one who still lives and always is charging the trainers with being dishonest.

* * *

Next month's article will be devoted to what ought to be expected of trainers, as well as cooperation between them and owners.

ASK OZARK
He Knows

CAR SICKNESS

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an Irish setter sixteen months old. Have been taking her out for training and she gets very car sick. Have tried her in a side rack and she slobbers and after a few miles riding starts vomiting. I never give her food or water when taking her out, but still she gets nervous and slobbers and vomits a greenish yellow slime.

The wax in her ears seems so dry and black. Tried syringing them out with warm water and castile soap, but they seem as dry and dark as before.

MRS. H. S. COOPER,
Astoria, Oregon.

Wash dog's ears inside as you have been doing with warm water and castile soap. Afterward blow into them powdered boracic acid.

Car sickness is very troublesome, some dogs never getting over it. Best not to feed or water before taking them along. They simply have to get accustomed to it. Some dogs get accustomed to one car and the instant they change to another again they are subject to their old trouble. I have an old timer I have taken over various parts of the country. At home he never is sick in our car; the instant he gets in another sickness comes on, and he has to get used to it.

OZARK RIPLEY.

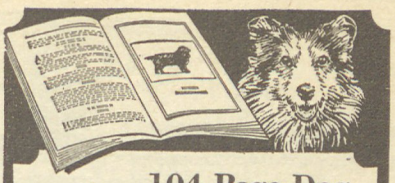
NO RABIES

Dear Ozark Ripley:

You perhaps know that Milwaukee County is dog quarantined. So many dogs have been killed. I do wish Outdoor America could do something to help persons owning dogs from becoming frightened and careless and so sacrificing the life of their most devoted companion. I would defend my dog to the last ditch. I cannot conceive of or understand the character who will give up his dog without a struggle. Animals are so helpless and so absolutely dependent on the good will of humans.

You see I love dogs, especially my own, so I greatly appreciate your fine work.

PATRICIA E. BLEECHER,
Milwaukee, Wis.



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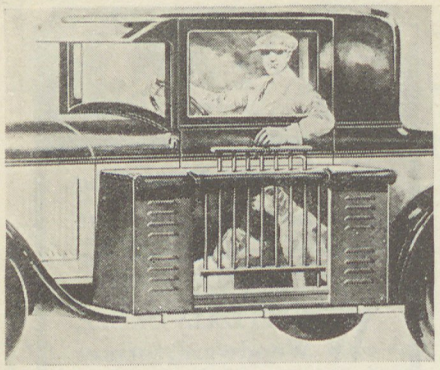

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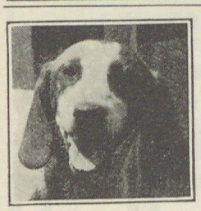

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Dear Mrs. Bleecher:

I agree with you on the subject of dog quarantine. There is about as much danger of rabies spreading as there is of a visit from the Governor of Mars. Personally though handling thousands of dogs I have never seen a true case of rabies, but have seen many killed after having fits, which was construed as rabies, but is a positive proof of rabies not afflicting the animal. There is such a thing as dumb rabies, but the dog cannot bite, as it is an attack similar to lockjaw, and the only danger exists from coming in contact with the dog's saliva if you have some wound or abrasion of the skin and it touches it.

OZARK RIPLEY.

LICE AND SORES

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I read your letters in the Outdoor America Magazine and think they are wonderful. I have a Newfoundland dog and he has lice and tiny sores all over him. What would you advise me to do?

ORVILLE ESTES,
Boynton, Okla.

Dear Mr. Estes:

Rub your dog all over with an ointment composed of one quart cotton seed oil, four ounces of sulphur and four tablespoonsful of coal oil. Repeat every three days until you have made application three times. Destroy all old bedding and clean all quarters in which the dog has formerly been.

OZARK RIPLEY.

SHEDDING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a beagle, 7 years old that is continually shedding. He is in splendid condition otherwise and I worm him regularly every two months, also bathe him about every two months. His coat has an excellent appearance and I continually brush him with a stiff brush.

As to his diet, he receives the best of meat and vegetables, no table scraps and he is fed regularly.

I would appreciate very much your opinion of the reason for this continuous shedding. Perhaps I keep him in too warm quarters.

R. L. KRUCKEMEYER,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Kruckemeyer:

You are right about warm quarters causing your dog to shed hair. Change to quarters if safe at this time of the year that will be more of an outdoor sort and keep up the brushing. When you bathe the dog, do not use soap, but put about a ten cent package of baking soda in the water and rub him well with your hands after he is dry.

Your feeding system cannot be improved. Give your dog a thorough massage every week.

OZARK RIPLEY.

WHAT HAVE YOU?

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you please tell me where I can either buy or exchange for a trained Irish Setter female? I do not care for bench show or field show dog but would like to contract with some one whom you know to be honest who has good shooting dogs. Irish Setters preferred.

W. P. SUTTON,
Topeka, Kan.

Dear Mr. Sutton:

Possibly through this insertion of your letter in Outdoor America you may obtain a trade or an opportunity to buy the Irish Setter you wish.

OZARK RIPLEY.

TRAINED TOO HARD

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a Llewellyn setter pup that is about five months old. I began taking him into the field when he was about three months old, at the beginning of this quail season. Now, he retrieves dead birds and ranges fairly well. He still flushes the birds, however.

I notice by some of the letters in Outdoor America that it is a mistake to begin training a dog too early, as the training may have to be repeated the following season. Have I made a mistake and wasted my time by beginning training too soon?

MARTIN JOHNSON,
Fayetteville, Ark.

Dear Mr. Johnson:

Your dog will have to be taught first steady to wing then to point and shot. I doubt whether his pointing instinct is yet fully developed.

In cautioning men against training a dog too early I am influenced in the matter by facts. Dogs that hunt or point too early are usually hunted too

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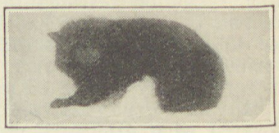

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much for their age, and when they reach four years of age they are comparatively old dogs and invariably footscent and potter, unless they are exceptional cases. A dog under a year old ought never be worked over an hour at the most. His bone at that age is yet not sufficiently formed to stand more strain, and as I said in an earlier article, you have to repeat again in another year most of the lessons of obedience you taught the first season. A dog not worked except in small stages up till 3 years old often is like a fresh youngster at six and eight years.

Change your tactics, from now on, only work your dog an hour or less a day, but do it regularly and his style, etc., will ultimately be better in every way.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A GOOD TRAINER

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an Irish Setter of good blood but untrained. He is 5 years old. The second year I had him I sent him to a trainer who succeeded in starving him and nothing else. I sent him to another trainer and he let him run away. Since that time I haven't used the dog, but some fellows stole him and used him as a rabbit dog for about two weeks and now when I take him out he seems to smell and point everything but he runs rabbits or any bird that gets up. As I haven't time to mess with him I wondered if a trainer could do anything with him, in spite of his now being 5 years old.

If you know of such a trainer who would be reasonable in his charges I would thank you for his name.

F. H. HARRELL,
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Mr. Harrell:

Not knowing the natural ability of your dog I can not make a competent forecast on his future, though, if he has been well preserved for five years, even if at present he is untrained, he can be made a good shooting dog and cured of his fondness for rabbits.

I refer you to Andrew Brooks, Doniphan, Mo. I think his charges are $15 per month, and he ought to make a good quail dog out of him.

OZARK RIPLEY.

NOT TOO OLD

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have come into possession of an Irish Setter, spayed bitch, a very smart dog, well trained as to ordinary habits and obeys commands splendidly. But being raised in town and as a pet by an admirer, she knows nothing about hunting. I have only had her about a week, been out once, but not on birds, just exercising her. I wanted to see if she was gun shy and also to see if she would hunt. But the outing failed to reveal much of value. She didn't seem to know about hunting. She paid no attention to gunfire when a few yards away, but didn't like it much when near her. She then showed fright, but would immediately come to me on request and continue with me. It was the first time she had heard a gun. She seems to have a good nose on familiar scents, carries her head high when scenting. She does not make friends quickly and is also quite nervous. She is 2½ years old. Is she too old to teach to hunt in the orthodox manner?

R. S. DRENNER,
Corona, Cal.

Dear Mr. Drenner:

You have hardly given your Irish Setter bitch sufficient time on game for her to develop a love of hunting or predict what her ability will be. Her being 2½ years does not prevent her from developing nicely nor from learning as rapidly as a much-younger dog. Only you yourself, by seeing her on game, can tell what she will amount to. Her instincts may be latent in developing, though I am not inclined to predict much for her, since she is a spayed bitch.

OZARK RIPLEY.

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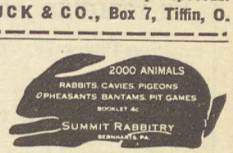

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Dogs

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